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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

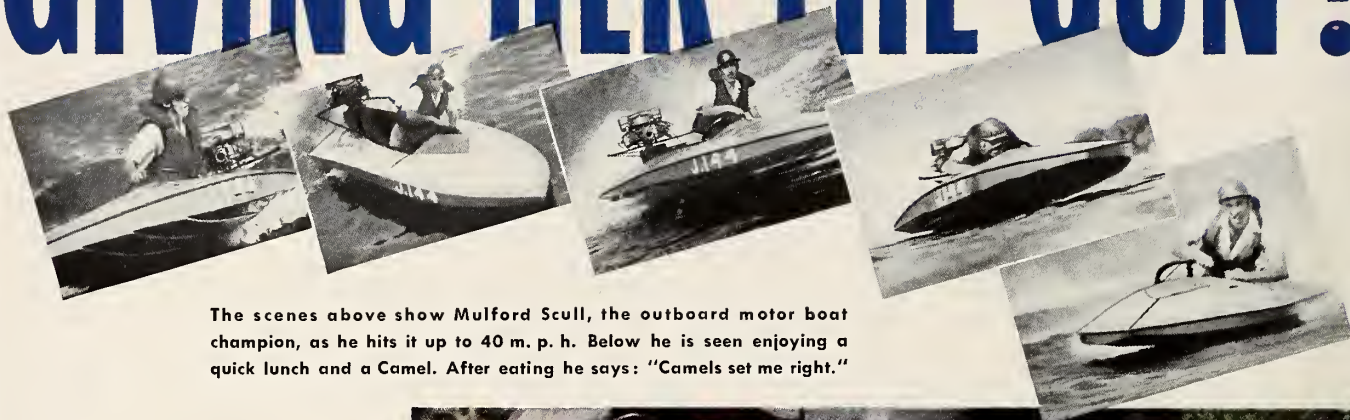


*October, 1937*

Phantom or Fact?  
(see p. 2)

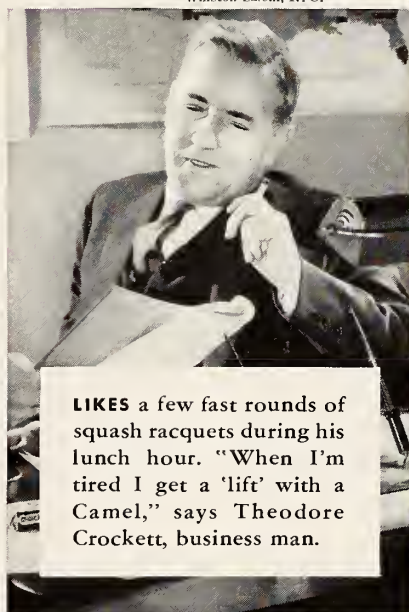


# GIVING HER THE GUN!



The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



**LIKES** a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' with a Camel," says Theodore Crockett, business man.



**I**N 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension—are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Mulford Scull's own words:

"The way these outboards bounce knocks the daylight out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. They help keep my digestion on an even keel. And they never jangle my nerves."

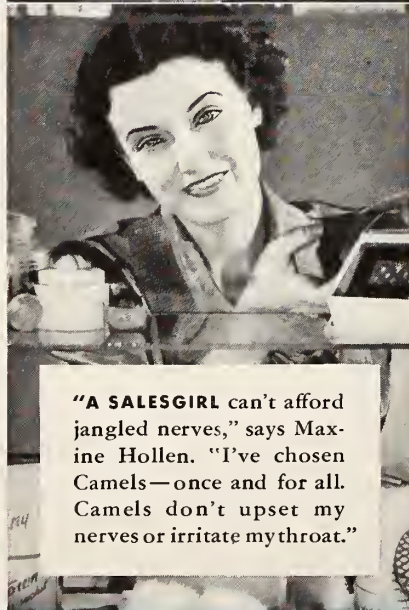
## JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 p.m. E.S.T., 8:30 p.m. C.S.T., 7:30 p.m. M.S.T., 6:30 p.m. P.S.T.—WABC-CBS.

## Costlier Tobaccos are Naturally Mild!

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...

Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.



"**A SALESGIRL** can't afford jangled nerves," says Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels don't upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!





## Hugo Black's Albatross

*Its Real Significance Explained by an Authority*

WHATEVER opinion you may have had of Hugo Black as a justice of the Supreme Court, you must have experienced vicariously some of the emotional intensity of his voyage home from England. Knowing something of the man and something of the nature of the storm that had burst with the "exposure" of his membership in the Ku Klux Klan, I winced at the thought of the tide that was bringing him in to face a test for which there was no precedent.

Already the measurements had been taken for the black silk robe that was to vest him with the dignity, honor, and power of a seat on that tribunal whose decrees are subject to review only by the Gods. On the threshold of a court looked upon as the custodian of all that is sacred in American life, he was branded with a symbol that has become synonymous with all that is base and cheap in American life. I think that I would have chucked it all (including the \$20,000 a year) for a herdsman's cottage on some quiet heath in Ireland, rather than face the odds he did.

As the tug came alongside the ship at Norfolk there swarmed aboard a pack of hungry news hounds, eager to be in at the kill. It was a holiday of revenge for them, or at least for their bosses. At last one of the chief lancers of the New Deal, one who had been singled out for the choicest post, had been cornered, and perhaps would be brought to his knees.

Like the man who stands on the gallows, Black was given a chance to speak; but the trap was to be sprung regardless—had been sprung in fact, and sentence executed. It was a weird sort of trial, for his reputation had already been hanged, drawn, and quartered. To maintain innocence was out of the question, from a standpoint either of morals or of politics. To remain silent was to prolong an untenable position. To plead guilty to the heinous crime and throw himself upon the mercy of the

public was a terrifying alternative. The court of public opinion is not a reasoning, deliberative body. The public needed to know only a half-dozen words: "Black joined the Ku Klux Klan." Against the condemnation of those few words he had only one plea: His career—all of it. But the public does not know men; it knows only names. And it speaks only one language, symbols.

The drama, being one of the significant ones of our times, is worth a closer study than the fleeting impression to be gained from the headlines. What was behind those few words spoken by the central figure at the climax? And of secondary interest, what of the setting, the props and the stagehands that were an integral part of the presentation?

There are two aspects of the issue to be considered: first, the significance and the weight that should be attached to the established fact that he became a member of the Klan; second, subordinate but more specific, whether he was then or is now inclined to be sympathetic with those concepts which have become synonymous with that order.

### II.

Black was born in the little town of Ashland, Clay County, Alabama, his father having been a farmer (the kind that did his own plowing) and a store-keeper. Ashland is in a section of the State which was the stronghold of the Populist movement in the '90's, a Populist having been elected to Congress from that district when the movement was at its height. I do not know how much of this Populist background Black carried with him when he went to the University of Alabama, where he was to work his way through the law school. But the spirit of revolt against the old-line hierarchy of the Democratic Party still is strong in many of those who have come under the influence of the Populist heritage. It was at the University, he once told me, that he received his first insight

GOULD BEECH, Rosenwald Foundation fellow in sociology here, was, until his resignation recently, assistant editor of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser. He is personally acquainted with Black and has first-hand knowledge of the politico-sociological background of the new Justice's Klan membership—a background of more than immediate significance.



into the problems of the laborer. His room-mate, David J. Davis—since appointed Federal judge for the Birmingham district—was financing his way through school by intermittent work in the steel mills. The labor pictures Davis painted for his country friend could not have been very rosy ones.

Black began his political career in 1915, at the age of 24, with his election as a police judge of Birmingham on a "clean-up" platform. He was elected city solicitor twice, resigning the second time to volunteer for war service. By 1922 he was looked upon as a disturber of the equilibrium, a "labor lawyer"—which has a frightful connotation all its own in Birmingham—and a non-conformist in politics. He would not have been acceptable material for the Birmingham country club, nor did the luncheon clubs consider him as the civic ideal. He was, however, a joiner of distinction, and even served as chancellor of the Knights of Pythias in Alabama. He was steadily building up a good law practice on the strength of his personal following and his ability to win cases.

The Birmingham of that day was not a soft town. Steel towns seldom are, and when they happen to be boom steel towns where heavy industries are on the make they are apt to be even less so. Moreover, the early twenties was one of the toughest decades, from a standpoint of labor relations, that this country has known. Strike-breaking, espionage and the open shop were in their prime—the last sugar-coated with patriotism in the guise of "the American Plan." In steel the prevailing work week was 84 hours—12 hours a day, seven days a week. Too much leisure time, it was argued, would be bad for the morals of the workers; anything less than a 12-hour day, Judge Gary was steadfastly maintaining, would be ruinous to the steel industry.

Birmingham steel required Birmingham coal, of which there was a plentiful supply. One of the conveniences of the time was a supply of State convicts whose services could be rented at modest rates. Convicts don't strike, and neither do men working in competition with convicts, because under the circumstances scabs are supplied by and given the protection of the sovereign People of the State. The National Guard was also utilized when needed.

The companies which were investing money in Birmingham were given virtual carte blanche; those who dared to question what was going on

were looked upon with disfavor—and if looks weren't sufficient there were other ways to insure harmony. On the whole it was not the type of environment that nurtures devotion to ideals and principles.

### III.

At about the same time Black was running for police judge, one William J. Simmons, ex-evangelist, ex-travelling salesman and ex-history teacher, began a movement to revive the Ku Klux Klan of Reconstruction days. He resurrected the insignia of the Klan and endeavored to build a fraternity that would be a protector of "native Americanism" and a preserver of law and order. Simmons made very little progress in this direction prior to 1920. Then, however, a series of circumstances catapulted him to power and fortune as the Imperial Wizard of an Invisible Empire which operated in every state of the Union and which captured the political machinery of six or eight states. The post-war hysteria, the fear of alien influence which had grown with the tide of immigration, the Red hunts, and such unsettling conditions as the migration of Negroes—these and other circumstances made the country ripe for the Klan. Simmons' success was guaranteed when he was "found" by one Edward Y. Clark and a Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler. Both of these worthies had had experience selling righteous plans to the citizenry, having engaged, among other things, in promotion work for the Anti-Saloon League. According to John M. Mecklin, who wrote *The Ku Klux Klan: A Study of The American Mind*, the Tyler-Clark combination was largely responsible for the sales organization which capitalized on the Klan opportunity.

D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" provided a tremendous selling impetus, and set the stage for this most entrancing escape mechanism. All sorts of Goblins, Dragons, Cyclops and Kleagles were provided for in the Klan set-up, the Kleagles being the leg-men who were paid four bucks for each recruit they signed up. For ten dollars the misunderstood husband could become a Knight in an order that made him a custodian of the community's morals and of the nation's Constitution, to say nothing of the Ten Commandments. His A. E. F. uniform might have grown too tight around the waist and his medals may have begun to tarnish, but they were drab at any rate in comparison to the gaudily decorated sheets of the Invisible Empire.

Contrary to the dogmatic statements of such men as David Lawrence of *The United States*

*News*, who says that the Klan oath "is a pledge not to allow public office to be held by Catholics or Negroes or Jews," there is no mention of any of these groups in the ritual or constitution. Mecklin, after reviewing the ritual, says: "There is nothing in the Klan's ritual or constitution that would subject it to criticism." The Klan excludes these minority groups by implication, but it is not unique on that score. Racial and religious prejudice and bigotry became characteristics of the Klan through the nature of its members, not because of any expressed purpose.

I do not know how bad the Klan had become in Birmingham by 1922—bad enough, doubtless. It is significant, however, that the bulk of organized labor in the vicinity were members. This was unusual and probably an indication that a need was felt for such a weapon at the time. A year or so later the A. F. of L., having seen the dangers of its vigilante tendencies, was to pass resolutions against the Klan.

It should be kept in mind that the implications of Klan membership today and of Klan membership in 1922 are not identical. That point can be emphasized without implying that even at that early date the Klan was a cultural and philanthropic institution. Black's guilt should be considered in the light of what the Klan was then, and not given weight in proportion to the onus that has been attached to membership during the intervening years. Some idea of the disrepute into which the Klan has fallen may be gained from the disclosures a year ago of the activities of some Michigan degenerates. These punks—who were much below the cultural level of the Klansmen of the 'twenties—were bent on helping God, George Washington, and the authors of the Constitution. Their approach was to keep the niggers in their place, stomp on the Pope's toe whenever convenient, and damn the sons of Abraham. The temptation to imitate the machinery of the Ku Klux Klan must have been strong, but the stench was too great and so they called their order the Black Legion. Likewise a year or so ago a strong-arm henchman of a leading Southern industrialist wanted to organize an anti-union fraternity and invest it with the Klan mummery. But he called it the White Legion.

#### IV.

Black was an ambitious man, but he had by choice alienated himself from the favor of those who sat on the pinnacle of the status quo in Bir-

mingham. He was not inclined to stand in line and wait for the party hierarchy to give him the nod, and he was not the type to get the nod had he waited for it.

The only course was to gather a following from the voters that were left. He was strong with organized labor, but that was of negligible political consequence. The element that Black had left to depend upon was the class who regularly joined the Klan. So he went with it too. Those who went into the Klan could not drop out as easily as if it had been a Kiwanis Club. After learning the membership of the order and its inner workings, extricating oneself was a delicate business. At the time Black resigned, no newspaper in the State had launched a concerted attack on the Klan, and it had not become an issue in any political campaign. It was not until 1930, I believe, that the Klan became a clear-cut issue in an election.

In 1926, with Ku Klux backing, Black was elected U. S. Senator, Bibb Graves was elected Governor and Charlie McCall was elected Attorney-General. To the lower elements of the Klan this victory for the Invisible Empire was a heady stimulant, and shortly they began to get out of hand, and there was a wave of lashings, cross-burnings and lawless arrogance in general. About this time Grover C. Hall, of the *Montgomery Advertiser*, attacked the Klan with every resource at his command. The effectiveness of his attack was the opening wedge in ridding the State of the Klan epidemic, and as a recognition of his courage and the skill of his attack Hall was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best editorials of 1927.

It was during this period when the Klan was being attacked with such force by the *Advertiser* and a few allies that an incident occurred which demonstrated the awkward position of those who tried to extricate themselves publicly. Charlie McCall, the Attorney-General, publicly resigned from the Klan and denounced it. He was praised by the anti-Klan forces; but in 1930 when he ran for Governor he received less than four per cent of the vote—despite the fact that he had a good sound truck.

Black had resigned from the Klan before he was elected to the Senate, and from that moment on he was doomed to hold his silence or to commit political suicide. Moreover, as far as Alabama politics was concerned, there was but one occasion on which repudiation by Black would have constituted anything more than a gesture.



V.

It is not enough to say that he came to a point in his career when expediency and principle conflicted, with the former being given precedence. One should keep in mind the expediency and the principle involved. It is not enough to say that he was an opportunist. One should consider what he did with the opportunity.

It was true then and it is largely true now, that the sincere radical or liberal in the South must adopt a technique that resembles that of the demagogue, or confine himself to some field other than politics. Organized labor is stronger now than it was 10 years ago, but even now it does not constitute a very strong bloc. Roughly speaking about 95 per cent of the voters of the South can be divided into three groups: reactionaries, conservatives, and illiterates. The left-wing liberal gets no reactionary votes and few conservative votes, but a decisive number of illiterate ones—if he gets elected. The progressive must follow the foot-trails the demagogue has beaten through the woods and learn the language of the sticks. He must also learn to crack jokes through his nose and to pray a good prayer when called on. And in the end if he does not have thousands of people who are sold on him personally—for reasons other than his views on issues—he will not get very far.

Hugo Black was able to stump the State numerous times without making concessions to ignorance and bigotry. With all due respect to him, I believe it would not be far amiss to say that in the past his support and that received by Tom Heflin, our prime demagogue, would not vary in character by much over 20 per cent. In other words, eight out of ten who have voted for Black also voted for Heflin when he was in his prime. And yet how different the two are, both as to methods and as to achievements!

It is second-nature with Tom Heflin to wear the trappings of bigotry and prejudice. He plays on those baser instincts, bred along with generations of hookworm and poverty, with a skill that is comparable only to that of such masters as Jim Vardaman, Cole Blaise, and Theo Bilbo. He uses the Negro with facility and feeds him piece-meal to the craven egos of men who live "under the highest standard of living the world has ever known," but whose economic and cultural level, alas, is comparable to that of the most backward spots of the globe. He would as soon use the Catholic if it suited his purpose. Indeed in 1930 when he was defeated (largely because he had been read out of

the party) his cry was that he had saved the U. S. from a war with Mexico by exposing the intrigues of Pius XI. Few men have so prostituted their talents to such anti-social ends. Today he is down in Alabama trying to make a "come-back." He is seeking the Senate vacancy on a campaign to save the State from Communism—probably the Jewish brand—and, what is of more practical value, to save it from the iniquitous effects of the wages and hours bill introduced by Hugo Black.

An effort has been made to create the impression that Black is a Heflin. The Baltimore *Evening Sun*, which considers itself fair to all men and above the petty derelictions of the contemporary world, finds that at last the "neo-liberalism" of the New Deal is obvious. That it is really of the stripe of Nazism, and that Black is its Goebbels are the implications of the following:

In this neo-liberalism, a man's attitude toward civil rights is of no importance at all if his attitude toward property rights is sufficiently radical. Let a man hate the Rockefellers and the Morgans and the Fords and no more is needed to give him place among the elect. If also he hates Jews and Catholics and foreigners and Negroes, if he proposes to strip them of the protection of the law, if he seeks to subject them to the rule of night riders who satisfy brutish and sadistic impulses under the cloak of pretended racial or patriotic motives, that is of no consequence.

In all of his Senate record, covering a period of more than 10 years, and throughout his public record there is nothing to sustain such implications. The worst that has been produced—in fact the only thing to my knowledge that has been produced—is a single speech made offhand in a Klavern. No searcher has yet produced a line from a stump speech of his in which any appeal was made to prejudice, unless one would interpret denunciations of "predatory wealth," "trusts and monopolies," and "power interests" as such.

VI.

He has been labelled Ku Klux, and his enemies and the unthinking have accepted that as sufficient evidence that he has committed all the sins of Ku Kluxism. Membership in the Klan has been his one unworthy concession to Southern bigotry and prejudice, and he has devoted himself to an earnest effort to cure those sores of ignorance, poverty and disease upon which the Klan spirit feeds. He has endeavored to enlist Federal aid to the States for more effective educational and health programs. In the face of the "States' rights" bugaboo he was a co-sponsor of the Harrison-Black-Fletch-

er bill to appropriate funds for education directly to the States. Knowing that the Supreme Court ranks next to the Bible in the South as among those institutions which must not be examined critically, much less tampered with, he was forthright from the beginning in his support of the President on the judicial issue. Regardless of the merits of the issue, it was not good politics for an Alabamian who was facing an election.

On the eve of his return to Alabama to face this test, Black introduced and was outspoken in supporting the wages and hours bill which bore his name. He knew that labor was already solidly behind him and that the bill could not gain him additional votes from that source. The votes he would need were in small towns and on farms. Alabama farmers whose incomes do not average a dollar a day believe that labor is already paid enough—particularly with cotton going down. To them advocacy of a 30-hour week, or even one of 40 hours, is heresy. Moreover, those who were directly concerned, the employers, lost no time in going to the farmers and raising the cry that Hugo was ruining them.

He also knew that many sincere opponents of the bill would look upon him as a mere tool of the northeast; and if you know anything about Southern politics, you know what it means to be accused of being in league with the Yankees. It was recognized that Negroes, particularly those working in saw-mill and turpentine enterprises, would be among the chief beneficiaries of the bill. Knowing what it would mean in Alabama to be accused of trying to force employers "to pay niggers \$16 a week," Black insisted that there be no discrimination because of color. If Black was all politician he would not have run the risk of the charge that he was favoring "economic equality between the races."

Moreover, it was recognized that Black, far from being hostile to John L. Lewis, was friendly toward him. The Klan and organized labor movements do not mix. Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans had called on the Klan to "ride again and wipe out the Communistic C. I. O." Even before that a well-defined movement was under way among some former Klansmen in Alabama to attack Black on the ground that he had been a "traitor" to the Klan in the '20's. This attitude represented not so much a resentment against Black's Klan record as it did a realization on the part of the real Klansmen that the initial gap between them and Hugo had grown wider and wider.

Black made no gesture to pacify these elements, nor did he make any concessions to those who were against the New Deal. Incidentally, he should not be confused with those Southern Democrats who became New Dealers in the midst of the depression, but whose ardor has cooled to the point of freezing. Black was a New Dealer before Roosevelt was. Not only in other ways, but in the development of an economic and political philosophy he has increased in scope and depth—so much so that it is almost pointless to compare the Black of a decade ago and the Black of today.

## VII.

In Alabama there was no surprise at the "exposure" of Black's membership in the Klan. We had known it all along, and had been sorry for it. In this connection, the attitude of one man is significant. Grover Hall, as has been pointed out, was the first to fight the Klan and has been the most aggressive man in the State on such issues as prohibition, anti-evolution laws, anti-sedition bills and the like. He has never voted for Black, and fought him on the issue of his Ku Klux affiliation. Hall does not by any means agree with all of Black's economic views—or even a majority of them—but he has come to admire and respect him for his integrity. He did not wait until Black was nominated for a place on the Supreme Court before taking that view; he respected and admired Black knowing that he was coming back to Alabama to face an election.

But elsewhere than in Alabama the "exposure" of the Klan membership spread pandemonium. At the time of his nomination the Presidents of Tuskegee Institute and Wilberforce University, two of the outstanding Negro institutions, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People had endorsed him. But within a week after the Klan label was pinned on him publicly, a majority of Negroes, according to a poll taken by the Institute of Public Opinion, had decided that he was unfit to sit with the Supreme Court.

Among the ranks of the liberals, especially the New York variety, there was dismay. Only *The Nation* and *The New Republic* stood hitched, and they apparently by the exercise of super will power. The New York *Post* and the Philadelphia *Record*, both rabid pro-New Deal papers owned by J. David Stern, decided that Black was not fit to remain on the bench. Among the decent conservatives there was the New York *Times*, which has been in one of its rare crusading moods, an event



that is as unusual as a visit from Halley's comet.

Only now and then was there any inclination to weigh Black's career against his guilt. The Klan was never more guilty of thinking in terms of racial and religious labels than were the elements who were stampeded by the disclosures. True, the reaction of all was encouraged and stimulated by the energy with which the New Deal's enemies rode the opportunity.

Few seemed to appreciate the price that a man of high sensibility and integrity was paying—had paid for many years in fact—for his mistake. Few seemed to be inclined to grant that he had made restitution, that he had worn his albatross long enough to make up for his guilt. There is not space here to describe the real Hugo Black, the student, a man who was once referred to by Charles A. Beard as one of the few Senators who had a grasp of history. One should know him to appreciate fully his position.

#### VIII.

It was a grievous price for a man to pay, but the experience should prove a profitable one for the nation. It is well that we have re-examined the Klan, that we have expressed our abhorrence of it and all that it has come to mean. We know now what we did not know a decade ago: that Kluxism is an expression of the pattern American Fascism would follow. In looking back we should consider ourselves fortunate that we had our dose in the 20's; otherwise we could easily have been betrayed when the depression was at its low ebb.

The real test may come yet if someone with a bit more ability than the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, for example, obtains a following. Smith has been the stooge of Huey Long, Eugene Talmadge, Doc Townsend, Father Coughlin *et al.*, in turn. There is no telling how many of his like there are scattered around the country today reading translations of *Mein Kampf* and practicing the art of blowing out their cheeks and beating their breasts.

When that time comes we shall see whether all who have displayed such righteous indignation over the Klan are really opposed to intolerance and the violations of liberty. That, of course, is one of the unfortunate circumstances of the drama—that such patriots as William Randolph Hearst and his spiritual heir-apparent, Paul Block, should have been grand marshals in a liberty parade. It is unfortunate that everyone cannot see

through such hypocrisy. It would be interesting to note how many of those who have been so wrought up over the matter are also concerned with the bigotry of Cotton Ed Smith, from neighboring South Carolina, who refused to hear a Negro pray—even for the Democrats. And among the Republicans, one wonders if there are any who remember the campaign of 1928, when intolerance and stupidity were subsidized wholesale in the South, tons of propaganda being dumped for the benefit of those who had anti-Catholic inclinations. The Anti-Saloon League became a virtual subsidiary of the Republican National Committee, and altogether the campaign was one of intolerance-exploitation. There are lessons enough in those chapters to teach all of us something of the cheapness and danger of capitalizing on ignorance and stupidity for political gain.

#### IX.

For his part Black begins a new chapter. President Roosevelt believed that his liberalism flows from the same springs as those from which the great dissenters, Holmes and Brandeis, received their inspiration. He will no longer be an advocate of a group or a party or a region, and he will have true freedom. His knowledge of the law has been questioned—at times by some who contend that we have too many lawyers on the court already. If the definition of a lawyer as one who has spent his life practicing corporation law is the true one, then he is no lawyer. If it is sufficient that he was well grounded in the fundamentals of law and was active in the courts in various capacities for a decade, then he is prepared. His keenness of perception, his ability to get at the core of things, is well known to those who have come before him in committee hearings and on the stand. Moreover, he knows constitutional lawyers. Most significant is the belief of those who know Black, that he is versed in the *spirit of the law and of the constitution*.

With the prospect that Hugo Black will continue to grow in stature and accomplishment, it might be in order to quote the words of an old-time Populist, also from Ashland, who wrote in his memoirs in 1929:

"Clay County, Alabama, will yet produce the statesman, perhaps, who will go through this old country like an earth and air contrivance in full gear, stir up the populace, and set things right."

## Story



HE collegiates looked at the man and the man looked at the body and the body looked no look; there was about it only an aspect.

In eastern Virginia where the Carters of the Carterson-the-James originated, the land rolls red and low. Here and there are large houses, some brick and some frame, centered among patches of green land that is corn land, cotton land, and peanut land. In the swamps nearby the rose-bay blossoms in the spring; *but this is not a story of rosebays*. This is a story in part of peanut land, corn land, and cotton land. You've heard how everything is a story: a grain of sand, a stalk of corn, a boll of cotton, even men are stories. This story has to do with such a man . . . a man who was a story.

Brunk Rickets was twelve when his father died. He had been born when his mother was fourteen and had, in a sense, grown up with her. Upon him she placed few restrictions, none of which pertained to cleanliness. He was just Brunk to her and she Ma to him. When Whit Rickets died of blood poisoning, Brunk accepted his fatherless status without much whimpering and along about the time the red and white crepe-paper funeral flowers had run and sogged on the grave-top and the tin can shreds which were their stems had rusted, Brunk was busy hoeing corn. On Wednesdays he carried the wash up to the main house, which was the Bruces'. Frequently he talked to Carson and Wilbur, the two Bruce boys (Wilbur was twenty-eight and Carson twenty) about the crops. Sometimes old Mrs. Bruce would wrangle about the yellow tinge that appeared on the clean linen; invariably, however, she paid the forty cents laundry pay. And that was a good thing, for the Rickets had no cow and no wheat. They had no underwear either. That is not unusual . . .

washerwomen usually merely work with such things. Ma Rickets rarely ever, save in cold weather, wore anything but a V-necked cotton print.

One evening, along about cotton picking time of the season of the death of Brunk's father, Wilbur Bruce came down to the Rickets' dwelling and sat with one leg angled on the porch and the other dangling over the sandy place the rain from the eaves had packed. With his head leaning against a post he chewed the end of a piece of grass and chatted with Brunk's ma about cotton and people and things. In time Mrs. Rickets began to tie up her hair in a knot so that the contrast between the light and dark portions made for beauty rather than a soiled and motley appearance. Wilbur's visits began to average about three a week and usually at such times Brunk was sent on an errand that lasted all evening. In the Spring Wilbur went away and it was after his departure that Brunk noticed a change in the appearance of his mother. When he ventured to get from her some explanation, she only snapped at him. Finally, one day in July, she told him that she was going to have a baby. That seemed natural to him for, unlike many other people of her class, she hadn't had one in eleven years. She and Brunk worked together in the fields except on wash days and when time came to pick cotton old Mrs. Bruce did her own washing. Brunk often saw Wilbur when he went to the main house, but Wilbur never came down to the Rickets' shack. Often Ma Rickets sandwiched between her snappings at Brunk talk of giving up the struggle on the farm and going to a wonderful place where her sister had gone. It was called Durham and there were lots of mills in which one could work for *money*! She had only oral information of the place and spoke of it in a dreamy manner.

The cotton boll is a fluffy white thing. It is an ovary that bears its offspring with over-running cups. When you pick it you may be picking an

*A. GRIGGS here presents a story born of righteous personal bitterness, but nourished and reared by a strong social sympathy. The tug-of-war between its heredity and its environment accounts, perhaps, for the story's loose-jointedness.*



overall jacket for your back and you may be picking an instrument for your destruction. If what your neighbors pick becomes wet and moulds, then what you pick may keep you in middling-meat and cornmeal for another year. Sometimes women's clubs agree to cover their legs in cotton and research men try to build roadways of cotton and you hear about these things and plant with more hope. Yet you would cry with joy to the good God whose evangelists you have fed, if ever you were to sell your cotton for one tenth the price of the cellophane it so often is made into. Ignorant soul . . . you don't even know about cellophane.

Brunk had just ended one long row and was beginning his picking of another when he saw his mother fall. A great mixture of things happened after that. He dragged his ma to the house. He ran a mile for Rena Hawkins. He got Mrs. Bruce. He built a fire in the stove. He ran to the spring. He ran for this and he ran for that and he watched the proceedings with horror and curiosity. He understood little of what he saw. In the night his ma died and that was a shock to him because he'd never entertained any such idea. Wilbur in his offish way offered condolences and Mrs. Bruce carried the baby home with her.

With all that has been discovered about the curative properties of peanut oil it would seem that the inhabitants of the peanut lands would be a hearty lot. They grow their peanuts for hogs, however. Peanut-fed hogs make excellent hams . . . hickory cured hams . . . *old Virginia hams*.

At hog killing in late December it suddenly occurred to Brunk how pigs reproduced. He asked questions of Carson about pigs and about people. Through a series of ramifications his dull mind travelled until, with convincing clarity, he came to know something of why his mother died and who was, in part, responsible. After that, Brunk disappeared.

## II.

It was said of the body that he came to town, the University town, in September, "as drunk as hell and giving no damn for anybody" (but the body). One of the first of the town to make the body's acquaintance was the bookseller. It seemed that the body had had much acquaintance with fine literature and was at the time of his arrival hell-bent upon gathering together all of the works of one, Stella Benson, and those of another, Anton Tchekov. The bookseller was not long in completely filling the wants of his customer, whose

sallow face, green eye, and careless look intrigued him. Two years after James Joyce's *Ulysses* had come out in an authorized American edition, the body went in heavily for Joyce. The vocabulary of Joyce was too learned a one . . . behind the words which the body thought good, there was too much interlingual tie-up; so it, the body, called Joyce *great* and proceeded to imitate some American writer who wrote of race absorption and the southern degenerocracy.

"I write for the beauty of the word. What I write is good, damned good. I am a genius in progress. I am a man of experience. I have behind me a background embedded in the deep South. I am a Brahms with women. I'm not only an aristocrat, I'm a pecuniocrat in the eyes of my friends. I have written what Milton wrote . . . I have transcribed Milton word by word with my pen. I have read them all and now am ready to join their ranks. Ready to join their ranks and you stand there and ask me why I don't write about something which I know. You ask me why I don't have something to say . . . I am not a speaker, I am a writer." Thus did the body speak to bookseller while the latter cashed for it a check. The bookseller counted out into the hand of the body two twenty-dollar bills, one five-dollar bill, and five one-dollar bills. "Thanks," said the body, and off it went to a grey car that was parked by the curb. The two collegiates were in the car and one of them drove it off. There was a full moon, the air was crisp, the night a cold one, and the car was a silver color in the light of the moon.

"You say you've been to this one before?" asked the first collegiate of the body.

"Yes, it's the funniest setup you ever heard of. The old man drinks his liquor with you and you. . . ."

## III

There is no superstition about those who touch cotton; there is just this fact: cotton makes of its associates either kings or slaves. Cotton is a story; a man is a story. This is a story of a man who was strangled by cotton. Brunk Rickets ran away during hog-killing time, and by New Year's he was in that far-off place of which his mother had spoken: Durham. The mills were not what he had expected and in them he found no immediate work. He did find his mother's sister and on her porch he found occupation in slipping tags on smoking-tobacco bags which the factory trucks





brought around every two days. In this manner he paid for his night corner and meals until he got a place as a doffer in the cotton mill.

Cotton did one good thing to Brunk: it bound him to a good companion. He met Levinia on night shift and liked her. She was the first human being ever to show an interest in Brunk. She was the first ever to look up to him and to feel for him and with him. She was a little washed out from working, but the her that he liked was so much greater than the her that was washed out. She could read and she did not deride him for not being able to read. She understood many of the ways of the mill and helped him to use or to avoid them as was to his advantage. Their interdependence became greater and greater and their love for one another became the most wonderful thing either had ever experienced. When, finally, they were married, they went to live in the house of Brunk's aunt. And it was shortly after that that they both contracted small pox. Brunk had risen to the rank of carder and could take no chance of being laid off and so he continued to work. Much to his surprise the officials insisted that he work . . . and that his wife also work. They insisted that his wife also work, though pock sores showed plainly on her face. There was good reason for the action of

the employers: they were speeding up production prior to an expected lull in trade, at which time they would close the mills. This they did. Shortly afterwards Brunk and Levinia became well of their sickness—just in time for Levinia to give birth to a daughter. Brunk and Levinia were very much two in one and the arrival of a daughter was, so far as Brunk was concerned, outside the union. The three of them went to live in a blue grey house of their own. (Of their own? How stupid. It was a house of cotton: not of the cotton that ensnares and strangles but of the cotton that coronates.) Many people before them had gone to live in the same house as home. As many had gone as had come and now came two more hopeful humans speaking of home.

The daughter's hair was like the grandmother's, soiled blond. The mother's was dark and after the child was born the olive quality of her complexion lost its freshness. Levinia remained at home tagging tobacco bags and making hat flowers during the child's early years. Brunk was in good fortune during this period in that he was able to get more work than he could do. Strangely enough, in this time of higher wages the price of working clothes and food also was higher. Levinia and Brunk, leaving the baby with Brunk's aunt, usually went downtown on Saturday nights. That was the one time they could be out together. Their antipodals in the cotton gamut set a taboo upon being seen on the street at such times. Neither Brunk nor Levinia knew much about the existence of these circumstantial opposites nor were they aware of cotton as an immeshing social matrix.

As the child approached the age of seven Brunk's earnings began to fall off and the only solution to the impending dilemma was that Levinia return to work. Unfortunately there was no work at the time and there would not have been any later had not the woman across the street died from pneumonia. On the farm it was your neighbor's cotton, rather than your neighbor, whose death brought you good fortune. Death and good fortune. Death is good fortune.

#### IV.

Who is to blame for the mediocrity of minds? Invariably the owner of the head from which such a mind emerges is blamed. Brunk's daughter worked at tobacco-bag tagging in the afternoons after school. Usually she sat on her porch and tagged while she carried on a conversation with a similarly occupied neighbor's child. In tagging she found absolutely no satisfaction. In her home-



life she found nothing of the life of what she termed "real people:" the people about whom the movies were. Her mother "didn't even paint up." She, the daughter, greatly felt the need of paint to enhance the beauty of her unimpressive face to contrast with her "dirty blonde" hair, which was the color of that of her grandmother. She liked pumps with bows and clicking heels. She liked severely cut dresses of black satin. She had a fondness for crepe of "baby pink" and "powder blue" and very much she desired a permanent. All of these things she wanted and she was but a young girl. Levinia not only could not buy the things her daughter desired but also had she been able to she would not have. There was something in her makeup that made her dislike flashy things. Brunk, however, was anxious for his daughter to be like other people (whatever that might mean) and on her tenth birthday he persuaded her mother to let her have a white pair of high heeled shoes. The shoes were bought at a place called "Quiglan's" where shoes were cheap. Mr. Quiglan was a man who went about the state buying up the stock of bankrupt stores. During the tenth year of Brunk's married life many things were going bankrupt. The mills were laying off people right and left. The people who were being laid off were saying: "Once we had something in common and that was that we were all workers in the mill and still we have something in common and that is that we have no work." Lots of Someones said "Why do the mills not run as they once did?" Others replied, "Because no one is buying the goods." "Where is the money? Are the people with money no longer wearing cotton? We make cotton and yet we cannot wear cotton because others will not buy cotton." Mill minds were thinking. "What can we do?" From some faroff enlightened place came the reply: "Organize."

Brunk and Levinia had jobs and they could not see the sense of losing their security by joining in the rumblings of the jobless with whom they were connected by the Union and by a common past. Their compromise was that Brunk attended the meetings. At such times men got up and spoke about opposing social forces which with a whip hand were oppressing the workers. The only thing that could be done, speakers said, was to fight these forces. The workers held a major key to production: labor. If they withdrew their labor and allowed no other to supplant theirs, they would be able to fight their oppressors. Unfortunately few of them had jobs. So it was that

jobless they met and in great numbers realized that they had no power with which to fight. Some of them saw hope in a non-existent and changed social order. Others, of whom Brunk was one, believed that some people were lucky and some were unlucky and that if you were on top it was your good fortune and if not vice versa and that God makes what is what is and there is no hope for what is not. Because of this feeling, which was as ingrained in Brunk as was his very backbone, Brunk could not believe that any group of people was responsible in part for his poverty.

One afternoon Brunk's daughter attacked her mother about her shortage of clothes.

"I'm sick of wearing this black dress, it always looks s' messy."

"You wanted the black 'un. I tried t' tell you that silky stuff wasn't nothin for school wear."

"That's what you always say. It's my fault. Well I still need a new dress. I ain't got nothin else but this un and I caint keep goin to school this away."

"Soon as we get some money maybe you kin have a dress. Right now you do well to eat." There was about Levinia a quiet rage born of impatience.

Their quarrel ended when Brunk came in. He





put his lunch pail in the corner and said there wouldn't be any more work for a while. There had been declared a general strike throughout the land. All three knew what that meant: a shortage of food and probably hunting for a new home. Later the mills reopened on part time and Brunk was able to get a job which at the most allowed him to earn three dollars and seventy-five cents a week. What can you buy with so much money? So much food? Part goes to the mill owners as rent and part to the mill store in payment for furniture—the same set of furniture that the woman across the street was enjoying when she died of pneumonia. You didn't buy it from that woman's family, you bought it from the mill store. The mill store had sold it four times and reclaimed it three times. Brunk and Levinia tried hard to spread their income over the wide area it had to cover. One day the daughter whose hair was like her grandmother's hysterically shrieked that there were other ways of getting money and that she knew of them and would use them. And so she did.

## V.

The mill village was divided into dusty squares which were bordered by grey houses. You walked around the streets in the dusts and your head ached because you were worried with worrying. Your head became dusty and your outlook became like a landscape in a fog. And you went through the gate each morning to see if there was work and there was none, there had been none for a week. That was unreal to you. In this dream town to which you had come from the cotton land no longer did you receive real silver as pay. There was just dust and as for middling meat—well! You turn from the gate and head back towards home . . . you are not you, you are Brunk Ricketts who is a story. A car passes and the dust increases and you gasp for breath and bend your head to the settling dust. The man in the car may be a relief worker or he may be someone who is selling things for a living. Anyway you know that he can buy gasoline and that he can stir dust. On the way home you meet John and John is a wise man who bootlegs. And why not! There are those with money who will give it for liquor . . . even watered liquor . . . for nothing else do they seem to give it. John gives you a drink and it lifts you. Does it lift the real you? There is little reason to worry about that for there is very little reality as you know it in your existence. You go home and Levinia frowns at you for drinking and tells you

that she wishes you wouldn't. And you know that you have her worries and your worries all on your head and you dismiss her look of disapproval. Then she tells you about your daughter: that she has been out again. You remember that the first time you heard that she had gone-the-limit was a month ago and that at that time you twisted her arm and slapped her and cursed her for the shame she'd brought you. She in turn had in a blaze of rage spat at you and run out the door and hadn't returned until the following day. So when you hear of it again you suspect that it is not altogether a new thing and the rage inside you swells to bursting indignity and recedes in the form of hopeless acceptance. It is nightfall and, with your stomach full of white beans, you go to the meeting. They talk of the party and of aid and of a new order and you to yourself say "anything but starvation." You still believe that what is cannot be otherwise. You are willing, though, to do anything that will better you. If what these people say is true, that is, if fighting for a cause will bring work, then you are willing to fight.

You hear from organizers that things are the same everywhere. That in one town there has been bloodshed following a strike. Everywhere there is poverty amongst the workers. You think of your childhood at the Bruce farm. Peanuts, corn, and hogs. Contrast makes you wonder why you ever left. Maybe you could go back. Would Levinia go? Months roll by. Every now and then you get work. None of the mill officials know that you go to the meetings. One evening on your way home John gives you a half gallon jar with some liquor in it. You find that your daughter who has hair like her grandmother's has a boy in the house. From the look on Levinia's face you know what has gone on. You have a feeling about the matter but it is a feeling without a spark; it is a feeling that has ossified on the outside; it is like nothing else you've ever felt for it is the death of a thing. You whip around to Levinia. You still respect her and she has a warmth of feeling for you and so you forget the child who is soon to be sixteen. A year passes and it isn't anything to you because time is something for money. When you left in the morning Levinia was sick in bed with cold. Now when you come home in the evening Levinia is worse. You go two blocks to call for a doctor who long ago ceased practicing in your territory. You are told that you will have to pay the bill in advance. The door to your daughter's room is shut but inside you hear

voices. You call to her to see how much money she has on her and she hasn't enough. Her friend, a young man, says that he has some extra change and makes you the loan. You are a man, a real man; also you are a story. That is what hurts.

VI.

When Brunk returned from work the following night he found the door to Levinia's room open. In the hallway sat two young fellows whose clothes showed them to be outside the working class. They grinned sheepishly a sort of *howdy-do* smile. Brunk put a half gallon of liquor he'd got from John in the corner and went into Levinia's room. He found his wife pale, hard of breathing, and asleep. He returned to the hall, turned up his liquor jar and took two hearty guzzles, deposited the jar in one of the collegiates' lap, and went to get some water. Soon they were all feeling their drinks, Brunk especially since he had already had a drink or two with John.

Was there in the mind of these two collegiates a feeling of being democratic: drinking with a mill hand? Whatever there was soon dissolved with the oncoming of intoxication. They, just as Brunk, had been stories in themselves and now they were dissolved into one story, the story of an evening. When the liquor would have reached its climax and the intensity of its stimulating quality would have petered out, then their individuality would solidify and they would be stories again and the story of an evening would be a part of their story to be deleted or included according to the raconteur.

"Of course I ain't never went to college." Brunk was clearing the ground for conversation. In reply the collegiates said nothing at first; then one of them declared that his father had never been to college—a fact for which he was rather thankful at the moment.

"No I haven't worked in the mills all of m' life. Lived on a farm when I 'as a boy."

"Well, yes. You see in New York . . ."

"Hell, 'ats awful funny." In Brunk's mind there was a peculiar idea of a town in which there lived so many people that a lot of the traffic was sent underground.

Have you ever been walking along a dusty road, or anywhere, and had someone stop you and say "Hello you, they've cut the old oak tree down that used to stand in front of the Major's house. Don't you think that is bad?" Then suddenly you experience a peculiar mode of thinking which is all pictorial. You begin suddenly to see

in a filmy manner a series of pictures. Far back of the pictures are words that say in a tone akin to ear ringing: "They've cut the tree down that used to stand." Then you hear a more normal voice that says: "What's the matter, didn't you hear me?" And you shake your head and suddenly realize that the person who started you on this unreal path of adventure is standing before you and you say: "Oh, sure that is bad. It was a fine tree."

In the midst of Brunk's conversation with the collegiates the door to the daughter's room opened and a young man came out into the hall. From Levinia's room there sounded a deep and paroxysmic cough. Brunk did not hear it. He was looking at the young man whose sallow complexion and green eye impressed him somewhat. Then in a flash he went through an experience similar to the one you went through when some one asked you about the Major's oak tree. Somewhere once before someone had come out of a door in just the same manner and Brunk had seen him do it. Possibly it was Wilbur Bruce leaving the room of Brunk's dead mother. It might have been the first young man ever to visit the daughter whose hair was like that of her grandmother? Was it anything like this or was it feeling? Could something have revived that dead feeling about the virtue of his daughter? Whatever it was, it only lasted for a moment.

"O. K., Carl," said the gentleman in the doorway.

"Take yourself a drink," said Brunk.

Carl went into the room of the daughter and the body took a drink from the jar of the father. The two collegiates stabilized their uneasiness by making conversation and all three of the drinkers enjoyed the wavery concepts which each other's words brought into each other's mind: pictures which were of the substance of the "heat" that arises from a tar road on a hot summer's day. They talked of cars and presidents and what would be done for everybody about the shortage of money. There was about the body something antagonistic to the likings of Brunk; the something however was very obscure and failed to register upon Brunk's mind. In the course of the evening the conversation drifted to cotton and the body declared that there was little hope for cotton growers when they had to deal with shiftless tenants. Brunk in his inarticulate way asked what was to be expected of the tenants when they had nothing to gain.



The collegiates looked at the man and the man looked at the body and the body looked no look, there was about it only an aspect.

—HUGH FOSS.



William Michaux

## Two Sonnets

### To The Human Spirit

*Slight ingle ever human in the dark,  
In the inescapable night that has no force  
Of cryptic crucible to quell the spark  
Ensconced inviolate with cosmic source:  
Rest weary, seek no turmoil: 'tis enough  
To cringe in wonder, trembling, taciturn,  
Knowing stone-crumbling rain cannot re-  
buff*

*The ceaseless glowing or the changeless  
yearn.*

*When pandemonium briefly bates the fire  
Of oneness, the eternal all-in-all,  
And strikes vague urges; when the cowed  
inquire*

*If night be dawnless, blenching in the pall;  
Then rather burn in chaos, if for aye,  
Than die at the beginning of their day!*



### This Is The Mystery

*To have felt light upon bare visages  
And mourned its unreality, knowing  
That dearth is all street-prowlers share of  
stress . . .*

*Out of each face to have striven to wring  
Some pith less futile (just as Jesus sought  
To drown out loneliness with fellowship),  
And, meeting heartless staring, to have  
thought,*

*"Though these be like gaunt hands that know  
no grip,*

*This is the mystery at one with magic  
Of pearl-red mornings" . . . having pondered  
thus,*

*To have fused all—the beautiful, the tragic,  
The awful, and the almost-igneous—  
Into one idol of totality,  
Is to have known and loved humanity.*

## The Emancipator of Jazz

*How George Gershwin Widened Tin Pan Alley*

FEBRUARY the twelfth should not be remembered solely as Lincoln's birthday, for on this same date in 1924 another emancipator made his debut; on the concert stage of New York's Aeolian Hall George Gershwin played *Rhapsody in Blue*, which became the connecting link between the classics and the jazz of Tin Pan Alley.

Probably the first rhythm that Gershwin sensed was the clatter of dishes in his father's restaurant. The future composer of *Rhapsody in Blue*, however, was not then concerned with music, thought it sissy to play the piano, and spent his hours on or near Grand Street with his East Side buddies.

After hearing a schoolmate, Max Rosen, play the violin for a concert, George's attitude towards music changed. His parents noticed the change and humored him by placing a small second-hand piano at his disposal. George then studied under a lady teacher for fifty cents an hour. She soon "taught out," and his musical education was given over to the late Charles Hambitzer. The new teacher recognized the genius of Gershwin and talked seriously to the little East Sider about a future continuation of his musical studies abroad. Had economic conditions permitted this, the wake of Gershwinism in American music might have been different.

At the age of sixteen Gershwin solemnly decided to follow music as his life work. He first accepted a job with Remick & Sons as a song plugger (combination piano pounder, lobbyist and high pressure salesman); but disgusted with the job and the music he had to sell, he wandered from piano playing in cheap theaters to accompanying vaudeville artists. Although at this time he had written several musical comedies, his fame did not begin until February 14, 1924, when he personally presented his *Rhapsody* with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. Whiteman was carrying out what he called an "experiment" in American music, and

had commissioned Gershwin to compose and perform a jazz rhapsody for the program. Gershwin submitted a pencil manuscript of the composition, which Frede Grofé, then Whiteman's arranger, said needed a melody. A few days later he heard the composer improvising at a piano; the improvisation with the melody was brilliant. Gershwin dismissed it carelessly as a melody that he had written a few years previous, but Grofé sensed that it was the very thing needed to complete the *Rhapsody*. The injection of this melody was the birth of the famous theme associated with the composition and probably better known as the theme of the Whiteman orchestra.

The performance of the *Rhapsody in Blue* lifted its composer from the pit of the cheap theater to the concert stage. Gershwin, however, wrote for a double audience. His works are appreciated by the man in the street as well as by those who sit behind winged collars and stiff shirts.

A great portion of Gershwin's success can be attributed to his immutable nerve. After the memorable date in Aeolian Hall, Walter Damrosch commissioned Gershwin to compose a *concerto* for personal performance in Carnegie Hall to the accompaniment of the New York Philharmonic orchestra. It is said that after Gershwin signed the contract, he immediately hurried to a book store and purchased a music text to find out what a *concerto* was. As a result we have the *Concerto in F*, *An American in Paris*, *The Cuban Overture*, *Second Rhapsody* and the *Three Preludes for Piano*. These, combined with the *Rhapsody in Blue*, are the projection of Gershwin's genius into the larger forms and these are still favorites in the repertoires of modern music.

As we have said, Gershwin wrote for a double audience. His more famous compositions in the lighter genres seem to have been written ahead of time. *The Man I Love* was cancelled from the show "Lady Be Good" just because "it was not

¶ SAM HOOD collects butterflies, hero-worships Gershwin, composes whimsical music in ¶  
which there is never an orthodox major chord.



good enough." George had faith in this composition and reissued it abroad in "Strike Up the Band." It was not a success, however, until Americans who had heard it in Europe returned home and raised a clamor for it. Most famous in this class, perhaps, is *I Got Rhythm*. The score for the political satire "Of Thee I Sing" won him the Pulitzer award in 1932. The themes from his folk-opera "Porgy and Bess" brought to us a new type of Southern music. We must give credit to Gershwin for making something new out of native material and, above all, for creating something acceptable out of the over-sourced and outworn music of the South.

Gershwin's constant companion and collaborator was his brother Ira, who filled the role of Mr. Words to George's Mr. Music. Ira supplied the lyrics for the majority of his brother's hit songs and musical comedy scores. Their manner of collaboration was rather interesting. Both would go over the manuscript of a musical comedy very thoroughly and decide which situations were best suited for songs. George would then select titles and begin work at his piano. After finishing a song, he would turn over to his brother the job of fitting lyrics to the composition. Ira worked from the title; after fitting it in the first part, he would skip to the last line and try to work in the title again. He experimented with his lyrics by voice, very seldom using the piano. Although he had studied piano, he had allowed his talents to fall into desuetude.

George Gershwin helped usher in a new era, an era in American music which lifted it from the singing waiter and the ragtime bands to a respectable form. He seemed to be at a midway point where he could reach into both musical comedy and the more serious attempts. A born entertainer, his unique piano playing and pleasing personality took him from the small flat to the upper-class apartments where he frequently entertained. Soon personal appearance became an event. This popularity caused him to be sought constantly by motion pictures, radio and the concert stage. Of the three, Gershwin greatly favored radio, for it provided free entertainment to the great masses who did not live near musical centers or who could not afford the prices of admission. He thought that radio was doing a great deal to abolish the fashion of attending concert and opera because "it was the thing to do." He believed that "... the radio waves have raised the people to a level where their tastes are more cosmopolitan as well as more discriminating."

Gershwin, however, was handicapped by a limited musical education. His deprivation caused him to create an original style—that of the Gershwin idiom. His education was not a collection of credits or degrees but a practically applicable knowledge resulting from his autodidactic principles. He knelt before no dependent classic idol but appreciated and respected the works of other masters; he did not rely on old conventional rules but fitted the rules to his own style. Gershwinism can be expressed as the pedestal upon which the new American music rests.

Gershwin lived an envious life in that he lived to see his music appreciated, for most composers are remembered by wreaths, statues, or delayed words of acknowledgment. He died at a comparatively early age; his life is an example of the platitude that life cannot be measured in years. This man during his short but full thirty-eight years contributed more to American music than we can immediately appreciate: *He made jazz respectable.*

Gershwin firmly believed that no composer knows what the next generation in music will disclose. "Music," he said, "should repeat the thoughts and aspirations of the people and the times." His motto was "My time is today"; we see now that Gershwin's "today" will live with American music.

An all-Gershwin concert after his death was answered by a packed audience in Lewisohn stadium. The tickets had been sold out long before the opening number. On September 8th of this year, thirty thousand people elbowed into the Hollywood Bowl to be thrilled by his varied works. Famous associates of Gershwin from the theatrical world gladly rendered services for these programs. These were more than memorial programs; they were helping to supply the momentous demand for Gershwin music, a demand that is still rapidly increasing. Recording houses are making fresh discs of many revivals. Memorial albums are being prepared, and a radio version of his folk-opera "Porgy and Bess" is being planned. It has been said that these moves are a part of a commercial boom designed to capitalize upon the publicity following the death of the composer. If so, the increased demand is being created by the music itself, its lasting freshness and its quality of uniqueness in the midst of modern mediocre repertoires.

In creating this new American music Gershwin revolutionized three musical qualities: harmony, (Continued on page twenty-four)

## Editors' Private Galley

An occasionally amusing recent development in radio and screen entertainment has been the dramatization of the back-stage machinery. We are thinking at the moment of the usually painful and increasingly frequent movie shorts in which the audience learns what hurdles—competition with literally millions of fanatically eager fellow aspirants, and a series of voice, hips, bust, and make-up tests that for exhaustiveness puts a medical clinic to shame—Gloria Glorious must clear before she can become a Hollywood chorus girl; and of the Jack Benny radio programs, in which characters get big laughs by reminding each other to stick to the script or by complaining to the sound effects man that he has turned on the galloping horses machine too soon.

Pleading, as precedent, this development in the more popular, and ergo higher, arts, we present the record of an adventure in publishing. Our reason is not the precedent, but the fact that contained in the record is a worthwhile little "Essay on the Impossibility of Criticising Books." The author, David Beaty, handed it in along with the final draft of the article that begins on page 25. It is a very able retort to the note in which we explained our rejection of his first draft of "Reflections on *Gone with the Wind*"—a note made provocative with the deliberate intention of angering him into writing something better.

\* \* \* \*

"Dear David: I shall be very much surprised if you do anything with this. You are so anxious to keep unawry that veil of supercilious intolerance which so many adolescents use to conceal their consciousness of callowness and bewildered uneasiness, that you daren't let yourself be seen stooping to the ordinary human methods of logical (hence, humble) argumentation, the risky give-and-take of intellectual controversy. If I'm screwy about you, fine; and I hope you'll show me just how screwy I am. Just realize you are a userper when you speak *ex cathedra*; and give us some reasons for your remarks. . . . Hope you're not insulted or too, too bored by all this hasty criticism.—Bill H."

\* \* \* \*

"Bill: I think your very justifiable doubt that I shall ever be able 'to do anything with this' involves not my own feeble efforts at intelligibility

but rather the utter impossibility of criticising adequately any book in the America of the present day; for the simple reason that we have, apparently, no common standard of comparison (no universally accepted idea as to what art is, in the first place), upon which we can set forth our differences. I am sure you must have observed, as I have, with a feeling of the most abject and utter hopelessness, the appearance of a dozen such theories and critical standards in a single classroom discussion: the Taylor-Moody 'aesthetic' twaddle of the era of the 'amateurs of elegant composition,' the old tag of Sir Walter Scott's that fiction is merely polite diversion, as well as Matthew Arnold's 'criticism of life' dictum. Perhaps you have also observed, as I have, what is a vast deal worse: the presence in solution of all these and a dozen others in the mind of such as our friend Mr. ——— [a very influential professor], who is blithely unconscious of the implications and mutual exclusions of each. In such anarchy, it is necessary, in order to write two sentences about a popular novel, to go back and write ten pages to justify and explain the grounds upon which one's criticisms are based—else people dismiss one as impudent, or unintelligible, or just plain 'screwy.' Thus, to write a few light sentences on *Gone with the Wind*, I must explain and justify my conception of art, of naturalism, etc., etc., etc. In short, my 'entertaining little essay' is utterly impossible. I must write a book.

"That necessity is both intensely insulting and intensely discouraging; for I must insist that my conceptions are not my own original inventions but are those of a respectable body of modern critics: Ludwig Lewisohn, Romain Rolland, Thomas Craven, Thomas Cowper Powys, Arthur Schnitzler, and Thomas Mann—whose theories grew out of the insistence of Goethe, Emerson, and Matthew Arnold that art is essentially an expression and interpretation of experience. Of course it maddens me beyond reason, that I can appeal neither to these nor to the fine flowering of their theories, because both are unknown. Did not Dr. ——— [another influential professor] hand over Lewisohn's *Expression in America*, the most exciting and provocative literary treatise of our age, to someone else for examination? . . .

"All of which illustrates my point: I should have been able to answer you in two neat sentences, but you see I have run on into three messy pages and still not made myself intelligible. However, I'll do what I can, and we'll see.—D.B."



## Rule of Thumb

### *Tales of the Road, Plans for the Future*

OXFORD? Oxford?" The car, a South Carolina coupe, stopped. A head appeared in the window and barked, "Shay, which way to Oxford?"

"Why, that's where we're going!"

"Hop in, then, c'mon, both of you. C'mon, squeeze in here, one on top of the other. Thass the way."

It was night black outside but that was no explanation for the swerving of the car during the first few moments. The driver, a hulking brute, was very drunk; his companion was too, but much more happily.

From the blackness of the cramped interior sprung an argument between the two men. Curses were traded. The car, miraculously, remained on the highway. The scuffle of angry words was amusing because of its trivial origin and its highly intoxicated phraseology.

Perched high on my companion's lap, I whispered, "Scotty, I wish we could converse in a foreign language." (A serious reflection upon my years of schooling.)

The answer came, not from my hitch-hiking friend, but from the occupant on my lower left!

"Go ahead, kid, say anything about us that you want. Foreign talk won't do you no good because I've been to school some and know four of them languages."

Scotty's lap kept me from sinking through the floor-board. A muttering of apology on my part was good-naturedly accepted by this only-slightly-tight South Carolinian. But a storm of fury burst near the wheel.

"Talkin' about us! God damn, I'll show 'em! Get the hell out of this car!" exploded the booze-saturated driver.

From that point everything rocketed. The drunk spun the wheel and headed the car toward a convenient roadside garage. His friend was yelling at him to keep his mouth shut and to stay on the road. Highly insulted by imagined ridicule, the irate driver leaped from the car while it was still

rolling at good speed. A desperate stab at the emergency by our four-languaged friend brought us to a jarring stop inches from a gasoline pump.

My door was jerked open and I found myself staring into the blood-shot countenance of a monster. Furious, he loomed over me in no fair proportion. I simply closed my eyes and awaited the inevitable shattering of teeth, but I was only pulled from the car. Scotty tumbled out in short order.

"I'll take 'em back home, but I'll be damned if anyone who insults me and a friend of mine can ride in my car."

To our surprise, out poured the fourth member of the front seat intrigue. He was insisting that either those boys get back in the car or he would not finish the trip. "They ain't done nuthin. They come or I stay here!"

Another roar: "Hell, amighty! I brung you here from South Carolina and I'll bring you back. Get in that car!"

Refusal. The monster picked up his friend and dumped him into his seat. He then made a rush around the car for the wheel. Upon arriving, he found that our obstinate benefactor had defiantly jumped out. Back came the snorting one, and not once but three times the throwing in and the popping out were repeated.

Then came several moments of cat-and-mouse warfare as they moved about with the car between them. It ended with a dull thud as the brute hammered the unwilling one into the seat and bellowed in conclusive, drunken anger, "Get outta this car again, and so help me, *I'll kill you!*"

A gnashing of gears and the car disappeared. We, after cautious retreat, were some two hundred healthy yards distant and quite satisfied that our friend had not prevailed in his insistence upon our rights.

#### II.

This interrupted ride to Oxford is but one of the many trips I have experienced in recently topping a mark of five thousand miles via thumb. With Chapel Hill as a base I have bummed at

*LEN RUBIN has bummed five thousand miles, and collected almost as many bumming stories. Here he gives you the best of the lot, as well as some special hitch hiking tips, and draws up plans which approach the revolutionary in scope.*

different times to Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk, Lakewood, New York City, and Myrtle Beach—a succession of flights into adventure, humor, character studies, backaches, night vigils, and risk.

I have found hitch-hiking to be a fascinating pastime, and one I would advocate for every student. No experience is needed. One soon develops the balance of aggressiveness and dignity that must belong to the successful hiker.

From the delicious sound of applied brakes to the mean howl of midnight winter winds, the hiker runs the entire range of sensation from the delicious to the nauseous. He is subjected to the pangs of hunger (there is little time to eat when each moment spells opportunity), the hostility of anti-bumming drivers, the cruelty of indefinite waits and the peril of wild, unorthodox and amateur driving. In compensation, he is introduced to expectation and suspense, he meets people he will never see again and never forget, he runs into super-hospitality, listens to absorbing life histories and intimacies and receives tons of wasted sympathy and hours and hours of fun.

New York City is a mild hop from Chapel Hill. During one vacation I bummed home in 18 hours and returned (by bus!) in 20 hours. The blue-and-white sticker carries you through the state of North Carolina and far into Virginia, as alumni, proud poppas and well-wishers do their bit for the state university. A conglomeration of traffic with out-of-state licenses further along Route 1 hurries you through the northern areas. Mention of alumni brings back memories of the return from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, when four successive rides were attributed to alumni-spirit, of which the last was obtained by putting the valise on the edge of the highway. We two heavy-eyed travellers had gone to sleep on the steps of a nearby home, when a loud horn shocked us from dreamland into an automobile which took us from Mt. Olive to Goldsboro.

Hitch-hiking is a study in personality, but by its very nature a rather one-sided, prejudiced study. The hiker rarely encounters the anti-bumming populace—they seldom stop for him. The people he meets, may the highways be blessed, are usually pleasant and voluble. The mean driver turns his profile and jabs on the accelerator. Out of sight and out of mind. Such is the good fortune of the hiker.

Only twice was I in fear of being thrown with unpleasant company at the wheel. In Henderson,

North Carolina, late one night, a heavy-set man barked questions at us for ten minutes before taking us to Richmond; but on the journey he proved to be an “elegant” gentleman, feeding us drinks, barbecue, coca colas, and two hours of grand talk. The other time we encountered a head-shaking tough hombre, ninety miles out of Norfolk, Virginia, who was impatiently waiting for a long string of freight cars to pass. Here again we met with five minutes of questionnaire, followed by a stern demand as to whether or not we carried firearms. After we had bared out inside pockets, he declared it mattered little, and showed us a huge revolver, a blackjack, and a tear gas fountain pen. He was a railroad dick and spent the hours recounting his experiences.

### III.

Hitch-hiking is a great developer. The hiker develops, with little effort, an abnormal capacity for patience. Hour after hour drifts by, the thumb droops, the spirit sags, and the body cries out, until eventually his patience is rewarded. When he passes his first thousand miles, he becomes calloused to hours of vigil. He learns to shift his feet in rhythm, gossip in general stores, and become observant of everything except the clock. Never to be forgotten is my brave stand in Little River, a South Carolina coast hamlet. Ah, Little River! How well do I remember you, your main street with general store and gasoline pump. Each of your 200 inhabitants became a familiar face before I could depart. Arrived at noon, I lingered until nine in the evening. Then the lights went out and the town was swallowed up. Four cars passed during the nine hours. I was advised to hide behind a tree and climb atop the one bus that ploughed through in the early evening, but I elected to stay over and catch the sleepy-eyed mailman in the 5:30 cold of the next morning.

The hitch-hiker also assumes an air of confidence, supported by a fluent conversation. The car slows down, you scurry up with your valise playing a bang-up game against your knees. You open the door hesitantly, to protect yourself against the humiliation of finding that the car is parking. A sign of recognition from the man behind the wheel, and you toss your valise into the back with a broad grin and a sigh of relief. The sigh is to bouy up the driver with the warm feeling that he is performing a deed of utmost humanitarianism. You lean back, make a weak effort at uncreasing a wrinkle in your pants, and look



searchingly out the window. The first moments are the vital ones. Either a conversation blossoms or a frigid silence indicates that one will never take root. His handling of the wheel is good or bad; if all signs are for the best, you emit an authentic sigh and squeeze forth the first trickle of conversation.

Not always is conversation a necessary component of a hitch-hiker's repertoire. He is often but a pawn in the driver's game, taken on, not merely as extra baggage, but as a likely substitute for a microphone. He is destined to become the recipient of a monologue. Less frequently he is called on as a companion or a fellow conversationalist.

In this connection I recall a gallop from Henderson to Richmond—a shabby little car and an erratic-looking driver. We called him "Bishop Cannon" because his friends called him that. He opened the conversation and closed it many hours later. We had added the necessary "yah's" and "why's" to carry him along. His extra-marital love affair, his war experiences, his traffic bribes, and other such egoistic tales were narrated in an incessant stream. He was, upon his word, a marine, soldier and sailor during the Great War. Another story was of his youth, as a football star on his high school team. In one instance he was downed by a horde of enemies and a pair of spikes were dug deep into his face. His eye was gouged from its socket. When he rose, it was dangling on his cheek bone, suspended by a slender attachment. He replaced it in his socket. The only pain that he recalled was a smarting from the handling his eye received by his fingers, so he promptly forgot about the incident. Years later, applying at army headquarters, he took an eye test and discovered that he was blind in that eye! He now wears glasses. Remembering that a fundamental prerequisite for a hitch-hiker is politeness and affability, we never doubted him.

#### IV.

After stepping blindly into battered old Ford relics without brakes (I once went thirty miles at night in a dilapidated contraption using second gear in place of braking) and into ninety-mile-per-hour streamline jobs with youngsters at the rocking wheels—well, the hitch-hiker is imbued with a staunch faith in "let come what may." He shuts his eyes to passing cars on hills and on blind curves and talks about tomorrow's weather when going down Strowd's Hill at sixty-five miles an hour. Going off the paved highway at night is but inci-

dental. Nothing happens to the hitch-hiker—and he had better believe this or forego bumming.

In one whirl from Washington to New York in a specially-built Ford with an airplane motor and a sixty gallon gasoline tank, I stuck out my tongue at death and laughed at it for many hours. Our mad Navy friend was not abashed in the least by Maryland police when halted for creeping over seventy. Uniform, aviator helmet, goggles and all, he talked them into apologies and roared on. We met a truck coming around the wrong side of a curve and went off the road to oblige him. A weaving trailer on a truck came close to tossing us over another curve. We did arrive safely. This high-salaried Navy officer was the first person ever to ask me for money, seeing to it that I paid for passage through the Holland Tunnel! It was a small enough sum for my reprieve.

Hitch-hikers soon learn that speed-demons like our Navy acquaintance are not the only dangerous drivers. One entertaining young man at the wheel of a Miami-bound small delivery truck fell asleep twice at the wheel, although I had promised to keep him awake by constant chatter. On both occasions, sharp yells on my part brought us to plunging halts, inches behind short-stopped cars. Another incident was still more nerve-tearing. A friend and I found ourselves in an all-day session from Washington to Henderson with a South Carolina married couple. Night came and we discovered that as a night driver the husband was like a new born babe. Our offers to drive and those of his wife were indignantly refused. His pride was touched. Each car with headlights that approached resulted in our slowing to two miles an hour and going off the road. The constant nagging of his wife for him to go slower brought the angry retaliation of five minutes of five-mile-an-hour crawling. Our nerves were rubbed raw, but the climax came when she objected to the snail's pace and he stepped the speed to a mile a minute, sixty miles an hour, oncoming cars or not! We clambered out in Henderson with only gasps for thanks.

#### V.

Miles of such travel provide the hitch-hiker with more than the blessing of patience, the art of providing good company, and a callousness to risk. He becomes also the possessor of a wealth of experience, which builds him into a good after-dinner conversationalist. Some of the following tales would entertain your guests. The first was told to

me, but with my reader's permission, I include it in this collection of personal experiences.

A Georgia car picked up three Chapel Hill boys. The woman at the wheel was extremely cordial and a casual chat soon developed into a political discourse. The boy in the front, a wordy freshman, traded blows freely and was proud of holding his own. He went deep into Georgia politics and suddenly found himself asked for an opinion of the former Governor, Eugene Talmadge. Right up my alley, he thought, and tore into that worthy gentleman. He made it clear that Mr. Talmadge had been a big-mouthed, stupid, biased, pig-headed, thick-skulled, pillaging politician. The car stopped. "Outside, the whole lot of you!" The three Tar Heels stared in awe as Mr. Talmadge's sister-in-law drove off.

On a tour I took to Myrtle Beach with a schoolmate, an incident slightly less embarrassing but more ludicrous than my friend's Talmadge experience took place. On the way south we found ourselves unduly delayed in Latta, South Carolina, a town of stagnant colored life. It was Thanksgiving Day and cars were failing to "run pretty right smart," as an ancient inhabitant prophesized they would. An Austin, in worn condition, drew up and stopped. Looking down, my companion, Bob, and I perceived two occupants. Space being what it is in an Austin and comfort being what comfort is, we both graciously declined the invitation to enter. Out hastened the driver, who, we realized in dismay, was slightly tipsy. He vehemently insisted that we accompany him and his "gal" to Marion. Afraid, as "Yankees," to refuse, we allowed ourselves to be folded into the tiny car. Bob was mashed into the little gap between the seat and window and doubled himself up on some uncomfortable tools. He was the more fortunate for I was the third in a crushed front. The girl, melting into my left hip, was a moron of the lower levels with a head much too large for her body; but her body was too big for the Austin and a cigarette package in my left pocket was irretrievably demolished. They were going to Marion for repair on the back tire, which bumped horribly at every revolution. Bob took a severe battering, lying directly over the ailing wheel. The climax came when, during the twelve-mile torture, the car halted so that the "gal" could buy some snuff at a garage. In alighting from the car I forgot the situation and stepped out normally. My knee hit the ground hard, the Austin went rolling

about twenty feet distant, and I tumbled headlong into the dust.

I have mentioned leaving Little River via mailman's car before the sun rose. The mailman's bedraggled condition was clarified in the light that he had been carrying this pre-dawn luggage for nineteen years. Two dreadfully young lads in the back seat were dropped in the midst of some woods, from where they trekked into the faint light towards some distant farmhouse to start a day's work. We had long left the state road and were following a rarely used dirt path, serving as rural transportation. Every mile or so we would toss some vagrant-looking fisherman into the rear. We were the bus to town. Four of the men were headed to make an under-production report to the government and were in high glee. The only conversation we could solve from the South Carolina accent, as thick as jello, was the gay account of one man's day in jail. "Ah reckon 'twas the only day in all my life I didn't have to work for my bread, ha, ha." Passengers continued to pour in. I finished the fifty-mile ride to Bolivia, North Carolina, hanging on from the running board, with some eight evil-smelling men crowding the breath out of Bob and the mailman. I served, however, as aide-de-camp, extracting the letters and pennies from every mailbox that had a significant twig extending towards the highway.

Another incident on this same trip makes it appear doubtful that hospitality on the part of the driver is a virtue that invariably has its reward. From Marion, South Carolina, to Conway we received a rumble seat lift from two men. When we were a few miles short of our destination, a light rain began to fall simultaneously with the dusk. The drops hit the roof and slanted over our heads, leaving us dry. But the car stopped and a mop of hair asked if we would like to come up front. We thanked him but said there was no need. But after a few more moments the driver's conscience gained the upper hand and he turned off the road so that we could come inside. A yawning ditch accepted our advance and we were all slapped about as the car dove in. With aching necks and teeth, Bob and I crawled out to discover that the driver was bemoaning a broken rear axle! He had to be hauled to town and missed a heavy date.

For coincidence I offer this tale of Richmond. Two years ago, another schoolmate, Cooky, and I, en route to New York, were dropped on the outskirts of the Virginia capital. A car halted imme-



diately and a kindly gentleman invited us in, saying that he could take us to a better point of vantage. As he drove slowly along he explained the possibilities of police interference with our activities. After a roundabout twist through woods he deposited us at a perfectly situated garage, two miles out, where all Washington traffic passed. We bade him farewell and promptly forgot him. . . . Last year Cooky and I were again dropped on the outskirts of Richmond. A car stopped and a kindly gentleman invited us in, saying that he could take us to a better point of vantage. Cooky started to enter, paused, and then laughed—for it was our old friend! He again took us to the same spot, first asking us over for a drink. We have often wondered if it was really a coincidence, or if it was a hobby of this man's—nightly venturing forth to aid stranded hitch-hikers.

The first time Cooky and I left the kind Virginian the night turned into a sea of snow and hail. It was only after four long hours that we landed an unique arrangement of rides. Two buddy truck drivers offered to take us to Baltimore. Each in one of the giant cross-country caterpillars, we traveled through hours of sleetstorm. The drivers were close pals and every hour or so we would stop for a foursome of coffee at an all-night place. It turned out to be a swell party. Both were interesting talkers and we were chock-full of truckman stories after the gruelling journey.

On a solo trek to Lakewood, New Jersey, I caught more than a ride when a young government aviator carried me from Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Washington. He was returning from an extended vacation in Florida, sustained by horse speculation, and was eight-ninths empty of funds. He calculated that his remaining pennies would bring him about 100 miles short of his Boston home. When I left him in Washington that night I was carting a new \$14 Bancroft tennis racquet with Armour's super special, and he was pocketing two and a half of my dollars.

Cars and drivers and stop signs flash along the highway of my mind: meeting near Norlina two ponderous nurses, who were fellow-members of a caravan of new delivery trucks Miami-bound (the girls had started from Jersey City on BICYCLES, wagering \$100 they would reach Florida's tip within a week—the bikes were in the rear of the trucks and the girls in the front) . . . becoming intimate enough with a woman driver to ask whether she was expecting a boy or girl—a first child after 17 years of wedlock . . . at the

wheel of a stranger's car, slightly nervous, while driving an entire family of pop, mom, kindergarten daughter and beloved pup—a ride, incidentally, received after two minutes wait in Chapel Hill and good from door to door, Graham Mansion to Bronx . . . a ride with a distinguished-looking young woman, and being told later by another hitch-hiker that he recognized her as a prostitute—she had been all dignity during the ride and actually flustered at a windblown skirt . . . discovering that another woman host lived two blocks from my roommate, who was with me at the time . . . driving a new Dodge from Washington to Raleigh with the owner asleep in the back . . .

## VI.

There are several fundamentals or "rules of thumb" I would like to impart to budding bummers:

(1) If you have a destination, learn your route and inquire about key spots in the large cities.

(2) Dress neatly and develop an engaging smile.

(3) Make the traffic lights your friends. Stay with them.

(4) Frowns or shaking heads are not final. I have seen such turned into 300 mile hops. If the victims are stopped at traffic lights or filling stations, venture over and explain the situation. The sound of your voice breaks down resistance. Keep smiling. Cooky once won over three old maids, who had never before given a ride, and once gained a ride from Baltimore to New York with an old grouch by telling him of the University whose sticker we had plastered on our valise.

(5) Try to stay clear of inebriates. Play safe and get home a half-hour later.

(6) Carry Carolina banners conspicuously on your valise and point to them.

(7) Know how to drive; the requests are many.

(8) Do not accept rides to small towns, particularly at night. They have no traffic lights and traffic roars through. Make friends with the big cities. I once refused a fifty-mile ride in a new Buick with a beautiful girl in the back seat.

(9) If travelling in twos, let one climb into the rear of the car and the other into the front, out of courtesy to the driver.

*Special Tip A*—When travelling in twos, have one gesture with thumb and the other, with deep concentration, point a finger at his partner's thumb.

*Special Tip B*—When on a long trip and your next stop is a large city, take white chalk and print

the city's name flagrantly on your black valise. Then hold the valise high.

Acting on both special tips is purposed to draw laughs and stop cars; more frequently you draw laughs.

## VII.

This article thus far has attempted to show the pains and pleasures that lure the normal youth to the road and the music of whirring wheels. Now I draw a conclusion by proposing a scheme to reduce some of the hardships and increase the joys of this great pastime.

With the undercurrent of opposition to hitch-hiking, stirred by flagrant journalism headlining hitch-hike murders, there is a definite need for organization among the thumb-manipulators both for their and the drivers' protection.

This need can best be met by forming a union. Let us call it "The United Bummers of America." Our motto shall be "UNITED WE BUM!" Hitch-hiking shall no longer be merely a transport for the wayward; it shall become an American hobby. The youth of America shall move forth with their thumbs and smiles as passports.

The proposed platform follows:

(1) There shall be a union which all hitch-hikers, planning trips of more than one hundred miles, shall join. Union cards shall be issued giving the name, address, age, picture and peculiarities of traits, such as "a good conversationalist" or "excellent listener." The hiker will be obliged to present his card before entering an automobile. Any policeman may demand to see it.

(2) In each city there shall be benches placed at the most convenient spots on highways leading north, south, east and west, enabling hikers to be in full view of motorists and not subject to the strain of constant standing.

(3) Every automobile must carry a city license tag to give the hiker a clearer notion of the car's destination. He will be saved the frequent humiliation of waving at local autos.

(4) All drivers of automobiles, when approaching a hitch-hiker, must signify that they are unable to aid him, if such is the case. Failure to recognize a hiker will be punishable by criminal action.

(5) All cars bearing stickers, showing a large thumb with "NO" imprinted, shall be subject to a severe fine.

(6) Each city of over fifty thousand population shall maintain youth hostels where hitch-hik-

ers may remain overnight. Union cards will be sufficient for admission.

Can you see the possibilities? Hitch-hiking will expand in an unprecedented fashion. My only fear is that people will commence to discard cars in favor of hitting the highway. This may be eventually nullified by a decrease in automobile prices.

The union can be built up with ease. Publicity gags, such as cross-country races, will catch the people's fancy. It will present a new field for the candid camera. Too large an expansion, necessitating the devotion of entire streets to hitch-hiking, will have to be faced; but that can be overcome by careful selection of membership.

Already I can hear the tread of marching feet. The United Bummers of America on the move! I can hear the thousands chanting, "UNITED WE BUM!" Make way for the inevitable! The whole nation shall move forward—after reading this article.

## THE EMANCIPATOR OF JAZZ

(Continued from page seventeen)

melody and form. His rhythms and unconventional tonal patterns characterize the Gershwin idiom. In order to present musical pictures, he did not believe that the themes should necessarily be exalted, serious or tragic; to Gershwin they might be humorous, ironical or even playful. The opening bars of the *American in Paris* begin without preliminaries with the satirical "walking theme." This was something new, for composers had previously hesitated with such freedom and gayety. Gershwin's experimentation with musical form is patent even in his lighter compositions. Although he did use the Tin Pan Alley recipe for songwriting,\* he did not rely solely on this formula. Instead he wrote as he pleased and even at times created musical form upon impulse.

At the beginning of the new year, the compositions from his last score will be released. These last contributions are being awaited anxiously by his admirers. It has been estimated that during his musical life, Gershwin created over a thousand compositions. Many of these have never been heard; and when they are made public, among them we may find another *Man I Love*, another *folk-opera*, or perhaps another *Rhapsody*.

\* Most popular songs are written in the thirty-two bar style of form. The refrain is begun with eight bars which are repeated. A new phrase of eight bars is added which is purposely subordinated. The refrain is concluded with a recurrence of the original eight bars.



## Current Literature

### Reflections on *Gone with the Wind*

By DAVID BEATY

IT HAS BECOME a major heresy at this late date to confess that one has not read *Gone with the Wind*, the outstanding success, as far as number of readers and financial returns go, of the century. I must confess that I have not, because of an ancient suspicion that what the majority turns out to see is far more likely to prove a dead mouse than a mountain, and that popularity, in short, is the least creditable attribute of anything. I hope that was not mere perversity; I recalled too many similar successes—best-sellers of the past thirty years which cannot be found even on the dustiest library shelves. I thought of *Anthony Adverse*, that masterpiece; I thought also of the successes of the more remote past: of the scores of letters from sentimental readers that came to Richardson after the publication of *Pamela*; of how Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds sat up all night to finish *Evelina*, and Dr. Johnson plagued Mrs. Thrale to tell him how it ended; of how *La Nouvelle Héloïse* could be rented only by the hour; and what sort of figure those same books cut a century later. On the other hand, I recalled that true masterpieces have a way of making their entrance very quietly into the world. They are apt in every age (and ours is no exception) to remain for many generations in honorable obscurity on library shelves, read only by the elect few, who are at once the cream and the salt of literature, and who, as Mr. Arnold Bennett very rightly says, make all literary reputations, until a century or so later the world wakes up and cries "A Master!" Immediately, the Doctors get busy and whack out new niches on Parnassus. Aspiring scholars pour out oceans of treatises upon such instructive subjects as Shelley's use of the semi-colon; and unfortunate scholars are dragged unwillingly through many heavily annotated pages. Such (alas!) is the common way with masters. One recalls many examples, not only the obvious ones of Keats and Shelley, but

the modest appearance of Gray's odes and Milton's 1645 volume. I thought also of the century of neglect which followed the first burst of approval of *Tristram Shandy*; of Mendelssohn's digging out the more daring works of Bach and Schubert from libraries in order to introduce them to London; of the difficulty which such different masters as Proust and the Brontës had even in finding a publisher. I remembered also the unjustly neglected Miss Susan Glaspell, and above all Thomas Mann's revolutionary short stories which appeared at the same time as Margaret Mitchell's novel, almost without comment. In short, true masterpieces immediately recognized by all are much rarer than unicorns. I bitterly resented that the praise which belongs by right to *A Fool in Christ* and *The Magic Mountain* should go to a work which owes half its appeal to its national material.

But only half (for there have been many novels in the last ten years dealing with the Civil War): the true secret of *Gone with the Wind*'s popularity dawned upon me like a revelation the other day when a friend began reading aloud certain passages in which he was deeply immersed. The peculiar relationships between Scarlett and Ashley, and between Scarlett and Rhett; the audacious happenings during the Battle of Atlanta; and especially the scene on the staircase when Scarlett is borne up, up, up into the dark in the arms of the dashing Rhett, struck oddly familiar echoes. The reading went on and on; and at last, with a cry of triumph, I hit upon the secret of its charm—the secret that *Gone with the Wind* owes its appeal to the fact that most readers discover for the first time in it, with intoxicating excitement, the possibilities of a way of writing which has long been the common scandal (along with Communism and sex) of the tea-table as well as the study: the technique of naturalism. Since 1913, when the first great twentieth-century novels began to appear on the continent, that has been by no means a new thing; but it is fairly safe to as-

DAVID BEATY confesses that "art is the only thing in the cosmos that I am enough interested in to become violent over . . . I would much sooner burn an aesthetic than a fascist (should have made a good Inquisitor)."

sume that the common run of readers is still largely unacquainted with the fine flowering of the efforts of such pioneers as Ibsen and Tolstoy in the fiction of modern France and above all modern Germany. One guesses that the casual reader dragged through Dickens in high school and nourished on popular, sophisticated, and sentimental fiction ever since, gets very much the same sort of shudder of surprise and intense excitement from Margaret Mitchell's handling of the story of Scarlett and Rhett as others of us got on first dipping into *Buddenbrooks* or one of Arthur Schnitzler's novelettes. For Scarlett is not the conventional Civil War belle any more than Ashley is quite the conventional gentleman of the Old South. Rhett, Scarlett and Ashley evoke not the anemic prettiness of the cinema, but rather the atmosphere, of bitterness and passion and a sort of Stoic humor, of the Civil War stories told us by our grandmothers. They are the actual people rather than the convention, defying classification into mere types, contradictory—good and bad, noble and despicable, all at once—varying in themselves and among each other, complex and unpredictable. They are the reality, strident and individualistic, behind the pallid legend of the "true ladies" of the Old South who "don't have legs," and they are exciting precisely because the reality is always more exciting than the most graceful legend. The relationship between them is a complex one, like that between Mildred Miller and Phillip Carey, rather than the more simple relationship between, say, Tom Jones and Sophia Western of the fiction of an older day. They are complex because they were projected by a way of writing which refuses to allow its view of the world and its people to be stretched and pulled into conventional molds; and which therefore can reach depths and overtones of character and feeling unattainable in an art which, like that of certain Japanese painters, follows the traditions and paints every lady with pretty much the same sort of face. Scarlett and Rhett, in short, are like life itself, which cannot be dismissed on such summary terms as Good and Bad, which make a fine mockery of our dogmas and refuses to be pressed into our carefully approved conventional modes. They are, after their lights, typical creatures of the naturalist, who aims at capturing in his people something of the rich diversity of human character, refusing to sacrifice the complexity of the reality to the demands of any literary form or any dogmatic view whatsoever.

But don't make the mistake of thinking *Gone with the Wind* a masterpiece; it isn't quite that, perhaps. But to Margaret Mitchell certainly goes some of the credit of having popularized a manner rich in possibilities and capable of psychological and philosophical depths quite new in the novel and the short-story. But why *Gone with the Wind* rather than any other of a number of popular naturalistic novels? Partly, I think, because the author succeeds so completely in charming away the prejudices evoked by that formidable word. The universal appeal and respectability of the book's subject matter, life in the Civil War, are enough to lure the most conservative of the U. D. C. or the D. A. R., this very fact allowing Miss Mitchell a hitherto unpossessed free hand with her material.

*Gone with the Wind* impresses one in the last analysis as the masterpiece of an age that does not know its masters. Until we do discover our masters it will be as utterly impossible to form any adequate view of modern literature as to form such a view of Elizabethan if, ignoring Shakspeare and Spenser, we based our estimate on Ford, Kyd, Lyly, and Peele. That our modern masters remain unrecognized in England and America is due largely at least to a neglected aspect of literary history—the fact that with the dawning of the sovereign intelligence of Goethe, the immortal Nine packed up their lyres and moved from England to the continent, where they have remained very comfortably ever since. The innovations in the novel, the drama, and the short-story, which culminate in twentieth-century fiction, come from Russia, from Sweden, France, Germany, Austria, Italy. It is natural that the flowering come where the seeds were sown—rather than in England and America; it is natural also that reverberations from nations somewhat remote should reach us but faintly. We in America have been peculiarly unfortunate in being afflicted with a class of writers who have thrown utter discredit on the movement they represent. Shocked alternately by the neuroticism and the intellectual sterility of an O'Neill, the little-boy impudence of an Ernest Hemingway, the hopeless filth of a William Faulkner or an Erskine Caldwell, people have turned away from the very name of naturalism with utter disgust. Naturalism becomes, in the popular interpretation, mere destruction, mere revelling in the gutter. The gaiety and beauty as well as the nobility and severity of the old masters seem utterly lost, and

(Continued on page thirty-two)



TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT. Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937. \$2.50. 262 pp.

Ernest Hemingway is almost forty now, but he was a legend before he was twenty-five. He has been associated with the war and with that group of post-war Americans inspired by Gertrude Stein who typify post-war Paris for us as well as F. Scott Fitzgerald does the Golden Twenties, the Jazz Age, in New York. For many, Hemingway will always be the brilliant twenty-five-year-old newspaper man, the ex-soldier in Paris, the gifted, hard-boiled young fellow with the staccato style. He is the writer who never has a hangover; he is the eternal American in Paris after the war.

The book responsible for this conception of Ernest Hemingway—or more responsible than any of his others—is *The Sun Also Rises*, published in 1926. Here Gertrude Stein's remark sets the tone: "You are all a lost generation." Since 1926, however, he has published the best of his novels, *A Farewell to Arms*; *Men Without Women*; *Green Hills of Africa*; *Winner Take Nothing*; *Death in the Afternoon*; and the latest, *To Have and Have Not*. Hemingway has grown away from his earlier milieu and has turned his attention to aspects of contemporary life that have been marked by the war but not entirely shaped by it.

The attempt to connect Hemingway with any group, even such a motley crowd as the post-war literati, is unfair. Hemingway is probably the most individualistic of all the recent American writers; if he owes anything to anybody he owes it to Mark Twain (as Malcolm Cowley has pointed out), and of course he knows the Bible well. Certainly the man has too sharp a critical sense and too much experience with men to put any trust in that array of fake Bohemians who made all respectable Parisians snarl until the depression drove the expatriates back to America. He may have written about these people, but he never belonged with them and he knew it. Always—in spite of the promiscuity and the drinking and the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables—there has been in Hemingway's work a moral strain which may be characteristically American and surely is uncharacteristic of the lost generation. The man evidently does not subscribe to conventional morality, nor does he join many of his contemporaries in whooping it up for reform and the proletariat; he believes in the individual, in the occasional man or woman of desperate integrity. Such were the soldier and Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms*; Jake in *The Sun Also Rises*; the little lunchroom owner in *The Killers*; certain of the bullfighters in *Death in the Afternoon*. Hemingway has no faith in the organizational virtues, and pretentious folk make him bitter. But he has tenderness and respect for the man who works and is not fooled by his work, for the man who is honest according to Hemingway's code.

All this as prelude to the latest of Hemingway's novels, *To Have and Have Not*: the book is about Harry Morgan, who lives in Key West, Florida, and who "owns a fast motor boat in which he takes out fishing parties, runs rum, guns and sometimes human contraband." Large portions of the first two sections of the novel have appeared in magazines and Hemingway has made few changes in working them into this form. Harry Morgan is the reason for the book: he is the individual again who is interested in his wife—a middle-aged blonde who worships him—and in making enough money in whatever way he can to keep his home together. This is the familiar masculine Hemingway hero, the soldier of *A Farewell to Arms* set to running a boat off the Florida keys; less sensitive perhaps, but essentially the same human being. There

are some interesting variations in characterization, of course. In *A Farewell to Arms*, when the soldier jumped the freight train during the Italian retreat to get back to Catherine, his emotions were suggested by the refrain of a sixteenth century lyric,

O Western wind, when wilt thou blow,  
That the small rain down can rain?

In this book, when Harry Morgan was about to go off to his death, he sat in the parlor of his cheap house

and looked at the piano, the sideboard and the radio, the picture of September Morn, and the pictures of the cupids holding bows behind their heads, the shiny real-oak table and the shiny real-oak chairs and the curtains on the windows and he thought, What chance have I to enjoy my home? Why am I back where I started?

The emotion—understated—is the same. Harry and the soldier are still the typical Hemingway men; one has read a little poetry and the other has lived it. The women are alike, too: Catherine was young and lovely, and Harry's wife, Marie, is heavy and middle-aged; but they have the same honesty and a similar faith in their men.

*To Have and Have Not* is in three sections: the first describes an adventure of Harry's with a chiseling amateur fisherman in Cuba; the second has Harry wounded running whiskey into Florida and losing his arm; in the third Harry is killed riding a gang of revolutionists over to Cuba. In each of the episodes Hemingway's narrative skill is at its best: the rapid-fire dialogue, the undercurrent of emotion in the terse words of the men and women, the quick violence of the action—understated for effect. There is a connection of a sort between the three portions, in the story of Harry Morgan and his struggle to make a living against people he does not understand and who do not understand him, but the unity of *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms* is missing. Probably the fact that portions of the novel were written as short stories is responsible.

If this were all, I think the impression many of us got from *A Farewell to Arms* and some of the other books, that Hemingway can tell a story and that he knows certain men and women well enough to write about them honestly and simply, would be strengthened. It would be easy to overlook the superficiality of portions of *Death in the Afternoon* and *Green Hills of Africa* and some of the stuff he has printed in the clothes-horse publication, *Esquire*. But whatever was in his mind while he wrote the new book (his experiences in Spain, his contacts with the rich in Florida), he has almost ruined his story by going off on a tangent in the third section. Evidently he wanted to contrast his masculine Harry Morgan with the civilized urbanites who visit Florida; but when he writes about a dishonest proletarian novelist and his dissatisfied mistress, a sexually depraved society leader, and various millionaires all senile and dissatisfied, and tries to contrast these people with Harry Morgan, he spoils the unity of his novel. These people, scum of a world Hemingway hates, are characterized with skill, but there does not seem to be much reason for putting them into the novel; when we consider Harry and his life such comparisons and contrasts are implicit. It is true that Hemingway's treatment of them shows again his uncompromising individualism and his distrust for literary cliques, but this has little to do with telling the story of Harry. He could have amputated much of this third section and, if he felt he must publish what was left over, have embalmed it in the fancy magazines. —G. H. FOSTER.



POINT NOIR. Clelie Benton Huggins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50. 532 pp.

"He was a funny man. . . . He enjoyed everything—everything, I don't know, delighted him. His laughter, I can still hear it. It is funny, none of us take from him: we are all quiet. Maybe we were crushed by him . . . you understand, he overshadowed us—no other laughter was necessary, with him. My mother died insane.'"

Thus Félix Sévigné, musing in one of his freer moments, epitomized the years of stagnation and futility through which Paul Sévigné's children and grandchildren struggled after his death. Even at the beginning of the story, when they buried him, they were lost and afraid to realize it. They were lost because they were isolated from all the richness of life's wilderness and had only themselves to think about and to live and die for. Point Noir, where they lived, was a Creole plantation in Louisiana—one of the few real plantations remaining in the days when automobiles had to be cranked. The formalism imported from aristocratic France had not yet perished there. In the family's secluded life, Paul Sévigné with his Rabelaisian self-assertiveness had so completely dominated the scene that every spark of satisfying emotional expression in them was smothered. And so they lived on when he was gone, groping feebly, pitifully, after things as vague as the twisted hopes from which they sprang.

If the old threads of family relationships are brought out again, we justly demand a new pattern. And Miss Huggins has gratified that demand. To begin with, her story technic is a fresh one: *Point Noir* has no hero, nor even a central figure; it is a study of a group, not an individual. Life is not viewed constantly through the eyes of a single character, but is broken up into incidents in which first one and then another figures importantly. Thus the writer's approach is objective enough to produce a study in which no important group aspect is either lacking or over-emphasized.

Another refreshing but less unusual characteristic is that the Sévigné family drama does not build up slowly to climactic tragedy. Such treatment for a story that covers a period of years is, artistically speaking, out of the question. Over all the doings of Félix, Valentine, Simon, and Simon's daughter Ange-Marie is hung a persistent, brooding melancholy—an atmosphere that borders frequently on morbidity. Their life is merely, in Hardy's words, "a general drama of pain."

In blending selective minuteness with an almost naïve simplicity, Miss Huggins achieves a purity of style that is on the whole pleasing. Consequently her writing comes as a relief to the stiffness of what she writes about: for, even though her simplicity is mainly a surface simplicity, it counterbalances the stern restraint that permeates nearly all the dialogues. On the other hand, there are descriptive passages where this style proves definitely inadequate. And a few of the retrospective portions, haunted always by the dead man's spirit, become overworked.

Undoubtedly the writer's most admirable single quality is her psychological insight. Her relentless dissections strip bare the minds of all her characters, and this with very little of the wearisome completeness of detail that is today so prevalent. Only in the development of Simon does she reveal immaturity. It seems that the lonely dreaminess into which he is cast by the early death of his wife is dispelled much too easily and with insufficient explanation when he meets Ivy-belle with the golden hair. Particularly well done is the

negress Laura, and the portrayal of the mulatto school-teacher whose love destroys Félix is rich in poignancy.

There is much of Balzac in the novel. It may lack his grandness of conception, but it is free also, as has been indicated, of his narrowed intensity. The art of *Point Noir* is both realistic and suggestive, and one feels that the places where realism leaves off and suggestion takes hold are just where the most careful realism would have bungled.

Those who expect in every novel a work of fine art, consciously interwoven with the author's personal philosophy, will be disappointed. To lovers of the story purely for the story's sake, the reading of this one will prove far from unremunerative.

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.

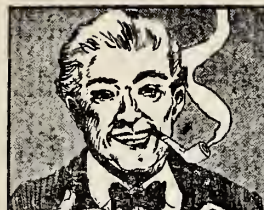
THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD. Zora N. Hurston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00. 286 pp.

"Their eyes were watching God," but that was when the hundred-mile wind roused old Okechobee from his Florida bed and death lashed out in the Everglades, when "night was striding across nothingness with the whole round world in his hands" and thunder crashed, as "Big Massa drew him a chair upstairs," and colored folks huddled in flimsy shanties, "their souls asking if He meant to measure their puny might against His." That was the beginning of the end of Zora Hurston's excellent novel.

The colored folks throughout most of Miss Hurston's book don't spend much of their time watching God; more often the men are singing and dancing to the accompaniment of Tea Cake Woods' honey-sweet "box," or telling tall stories about Matt Tyler's half-starved yellow mule, who was so pore that the wind blew him off his course, or flirting with the girls on the porch of Joe Stark's store. There are other storms in the lives of the main characters of the book beside the actual hurricane in the Everglades; but there are also many sunny days, and despite the tragic ending of the story, the book is not depressing. Miss Hurston's picture of Negro life in the little Negro town of Eatonville, Fla., and down in the Everglades is not overshadowed by the twin clouds of economic distress and racial prejudice that hang so thickly about much of the recent literature on the Negro. Her characters, like most of us humble humans, are more absorbed with life's everyday affairs—with clothes and smells and flowers and crops (not in prices, which are taken for granted)—the concrete things, and with their loves, hates, jealousies, and laughs—the emotions common to us all. They are neither the problem children that they appear to the reformer, nor clowns as they are considered by Octavus Roy Cohen and, I fear, too many other southerners. They are primarily human beings not very different from the rest of us; and Miss Hurston knows them because she knows human nature and, a Negro herself, she knows their racial peculiarities.

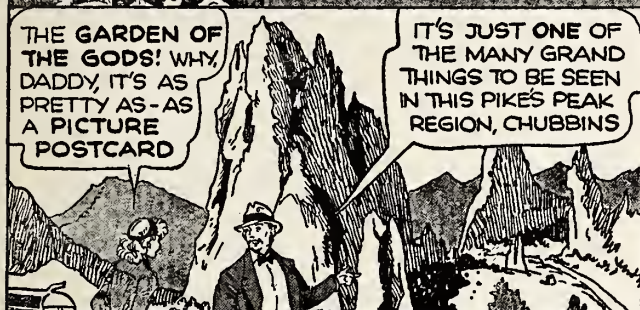
After reading Miss Hurston's book I feel refreshed because she shows happiness with sorrow. Even the pessimistic sociologist must smile to think that these people can get more pleasure out of a mock funeral for an old mule than he can get out of the best Broadway comedy. I feel encouraged, too, because I believe Miss Hurston offers a clue to better understanding of the Negro. This, to me, is her greatest contribution. It tells us: remember that in his own surroundings the Negro acts, feels, and thinks as a normal human being. Miss Hurston shows him in his own surroundings, and we get an insight into his behavior which white authors cannot give.





# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT PIKE'S PEAK



THE GARDEN OF THE GODS! WHY, DADDY, IT'S AS PRETTY AS-AS A PICTURE POSTCARD

IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY GRAND THINGS TO BE SEEN IN THIS PIKE'S PEAK REGION, CHUBBINS



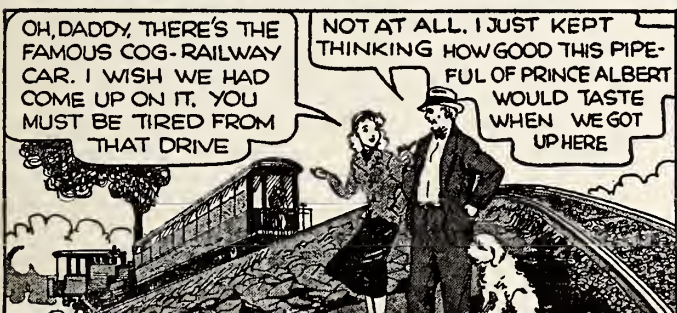
O-O-OH- THIS BALANCED ROCK GIVES ME A SCARY FEELING

WELL, IT'S BEEN STANDING HERE A LONG TIME - I DON'T THINK IT WILL FALL TODAY



WHOEVER LIVED IN THOSE QUEER CLIFF HOUSES?

A STRANGE LOST RACE KNOWN AS THE 'LITTLE PEOPLE' WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM OR WHERE THEY WENT. AND JUST THINK, THESE DWELLINGS WERE ACTUALLY MOVED HERE INTACT FROM THEIR ANCIENT SITE



OH, DADDY, THERE'S THE FAMOUS COG-RAILWAY CAR. I WISH WE HAD COME UP ON IT. YOU MUST BE TIRED FROM THAT DRIVE

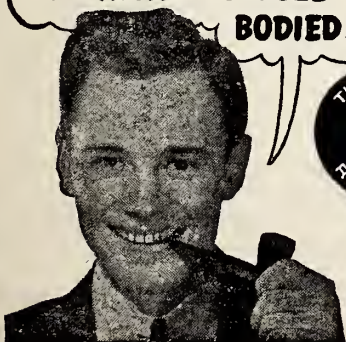
NOT AT ALL. I JUST KEPT THINKING HOW GOOD THIS PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT WOULD TASTE WHEN WE GOT UP HERE



NOW FOR A MILD, MELLOW SMOKE YOU KNOW, CHUBBINS, THE LONGER A MAN GOES WITHOUT PRINCE ALBERT, THE MORE HE APPRECIATES HOW GOOD IT IS. IT ALWAYS SMOKES SO COOL, WITHOUT A BIT OF TONGUE-BITE!

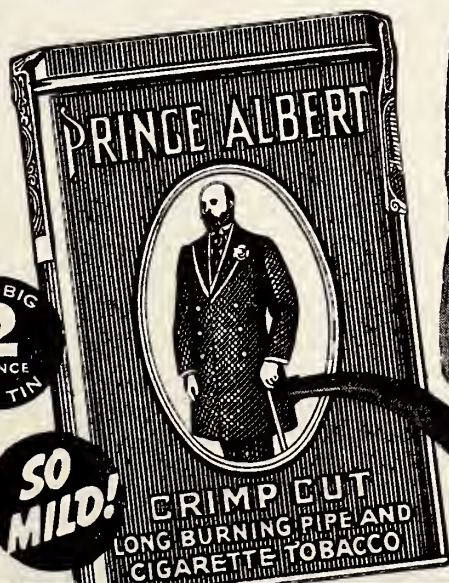
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THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



## CURRENT LITERATURE

(Continued from page twenty-six)

most Americans tend to dismiss the twentieth-century writers as a ribald and effete generation. Of course, recognizing no masters with whom to compare new authors, the literary world has been hopelessly thrown out of line. Any book, such as *Anthony Adverse* or *Gone with the Wind*, which happens to create a certain stir is apt to be hailed as a masterpiece while works of true import are unheeded in the clamor over the favorites of the market-place.

May I most humbly urge that the literature of the continent is quite capable of correcting all these mistaken notions and putting order into our confused house? May I appeal, as masters and models and at once the best and truest examples of the naturalistic manner, not to Eugene O'Neill or Ernest Hemingway, but to Gerhardt Hauptmann, Romain Rolland, and Thomas Mann; to Arthur Schnitzler and Marcel Proust? I am convinced, at least, that the casual reader who is willing to act upon such an hypothesis will make some very startling discoveries. He will find that Hauptmann and Mann, far from "revelling in the gutter," took as subjects for their masterpieces the Messianic tragedy and the legend of Joseph. He may discover in *Jean Christophe* an idealism as heroic as that of the knight of La Mancha himself. He may rediscover with a thrill of joy in Arthur Schnitzler (who after all has written other things than *Anatol*) the spirit gay and aristocratic, but colored with profound melancholy, of Mozart and Botticelli. If he is after sensual beauty, Marcel Proust can lay before him in exquisite detail the gardens, the cathedrals, and the old houses of provincial France. Proceeding yet further on these unknown paths, he may find moving through Hauptmann's plays, as through Shakspeare's, all the various sorts and conditions of men of the modern world projected in a spirit as warm and wholesome and earth-rooted as that of Bach and Albrecht Durer. He may find at last, in the "sovereign lucidity and depth" of Thomas Mann's exquisitely winnowed and beautiful prose, an intellect as profound and austere as that of the unearthly Milton himself. He may even, to continue building up castles, return home and put order into chaos. Until we have masters, known, recognized, and respected as such, to whom we may appeal, we can do nothing here; we can only suggest that there is more in this question of naturalism "than meets the eye."

Page Thirty-two

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*November, 1937*

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(See "Whither the Pine Woods?")



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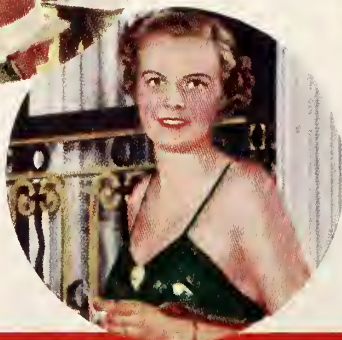


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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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FOOD FOR THE PRESSES.....	Cover Photo	A PAGE OF VERSE.....	17
<i>Harry Allen and Lytt Gardner</i>		<i>Mrs. Pilsudski's Uncathartic Afternoons</i> , by Joe	
WHAT PRICE WASTE?.....	2	Horrell; <i>Strange Hearth</i> , by Lynn Gault; <i>Song for</i>	
<i>Gould Beech—Linoleum cuts by Margaret Munch</i>		<i>Tea-Time</i> , by David Beaty.	
WHITHER THE PINEY WOODS?.....	7	EDITOR'S PRIVATE GALLEY.....	18
<i>Lytt Gardner</i>		CANADA AT THE CROSS-ROADS.....	19
SENATE SIDELIGHT.....	9	<i>John Creedy</i>	
<i>Richard Oulahan</i>		"SPLENDID, SPARKLING AND SPERFECT".....	23
"MISS SUSANAH IS A PORK SAUSAGE".....	13	<i>Len Rubin</i>	
<i>Lynn Gault—Linoleum cuts by Margaret Munch</i>		CURRENT LITERATURE.....	26
		<i>Dr. Huxley and Mr. Hyde</i> , by Hugh Foss. Re-	
		views by Ben Gray Lumpkin, W. P. Hudson, Arnold	
		Borden.	

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## What Price Waste?

*Gerald Johnson Answers for the South*

EIGHTY-FIVE years ago a righteous housewife with literary leanings brought forth a book that was to have a tremendous significance for the South and for the nation. Often thereafter she was to proclaim modestly that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not properly her work, that she had been only an instrument for a mightier power. Historians might not agree with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's estimate of her work as *the* force which was to awaken civilized man to the horrors of slavery—and they might not agree as to the source of her inspiration. But the story did crystallize opinion in the North, and when the hour struck many mothers who had wept through its pages were willing for their sons to take up arms against the Simon Legrees. In the South the effect of Northern credulity was to confirm the conviction that argument with the Yankees was useless.

The South of 1937 faces a crisis, or accumulation of crises, as real if not as dramatic as that which it faced in 1852. Freight rate differentials, tenancy, eroded lands, wage differentials, tariffs and international trade, education, hookworm, race relations, demagoguery, the mechanization of agriculture—these may be dull subjects, but they are vital ones—as vital, in fact, as the future of a region, and indirectly as the future of a nation. The debates on cotton subsidies, on tariffs and on wages and hours legislation, and the contests over freight-rate differentials are sufficient evidence that the problems of the Southeast are the concern of the nation. Eighty-five years after *Uncle Tom's Cabin* the inter-regional struggle continues.

In *The Wasted Land*,\* a little book of 110 pages, Gerald Johnson has pieced together a graphic pattern of the Southeast, a region of multiple handicaps and unlimited possibilities, a region which soon must make a choice between the

low road to material and cultural poverty and the high road to a truly great civilization. Because it can be read and understood by a tremendous audience of laymen, it is a book that may have a significance to the Southeast comparable to that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Or more appropriately it may have a significance that Hinton Helper's *The Impending Crisis of the South* might have had if it had not come at a time too late for considered judgment. But Helper's plea for emancipation on economic grounds served only to inflame minds already raw; and he was driven out of the South, laws were passed against his book, and many refused to read "so much as a line of it."

In the last decade and more especially in the last five years there has been within the South a movement toward self-searching realism. Johnson's book must be understood in relation to this movement to be appreciated. Without conscious design, but nevertheless with surprising oneness, the sociologist, the economist, the historian, the novelist and the essayist have been working away. Of the novelists Stribling, Caldwell, Heyward, and Peterkin come to mind; of the works of essayists *90° in the Shade* and *Culture in the South*. In sociology *Caste and Class in a Southern Town*, *Human Geography of the South*, *In the Shadow of the Plantation* and *A Preface to Peasantry* are typical. *The South Looks at Its Past* and *Ante-Bellum North Carolina* are examples of this self-searching realism in history. *Liberalism in the South* is one of many general works, and the economists have brought forth a stream of studies.

It would be a dull student who failed to see that Raper's *A Preface to Peasantry* and Caldwell's *Tobacco Road* are more or less the same story—the chief difference being one of methods. Dollard's *Caste and Class in a Southern Town* and Stribling's *The Store* bear a similar kinship. Not only books and research, but also the work of

\* Published by the University of North Carolina Press. \$1.50.

GOULD BEECH, journalist and sociologist, thinks that *The Wasted Land*, Gerald Johnson's new condensation and popularization of H. W. Odum's *Southern Regions*, may be as important in Southern history as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and in this article he tells why.



numerous private and public agencies point in a general direction of reconstruction. The Resettlement Administration directed its energies at the same problems dealt with by Vance in *Human Factors in Cotton Culture*.

II.

The most significant work of all, of course, is *The Southern Regions*, which, as an inventory of human and material resources and potentialities, has laid the groundwork for the job that remains to be done. It is from this work that Johnson has drawn his inspiration and his facts for *The Wasted Land*. Already the effects of Odum's regional study can be detected. In one Southern state the leading candidate for the governorship has been studying *The Southern Regions* as preparation for his campaign. In the same state the director of a program of curriculum revision aimed at re-directing education and vitalizing it to fit the needs of the people has drawn heavily on it. In a few colleges courses for special study of Odum's book have been instituted, and many advanced students and teachers are poring over it.

Still only the first beginnings have been made in directing the power of *The Southern Regions* toward constructive action on the social, economic and political fronts. The next step is to inform editors, the members of civic clubs, politicians, school teachers, farmers, business men, and housewives of the task the Southeast faces. Months and perhaps years are required to study and digest *The Southern Regions*, but in less time than it takes to play a round of golf or three rubbers of

bridge one can read *The Wasted Land* and gain an insight into the major implications and significance of the larger work. With a sympathetic understanding and with just the right degree of detachment—as one of the editors of the *Baltimore Evening Sun* he is just across the “border” in Maryland—Johnson has done a superlative piece of work.

To say that every literate person of average intelligence in the Southeast *can* read this book is easy. To say how many *will* or how many *want*

to read it and face the problems it presents is something else again. How well it accomplishes its purpose will be indicated not only by the number it converts to positive leadership, but also by how successful it is in stilling the tendency that is cropping up to damn anyone who implies that the Southeast needs to re-orient itself.

A few weeks ago Dr. Odum was quoted to the effect that millions of Southerners are “working on the richest lands in the world and living on standards close to the margin of slow starvation and deterioration.” The reaction to this quotation of the editor of the “leading”

Mississippi new s-

paper was: “We dwellers in the South, whites and Negroes, would be a darned sight better off if all of you (Odum and the other ‘so-called’ scientists) were taken out into the middle of the Atlantic ocean and dumped overboard during some dark and stormy night without life-rafts or life preservers.”

Without mentioning the fact that his and other Southern newspapers have been pleading for di-



versification of agriculture for a generation, the editor proceeds to tell Odum that he can take him to almost any Negro cabin in Mississippi and fill his "belly with fried ham, broiled ham and baked ham; sweet potatoes popping open with sweetness; corn pone or fat biscuits, as you prefer, soaked in ham gravy; fried chicken, deliciously brown, cooked to suit your taste; flour gravy; collards, cabbage or turnips; a possum or coon in the middle of the table, all ready to be carved; a big pitcher of newly-made sorghum molasses right at your plate; bowls of cowpeas, corn peas, black-eyed peas and butterbeans; stalks of ribbon cane if the corners of your teeth are still strong enough for chewing; all the sweetmilk and buttermilk your tummy can hold; a slab of pie—quarter-section of a piece of pie, and plenty of well-made coffee to wash it down with."

Thus there are some of us who are convinced that the millenium has already been reached. Our opinions become convictions on the support of the slightest evidence—or no evidence; and our opinions can be changed only by volumes of counter-evidence; and what is more, we reserve the right to refuse to consider them at all.

### III.

What are some of the major implications emphasized in *The Wasted Land*?

Of essential importance is the fact that the eleven states of the Southeast comprise a definite region, an entity based on far more than geography. Its agricultural and industrial economy, its people, its culture, its resources, its potentialities—and above all its outlook vary but little from one state to another. What we have spoken of vaguely in the past as "the South" is in reality two distinct regions, a Southeast and a Southwest, while some states along the Northern border, formerly included in the family, are cousins in name only.

We have thrown away twenty-two million acres of land which erosion has rendered useless for agricultural purposes. This acreage, equal to the total area of South Carolina, does not include land seriously damaged.

In less than a generation, we have thrown away three million people, a number equal to the total population of North Carolina. This has been the net loss through migration.

About one-third of our people are Negroes; and because of our insistence upon treating them as a "problem" to be relegated to some undefined

"place," we have thrown away much of the contribution they might have made. Many solutions have been offered, ranging "from murder to enthronement." There is the prospect, however, that we will come to the realization "that every cultural, economic or social advance made by the Negro involves, not something lost to the whites, but sometimes gained for the entire region, white and black alike."

In education, that "Open Sesame" which is supposed to solve all problems, our eleven States rank, with few exceptions, monotonously at the bottom. Here, however, it should be noted that, as in other things, we have made valiant efforts. In comparative amounts of money spent per capita we may be at the bottom, but in the percentage of total income devoted to this purpose we rank near the top.

Despite our meagre resources we indulge ourselves in what Odum calls the "expensive dichotomies," that is, duplications of effort. We maintain separate educational systems for black and white, and sometimes a third system for Indian, Cajan or Mexican. Each state has attempted to maintain, in addition to teacher-training institutions, at least two major colleges. Nor do we stop here, but insist upon separate institutions for women. To add to the complication, the Episcopalians, Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, *et al.*, have separate institutions—sometimes with as many as four per congregation in a single state. And here again there are separate institutions for women. In addition there are different *kinds* of Methodists or Presbyterians who must have colleges of their own. And to top it off some of our resources find their way into such flimsy efforts as Bob Jones College and Bryan Memorial University!

Despite an over-supply of colleges and an under-supply of universities, the region "does have a number of institutions capable of doing, and actually doing, excellent field work in the social sciences. But here, again, the work is unsystematic and disorganized for lack of recognized central direction. With one really first-rate university correlating their efforts, a dozen Southeastern institutions of lesser rank would immediately become many times as effective as they are now."

While outright waste of the land has been costly enough, loss through misuse of it has brought even greater handicaps. We have saddled ourselves, or have been saddled, as you wish, with a one crop economy, cotton, and a system, tenancy, that are heavy and relentless riders. Soil deple-



tion has run its course to such a point that in the Southeast the average cost of fertilizer per acre is \$2.71, while in such a productive area as the Middle States, the cost is only thirty cents per acre.

Florida imports milks from Wisconsin and Missouri, while the uplands of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, which might be developed into productive dairying areas, are devoted to the production of cotton. Alabama, an agricultural State, imports more than half the food its population requires, and buys corn and wheat products to feed its livestock, whereas it could produce soy beans, peanuts, sweet potatoes, sorghum and kudzu in abundance.

Meanwhile even the beggarly existence the farm population wrests from cotton is threatened. Mechanization is accelerating the movement of cotton production toward the Southwest, a trend that will result in displacing thousands of people. The increasing quantity and improving quality of synthetic products carries the threat of additional inroads from this source. The balcony-strutting dictators have decided that trade between nations is an abomination; and as international trade is throttled, consumption of our cotton suffers. And if that is not enough of evil, there is the inexplicably crazy condition whereby the Southeast's total income from cotton this year, with an indicated yield of over 18,000,000 bales and a price of 7.8 cents, will be less than if it had produced only 9,000,000 bales!

Six out of ten of our farmers are tenants, and their plight should need no emphasis. It should be kept in mind, however, that poverty, ignorance and disease among so large a segment of the population is not only an economic problem, but a threat to social and political life as well.

The one factor that gives hopes to any attempt to find a way out of the region's difficulties is that "while her needs are immense, her resources are enormous." Four-fifths of the region's timber supply, for instance, has been stripped from its hills, yet in comparison to other regions it still has an ample supply. Sufficient land to take care of many more people remains, and there is no crop that cannot be raised profitably somewhere in the region.

"The difficulty," says Johnson, "is simplicity itself; it is the remedy that is so complicated that it has hitherto baffled human ingenuity."

#### IV.

The final section of *The Wasted Land* is headed "The Direction of the Answer."

"What are the forces that the Southeast has available to attack these problems? There are states, counties, cities, towns; churches, colleges, schools, lodges; Federal grants, philanthropists' gifts, foundations' allocations. All of them are active now, all of them more or less effective, but their efforts are headed up nowhere, they frequently pull against each other, overlap, duplicate effort and expenditure. The same amounts of energy and money, if properly organized and directed, would get far greater results; and if results began to show, it would be easier to get more money and more labor.

"The logical first step for the Southeast, therefore, is to collect the forces it has already in the field and set them all pulling in the same direction. This obviously cannot be accomplished without some sort of headquarters, somewhere . . . call it anything you like . . . the name is of no consequence. The point is, the Southeast needs some central authority from which it may obtain exact and comprehensive information supplemented by intelligent direction."

If such a central agency is to be established and is to become effective, there must be developed along with it a considerable group of people who are aware of what the Southeast *is*—who can see it objectively, uncolored by dreams of the past and the wishful thinking of the present. The region must be seen in its entirety, not as individuals see it on the well-beaten paths from downtown to home to country club and to Cousin Bob's.

"There is nothing unreasonable or unfair," says Johnson, "in calling upon the leadership of the South, first, to acquaint itself with the facts, and, second, to act intelligently upon the information." If on some Saturday afternoon late this fall after football season is over, the Southeast would set aside two hours during which usual routines would be interrupted while all literate persons read *The Wasted Land*, we might start off on Monday morning in a different direction. Such miracles, alas, do not happen. Enlightenment and stimulation to action will be a slow process. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* sold into the millions—more than three hundred thousand copies the first year. But that was something which people wanted to read, wanted to believe. It is different in the case of a book which might disturb our individual and collective equilibrium and which would mean work when rest is more pleasant. But is it too much to hope that 30,000 or even 5,000 copies of *The Wasted Land* will be read?

V.

Of the barriers to be overcome, poverty is not the most unyielding and obstinate. There may be a paucity of some things, but there is a plethora of emotions and notions which had their beginnings in the distant past. To those of our generation these obstacles are particularly discouraging, for we had no part in making them and little understand their nature. As a result we are inclined to become impatient, to resent and to scoff—a poor technique. If the impatience and scoffing of H. L. Mencken have not cured this country's ills, it should be accepted that such methods are not among the most effective. Nowhere are sympathy, understanding, and patience more necessary than in the Southeast. A great many more people than we suspect can, with the proper approach, be stimulated to action by a mere presentation of the facts. Others can be won by appeals to selfish instincts (enlightened self-interest). For instance, many business men would be concerned with wage differentials if impressed with the fact that textile mill workers are not the only ones who are burdened by this handicap. As for any hope of converting the more rigid, obstructionists, or even of getting them to remove themselves from the road of progress, the only solace is to be found in the compilations of the insurance actuaries.

There are many problems for which obvious answers have been found, but which cannot be

dealt with sufficiently by words. It accomplishes nothing to tell farmers that they are fools for raising cotton; far more can be attained by providing credit and marketing facilities for celery and anchovies and rhubarb. To damn the people of a state for electing a demagogue is easy; to fight the hookworm, prejudice and poverty which nurture demagogues is not easy, but it is a more effective approach.

Ours is the third generation; we are another link removed from contact with The War and with the sins of our fathers. To us the past can become a tradition and an inspiration without being a sedative. For all generations in the South today the final sentence of Clarence Cason's *90° in the Shade* carries a wealth of meaning:

"Those who love the Old South may take their choice of courses: they may either exist in complacent dreams, hoping that they will not too soon be cast from their beds by a sudden rocking of the earth beneath them; or they may resolve to wrestle with substantial problems with all the strength and skill at their command, inspired by another kind of vision—one which leads them to hope that the present and future of the South may yet prove worthy of the glamorous reputation of the ante-bellum years."

*The Wasted Land* should jar many complacent dreamers and give added stimulation to those who have already caught the vision of a New South.





## Whither the Piney Woods?

### *The Pulp Industry Threatens Our Forests*

PAUL BUNYAN used to comb out his beard with a spruce tree. But the nostrils of that gigantic lumberman are today pricking with the odor of pine needles. The timber resources of the north and northwest have been well mined during the past 50 years of cream-skimming, and now the lumberjacks are turning southward. They are looking for pulpwood, and since the size of logs makes little difference, the southern pine has caught their eye. But these lumberjacks no longer wear hob-nailed boots and drag behind them peavey sticks (just like the famous one with which the Great Paul dug the Grand Canyon). These lumberjacks of the South come as contractors with agreements to be signed. Parted from the vast timber expanses of the north woods, their lumber must be cut from farms. It is for this reason that their entire method of approach has changed.

Yet the end in any case is the same. Right now in North Carolina much lumber is being cut for pulpwood. There are already four large pulp-using mills in operation, and another being built. Largest of these is the Champion Fiber Company, at Canton, whose products are fine white papers and whose greatest timber supply comes from spruce, fir, chestnut, and other of the softer hardwoods. At Sylva the Sylva Pulp and Paper Company and at Roanoke Rapids the Halifax Paper Corporation are both steady users of pine pulpwood for the manufacture of kraft paper. On October 15th the Kickhefer Container Company opened its new plant at Plymouth. At Acme, in Columbus county, the Riegel Paper Company of New York is preparing to build a five million dollar pulp and paper mill. Added to these are out-of-state concerns which export pulpwood for processing elsewhere, such as the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company and the Southern Kraft Company with mills at Georgetown, S. C. What with the current market boom of pulp material, little

wonder that North Carolina forests are beginning to feel the lumberman's axe.

Does this mean that our pine forests are headed for that fate of so many expanses of the north woods—devastation by lumber crews? What will happen if economic forces put on a practical basis the production of newsprint from pines? (The technique of producing usable newsprint from pine pulp has already been perfected by Dr. George H. Herty). Those questions cannot yet be answered, but a few present trends and attitudes can be pointed out.

#### II.

To begin with, there is a fundamental difference in the economics of lumbering in the North and Northwest and lumbering in the South. In the early days of the "Great American Dream" hordes of timbermen worked westward from the New England states. Great tracts of land were bought up (or leased from the crown in Canada), and with little regard for the future the trees were ruthlessly cut off and sluiced to the nearest river. It was taken for granted that there was an unlimited supply of forests, and little thought was given to the ultimate results. How the prize timber areas of the north were devastated is past history.

But in the South there is a different story to be unfolded. The dissolution of the plantation system after the War Between the States broke land up into relatively small parcels. Thus the prospective paper mill operator finds he cannot—with but few exceptions—own his source of timber. To obviate haggling, he finds it simpler to buy pulpwood "on the hoof" from the individual farmer. In actual practice, the pulp manufacturer usually gets his raw material from purchasing contractors who contact the landowners themselves. There may even be sub-contractors who gamble on profiting from buying and re-selling pulpwood. The pulp maker thus must depend upon a decentralized

|| LYTT GARDNER, journalist, zoölogist, and amateur photographer, wonders what will become of the pine forests which blanket most of North Carolina, now that scientists have perfected the last link in the process that converts the tree of a half-century's growth into the newspaper love-nest story of one day's interest. ||

reservoir of raw materials. And the regularity of his supply is none too certain. For example, during the tobacco season in eastern North Carolina mill operators were hard put to keep their bins filled with pulpwood, because the farmers found it more profitable to pull and cure tobacco than to cut wood.

There are probably not more than a dozen great timber tracts in North Carolina. The biggest is hardly over 10,000 acres, which is a garden spot as compared to some of the now cut-over lands of the Northwest. Due to the presence of so many small landholders, pulp companies have found it quite difficult to buy up good-sized tracts of land. However, the Riegel Paper Company at Acme has acquired for future use the second largest private tract of timber in North Carolina. It does not intend to draw on it at present, but will buy 75,000 cords of wood a year from surrounding landowners.

### III.

The new pulp industry, operating under a strange economy, has had none too favorable an impact upon conservation in the South. Most of the pulp companies have agreed to live up to certain timber cutting specifications, such as those put forward by the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co. They follow:

"The Company, with the welfare of all concerned in mind, has adopted definite cutting rules to be applied to all operations supplying wood for pulp. This is in accordance with the conservation and cutting policies adopted by the Southern Pine Pulpwood Industry, including the pulp and paper companies of the southeast, and in cooperation with the various State and Federal Forest Services. Contracts cannot be entered into unless the contractors or producers are willing to abide by the cutting regulations, which have been made a distinct part of the written contracts. These are outlined below:

- (1) Clear cutting or the removal of all pine timber from an area may be done on a restricted area only when the land is to be cleared for agriculture or with the approval of the State Forester.
- (2) No trees shall be cut below 8 inches in diameter . . . unless the operation can be classed as thinning in overcrowded young stands, in which case the removal of trees will be made under the direct supervision of the landowner, the State Forester, or his representative, or a qualified representative of the Company.
- (3) Wherever possible, tops of trees cut for sawdogs or sound parts of trees otherwise wasted in logging operations, will be worked into pulpwood.

- (4) The greatest possible precautions are to be taken to prevent forest fires from originating from cutting operations."

But because of the economic pressure of a rising market and the increasing demand for paper products, most pulp mills are not living up to these rules at present. Although there is to be a meeting in Richmond this month concerning the above cutting regulations, to which conservation experts and foresters have been invited, the mills in their need for wood are buying from farmers who try to get all they can out of the land.

In the western part of the state much of the land is being littered with scrapwood from pulp-logging operations. A bright note in the west, however, is the mills' utilization of blight-killed chestnut trees as pulp material. No little good is done by this removal of blight-infested stumps.

The growing industry is in such a hurry to produce that it has become badly integrated. The logging territory of each company has not been established, and thus the spheres of influence of a number of mills overlap. Those at Plymouth, N. C., have gone up as far as Suffolk, Va., and those at Suffolk have got as far as Plymouth looking for the same commodity.

There are some who voice the opinion that southern pulp mill operators have "gone crazy" over production of kraft type paper. According to them, these operators are cutting each others throats in this high market scramble to produce enough paper to meet the demands. It is in this "scramble" that the disregard of cutting rules occurs.

### IV.

The greatest hope for our pine forests lies in a realization on the part of paper producers that conservation is absolutely necessary to insure their invested capital. With producers the combination of tremendous fixed charges and a comparatively low cost product demands volume and more volume. And so, unless conservation is practiced, geographical obsolescence will set in as it did in the North. The forests near the great fixed mills will become thinner and thinner and the transportation cost per cord of pulpwood will become greater and greater. Thus, for purely selfish reasons alone, the pulp producer should turn to the long-run viewpoint in timber cutting and replanting. This is the only way to guarantee permanency for his investments.

Offering little encouragement to the conserva-



tionist is the present ignorance of many landowners concerning reforestation and restricted cutting. Probably the greatest devastation which will occur in the South will come about from unsupervised cutting of timber by landowners who only desire the immediate cash gains from standing timber. Foreseeing this, governmental agencies have already begun to operate through county farm agents in attempting to educate the farmers away from this "mining" attitude in connection with forests. But the process will necessarily be a slow one, and much harm will be done before the education will prove effective.

Richard Oulahan

## Senate Sidelights

### *A Bright Page in the Congressional Record*

**T**HIRTY-TWO black-stockinged boys are raising hell. Seated in the chair usually warmed by the Hon. John Nance Garner, one of the Senate pages is speaking:

"The gentleman from Michigan has the floor."

"Mr. President," begins the youthful Senator from Michigan, "I wish to offer a bill providing for the construction of a night club adjoining this chamber, to be used by my worthy colleagues during our night sessions."

"The gentleman from Michigan has offered this bill. Is there any discussion?" the chair asks. "If not, a vote on the question is in order."

"Mr. President, I wish to discuss certain as—"

"Mr. President," breaks in a chubby Senator from Utah, "I rise to make a point of—"

"The gentleman from Utah is out of order."

"Aw, I am not. You guys just don't know the answers. I was just rising to a point of order," retaliates the Senator from Utah.

"I move the Vice President be impeached!" screams a Senator from Louisiana. "All in favor say 'aye'—"

The above is an oft-repeated scene. Many times have I participated in these mock sessions, which have become an institution with the pages

Although the outlook may appear in many respects quite dismal, there is withal a cheerful side. The pulp producers are right now in many cases following short-sighted policies. But they are operating under a new economy. The cutting regulations quoted previously show at least a theoretical realization of the necessity of a long-run viewpoint. When the pulp producers find it is best for their own interest strictly to apply these regulations, and when the landowners begin to regard timber cutting for pulp as "farming" rather than as "mining," then we need worry little about the piney woods.

of the United States Senate. The prominent Senators are impersonated in a most undignified manner, and the session usually ends in some sort of a riot.

I came to the Senate at an historical time, known as the Depression, and worked for the first two years of the New Deal. I was a sort of ugly duckling, being appointed by the Press Club, under the patronage of Senators Hayden and Pittman, whereas the other pages had personal appointments.

#### II.

The first three weeks before the Senate convenes for the year's session is spent by the would-be pages in a sort of pre-season practice. The Senators' offices and the various committee rooms in both the Capitol and the Senate Office Building are pointed out and their location mapped in the pages' minds. The routine work of the pages is taught by the older boys and by the Undersecretaries of the Majority and the Minority. During the first week of the new congress, the new pages are required to learn the faces of all the Senators; and, at the end of that time, they must know each solon at sight.

The greenhorn always runs the gauntlet of tra-

RICHARD OULAHAN, JR., Washington, D. C., is the first freshman contributor of the year. In writing this article, he was chiefly worried lest "Senate Sidelight" might have a libellous glare, or otherwise hurt the eyes of solons whom he served as a page, 1932-34. So this isn't exactly another "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

ditional practical jokes, played by dignified Senators and veteran pages. Every neophyte searches in vain for "Senator Sorghum," in order to deliver an "important message," and slides along the floor of the Document Room and touches the metal file cabinets, which shock him severely. Initiations of a sort are also inflicted on the new boys—imprisonment for hours in the pages' lockers, getting mysteriously stuck on elevators, having to drink horrible concoctions of mixed mineral waters and vinegar, and so on.

Our usual duties consisted of distributing twenty to forty bills and resolutions on the ninety-seven desks ("laying bills"); keeping the Senators' calendars clear of superfluous material; seeing that each desk was supplied with plenty of ink, sand (for blotting), snuff (seldom, if ever, used, but kept on hand for tradition's sake), and a long list of other articles; answering the telephones in the cloakrooms; delivering fifteen or twenty S. O. B.'s (Senate Office Building messages) a day; and jumping at the Senators' snaps. These snaps, made by the usual thumb and forefinger method, are a way of quietly (or otherwise) notifying the pages that a Senator wants service. Most of the pages are seated on the rostrum of the Vice President's chair during sessions, presumably looking for these snaps. As the pages are generally too preoccupied in shooting craps, day dreaming, or molesting fat lady spectators with their well directed paper clips, to bother about such trivial beings as the Senators, it usually takes at least seven of eight snaps to have any effect. But not so with the bombastic snaps of Senator Ashurst, which often drown out the speaker's voice, or with the gentle, ladylike snips of Senator Hattie Caraway. Some typical snap requests are to seal and mail four hundred letters, to get a bottle of White Rock or a cigar, to "tell Alice Longworth to meet me in the Senate Restaurant," or just to deliver a memo to the Senator's secretary.

The pages were, and still are, under the care of two harassed individuals, a Mr. Totty for the Democratic pages, and a Mr. Foster for the Republicans. These sufferers bear the titles of Assistant Secretaries (for the Majority and Minority) of the Senate. Foster was a tyrant, and crushed rebellious pages under his thumb, but Totty was privately called "Mousey," and his pages got away with murder.

In the course of the year we learned many tricks of the trade, among which were how to lie diplomatically to lobbyists and solicitors who wished to

see certain "indisposed" Senators, what brand of mineral water the big shots used, what brand of tobacco they chewed or smoked, and what were the long and short of their tempers.

We knew all the answers. We were a smart-aleck, precocious gang of adolescents, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, who were, as a rule, distinctly unaware of the opportunities and advantages our jobs offered us.

### III.

The average page regards his brother pages as rivals and personal enemies. The best jobs are accomplished only through the desire to outshine the other pages in Senatorial presences. There are cliques and clubs among the pages, as well as an elaborate hatred of Democrats by Republicans, and vice versa, and traditional rivalries between the pages of the Senate and those of the House. The Senate wing of the Capitol is enemy territory to any stray pages from the House, and an H. O. B. (House Office Building message) means peril to the luckless page who has to carry it. We always called each other rats, and other more effective names. Between the Senate pages and the Supreme Court pages the relations are more friendly, chiefly because of the closer proximity of the Court, and the fact that the Court pages are several years older.

The working day is ordinarily from nine-thirty to five-thirty, but varies considerably. Toward the end of a session, we often worked until two and three in the morning. An interesting policy in regard to the night sessions is the practice of turning back the clock. If, on Saturday nights, the Senators work overtime, the clock is always turned back when the hour hand approaches twelve. An old blue law states that the Senate shall not break the Sabbath, so it is not unusual for time to stand still in the Upper House.

The average page's education is sadly neglected. Night school is the only solution to the problem of long working hours. The Pages' School, in the cellar of the Capitol, unfortunately has a very bad reputation, but draws from the Senate, House, and Supreme Court. The District of Columbia Public Schools are very disdainful of the Pages' School, but are forced to accept the credits of transferring pages because they must cow-tow to the Senate and House District Committees for their appropriations. Some of the pages go in for private tutors, but with little, if any, better success than in the Pages' School.

All pages are publicity seekers, and will do any-



thing to get their names or faces in the newspapers or newsreels. As the Washington papers are partial to human interest stories, the pages revel in their frequent write-ups. Any visiting cameraman is promptly mobbed by the entire force en masse. If a page is small, or big, or redheaded, or has a black eye, or does anything unusual, there is sure to be a story in a local sheet. The annual snow battle between the Senate and House boys is purely and simply a publicity stunt, performed for the cameras alone, and discontinued the minute they quit clicking.

The chief form of punishment to the pages goes under the ominous sounding title of "nights." For being late to work, or for any other minor misdemeanor, the page is given these "nights" to work off by staying in the cloakrooms after hours until the last Senator's hat is gone.

Certain of the senior pages are known as "phone boys," a title more elevated than just plain "page." These boys stay in the cloakrooms, taking messages, calling Senators to the telephones, and sending the pages on S. O. B.'s and H. O. B.'s. A buzzer from the cloakrooms to the rostrum calls the end page to messenger duty. Just as the patronage, tariffs, postmasters, the size of the national debt, and other dependents of party supremacy, the number of telephones in each of the two cloakrooms is an index to the sovereign popular will. At present there are nine in the Democratic cloakroom, and five in the Republican. These are answered by two shifts of boys who alternate in duty. The head page supervises the phone boys.

Every page has an idol among the Senators, who is, of course, the man who appointed him. The page will fight to the death to preserve his idol from criticism by the other boys. Nearly every page has also one or more Senators whom he heartily dislikes. These unfortunates are the butts of all jokes and the objects of merciless impersonation in the mock sessions.

#### IV.

Among the many interesting things to be seen in the Senate are the historical desks. The pages are trained to point out to visitors the desk used by Daniel Webster, now occupied by Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, and the desk of Henry Clay, with the mysterious sword thrust in it. Then there is the desk with the sinister stains on it, reputedly the record of an argument between two Senators who threw their ink wells at one another at the hottest moment of their debate.

The galleries of the Senate are divided into five

sections, the card gallery for holders of special admittance cards, the men's gallery and the ladies' gallery for the general public, the family gallery for families and friends of the Senators, the diplomatic gallery, and the press gallery. Behind the press gallery is a complete newspaper office, with teletype, direct wires to important papers, and all the equipment and seeming confusion that go to make up a good press room. The prominent American papers and many of the foreign ones keep correspondents on duty for the length of the congress.

Many amusing incidents occur in the galleries. A nudist, clad only in a sheet, once gained admittance, and loudly demanded his constitutional rights when he was discovered and put out. Will Rogers was once seated in the family gallery, and created quite a stir when the audience saw him. Always up to the situation, he proceeded to make faces at Mr. Garner, which were so funny that even the Senators were laughing. Jumping around in the seats, and thumbing his nose at Huey Long, Will would not quit his pantomime, until the embarrassment-flushed Mr. Garner threatened to clear the galleries.

#### V.

Any consideration, however incomplete, of the Senate during this period could hardly overlook that unforgettable figure of American politics—the late Huey P. Long. His was an ill-deserved and tragic lot, for though Huey is remembered chiefly as a firebrand, I believe he had the makings of a truly great man. He was undeniably brilliant, forceful, and canny. While his speeches were mainly directed toward the galleries, he stood by his convictions, and nearly always got what he wanted. Though he wore straw hats in March ("They're doin' it in Loosiana now"), made a general fool of himself, and kept me up many a weary night, I admired numerous qualities in him. His speaking ability, for one, was unsurpassed. He had the strength of a bull and the voice of a lion. While their language lacked finesse, and they were generally on trivial subjects, and too long, his speeches were effective, clever, and convincing. His will to succeed, alone, would have been enough to make him a great man, had it been aimed more rationally and worthily. Underneath his blaring exterior, Huey Long was sincere, desirous of public acclaim, and, all in all, rather pathetic. Had he believed in less radical and more practical principles, I have no doubt he would be remembered today as a brilliant statesman. He had great potentialities.

Gore and Schall, the two blind Senators, were most interesting. In spite of their handicaps, they were both highly respected, and both were leaders in the Senate. Gore assumed the chairmanship of Schall's committee when the Republicans lost their majority. Schall was the popularizer of the "seeing eye" dog. Gore knew his way around the Capitol as well as if possessed of full vision, and once directed me, when I was leading him, to a place I was unfamiliar with.

Speaking of personalities leads me to digress and tell of another incident in which Will Rogers figured. Troyanovsky, the Soviet Ambassador, was paying his first formal call on the Vice President. Also, at the time, Will Rogers was paying one of his famous informal calls on his old friend, Mr. Garner. Consequently, the three met in the V. P.'s office, and for a time the conversation was very stiff and formal. In due time, however, Will had the Ambassador in a prolonged discussion on the beauty and merits of Russian girls as against those of Texas and Oklahoma.

Then, there are those two antitheses from North Carolina, Senators Bailey and Reynolds. Bailey I was familiar with only by sight, but he had, and still has, the reputation of being one of the Senate's better speakers, and justifiably, too. He is a quiet, morose sort of man; but when he gives a prepared speech, it is before an unusually full Senate.

Bob Reynolds, on the other hand, I knew well, as does every employee of the Senate. He is a hail-fellow-well-met type of politician, and for this attitude is liked universally around Washington. He is always in a good humor, and has a slap on the back or a big tip for the pages. Whether he is posing for pictures, kissing movie stars, or damning some bill on the Senate floor, his good nature and geniality bubble all over the surface of him.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois has pink whiskers, off-color toupee, and atrociously loud clothes which have been the subject of so much small talk around Washington during the past twenty-five years or so that he has become a living tradition. It was always a subject of speculation among the employees of the Senate whether J. Ham will wear an orange shirt, purple vest, or green spats to the morning session. The tremendous vocabulary of Senator Lewis is another awesome feature of this very awesome gentleman. His speeches are always so flowery that it is difficult to distill his true meaning from the adulterant adjectives and adverbs. However, he is reli-

ably reputed to be the best educated man in the Senate.

As a last personality, let us consider the late Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas, before his death the floor leader of the Senate and a proposed nominee to the Supreme Court. The right hand man of the President for five years, Joe T. was a pure party man, and a never faltering supporter of the New Deal. He could frequently stop all opposition to Presidential measures by a single fiery speech, threatening critics with loss of patronage or prestige. It was Senator Robinson who held the Senate in session on that memorable night that the Kingfish filibustered away until he finally gave up the fight out of sheer exhaustion. Joe T. stopped the Kingfish, and that in itself is a big claim to fame. It was this same determination that killed Senator Robinson. I can see him yet, flushed with the tediums of the day's battles, talking for hours with reporters long after the Senate had closed its doors. He was a grand old man, and a master politician. The New Deal Party lost its most ardent supporter when he died.

All public characters exhibit idiosyncrasies, and the great men of the Senate are no exceptions. To illustrate these oddities, I cite some of the errands that my brother pages and I had to run—all over Washington, on occasion—a red carnation for Senator Copeland (on the one day in two years he was without one in his buttonhole), a bottle of liquor, for some old boy, out of his private locker, Senator Lewis' asthma medicine, unshelled peanuts for the Vice President, and one very illustrious gentleman's false teeth, which he had carelessly left behind in his haste to be on time for the opening gavel.

## VI.

There has been some talk of a possible abolition of the page force. Critics say that the job should be given to able-bodied men, who could do the work more efficiently. Others say that the Child Labor Amendment, if ever passed, will do away with the pages. Maybe so, but somehow I can't picture able-bodied men lolling on the rostrum, or running to the beck and call of Senatorial snaps, nor can I picture the Senate ratifying any amendment that would do away with its beloved pages. The boys are too much of a tradition now to lose their places. Without the pages the Senate would be stripped as bare as if the clerks, the reporters, the recorders, or the janitors and colored help were suddenly "removed from office."



## "Miss Susanah Is a Pork Sausage"



AM CARL. I don't like to think of this happening to me, and having to say "I did this" or "I did that." So I am Carl.

She was the first person Carl saw in Beaufort—that is, really noticed. The street was almost deserted, but even in a crowd she would certainly have attracted his almost frightened attention. He was

standing in that rather meek way of his at the edge of the sidewalk with a suitcase on one side, his paint box and easel and canvases fortifying him on the other, when she sailed forth to meet him.

"I hope you'll pardon me, but I couldn't help noticing your paint box and canvases. I'm sure you must be a stranger in Beaufort, and I thought I might be able to help you."

She spoke with the drawl he would have expected. Carl wondered if she were connected with the Traveler's Aid, but that seemed highly improbable in so small a town.

"Well, I hardly know, I—I am a stranger. Perhaps you could recommend a rooming house, some place to stay . . ."

"Oh, I would be only too glad," she fluttered. "You must think this awfully forward of me, but we have so few visitors who are interested in the arts." Carl supposed she was referring to his paint box. "I wonder . . . I live just around the corner, and I have a lovely room . . . if you would care to look at it, y'hear?"

She picked up his easel and canvases and started away with them. Carl had to gather up the other things and follow.

While he was catching up he had a chance to get a better look at her. He didn't think he had ever seen anyone who looked more as if she had been "sculpted" and left definitely in the round.

"That's my place with the large crêpe myrtle trees," she said. "I hope you'll like it."

The house she pointed out was a beautiful old place, one of those old Beaufort houses that in ante-bellum days had been the summer home of one of the lowland planters. It faced on the bay. The tide was in and water lapped along the edge of the street. The crêpe myrtle trees, in heavy bloom, were dropping their crinkled pink and lavender petals on the walk. Great fuzzy blossoms on the low palms had filled the air with a bright sweetness. The house had high square columns that ran to the roof, and the wide porch was repeated on the second story.

"I wish you might be here when my cape jasmine is flowering." She nodded towards a row of dark green bushes. "You'd never want to leave, y'hear?"

"I'm sure it must be very beautiful."

"One of the rooms I'm not using opens on that porch and it has a wonderful view of the bay."

They had gone up the steps. She swung open the wide screen door, and Carl, who had left his things at the edge of the porch, followed her into the house.

She set the easel and canvases down and called for Dahlia. When that person failed to appear she said, "Now you just wait here a minute, and I'll take you right up to see the room, y'hear?"

She left Carl standing there and went down the hall to the back of the house. He was glad of the chance to look around, for he wasn't quite sure what sort of place he had got into. A wide plaster moulding around the high ceiling was repeated in the elaborate mantle of the fireplace. The room was too full. Modern *objets d'art* were crowded in among really beautiful pieces of old furniture. The pictures on the wall, too, seemed out of place—recently painted oils of various common scenes around Beaufort, done in the best "lavender" school.

"Just come right upstairs, Mr. . . . ah, Mr. . . ."

"Shutes," Carl supplied.

"Mr. Shutes, yes," as if she had known and forgotten.

LYNN GAULT won honorable mention in a national short-story contest with "Miss Susanah Is a Pork Sausage." Like so many of the most capable student writers, he has turned from verse and fiction to drama, and expects eventually to become an M.A. in dramatic art.

Carl liked the tall window-like doors that opened onto the second-story porch. He tried the bed. He was almost afraid to ask how much the room would be.

"Oh, Mr. Shutes, I . . . I hardly know . . . What do people charge? Would three-fifty a week be too much?"

She left him to unpack. When he came downstairs she conveniently finished her task of straightening up the books and magazines in the room and came over to him.

"I hope you found everything all right?"

"Yes, indeed. Now if you could tell me a good place to eat. I'm rather hungry. I haven't eaten since I left Charleston."

"Oh, you poor dear. Well, I hardly know . . . there aren't so many places. A lot of travelers eat at the Old Beaufort House, but I don't believe you'd care for their cooking." She paused a bit. "I'm just wondering . . . I'm here alone. Dahlia's a very good cook; I'm sure there isn't a better one in town. Why don't you take your meals here too? I've never taken in boarders," she laughed, "but this is . . . different."

## II.

Carl studied Miss Susanah Pice as she served the fish which Dahlia placed before her. He had found her name in a copy of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Poems of Passion* which he picked up in the living room. Miss Susanah, he judged, had just passed those mysterious thirties when the only mystery about a woman is her age. She had changed into a white dinner dress which did not reduce her over-generous figure. Her hair, though, kept her looking quite youthful. Carl could almost see her squeezing the lemons for that hair, drying it with a large bath towel in the backyard, and then dashing off to a hairdresser's to get it fixed. Maybe it was the lemon with the fish.

"Dahlia, help Mr. Shutes to some grits. You'll have to get used to some of the things we eat, I suppose. I hope you like grits. There isn't a house in Beaufort that isn't having them right now. Grits for breakfast and supper, and rice in its place for dinner, or lunch. We have a lot of things I don't suppose you get in the North. You're most too late for our figs, but there still are a few ripening in our backyard. You've eaten them? . . . No, I must take you out to pick some right after supper, y'hear?"

She continued talking throughout the meal in an easy manner.

"I'm so glad artists are discovering Beaufort. I paint a little myself." She seemed to expect Carl to be surprised. "Where did you say you'd studied, Mr. Shutes?"

Carl hadn't said, but it had been Philadelphia.

"We have a small art school here," she went on. "Mr. Johnson, who teaches, is trying to bring more artists here to build up a colony. I must take you down first thing in the morning and introduce you."

Carl excused himself after supper to walk around the town. It was yet light. The old houses were surrounded by huge live-oaks hung with Spanish moss. The air that blew in from the tide flats had a salty tang. In that strange last light of day there was something of unreality about all of it which he liked.

The next morning they went to Mr. Johnson's studio.

"Oh, dear Mr. Johnson, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Mr. Shutes, Mr. Carl Shutes, a very talented artist who's come here to Beaufort to paint. He's studied in Philadelphia," she added as a sly after-touch.

Mr. Johnson, a rather oldish man with a beautiful white goatee and mustache, bowed very nobly. Carl couldn't help noticing the fuzz of gray hair that crept up his chest through the open collar of his shirt.

Mr. Johnson was delighted to meet him, and he would be delighted to be of any assistance to him. Beaufort was a delightful town. It was so delightful that they hoped to bring more artists to establish a colony there like that delightful one on Cape Cod. Yes, to paint those "delightful" little lavender landscapes with which the studio was plastered, Carl was almost tempted to say.

Carl left Miss Susanah at the studio, where she was to have her still-life lesson.

## III.

The evening before, he had passed by an old churchyard with the church gathering about it many old trees and graves. Carl thought that if it were as interesting in the daytime as it had been in the early evening he would like to paint there. He found it without any great difficulty.

It was all so sacredly quiet that he was almost afraid to push open the wooden gate. There was no grass in the churchyard, only clean white sand. Great oaks and magnolias made a high canopy through which splintered patches of sunlight spilled down to the ground. Where the light hit



blossoming clusters of Spanish bayonet, it surrounded them in brilliant halos. A strange bird in the branches above called, "Lookwhoshere, lookwhoshere, lookwhoshere," and the call was taken up all over the yard.

The dark maroon door against the weathered ochre of the building was a striking contrast. There was, strangely, an addition at the back which must have contained several small classrooms. A colored man was shaking out a dust cloth from one of the windows.

"I was just wondering if it would be all right to paint here in the churchyard?"

"Oh, yes, indeedy. Quite a few folks does, suh."

"Thank you. It certainly is beautifully kept up."

"Thank you kindly, suh." He bowed from the window. "I pleasures greatly working in it, suh."

At lunch Carl happened to mention that he had found a place to paint in an old churchyard.

"Oh *my* churchyard," and she was off in an ecstasy. "My churchyard, isn't it the loveliest place you ever saw? You know I teach a class in the church there. Little boys—nine to fourteen—darling children. I love them so. Don't you love children, Mr. Carl? Oh, I may call you that, mayn't I?"

"Certainly, Miss Pice." He was glad of the second question, which removed the necessity of answering the first.

She smiled. "I'd be so happy to have you call me 'Susanah.' You know we're brother artists, aren't we?"

Carl had to admit they were.

"Where are you going to paint this afternoon, Carl?"

"I haven't decided yet. I must get several letters off. I think I'll walk down to get some stationery."

The general notions store was run by a little old lady who sat in the doorway crocheting squares for an Afghan. Carl bought the paper.

"You're a stranger here in town, aren't you?" she asked as she closed her cash drawer.

"Yes, I came just yesterday."

"Thought I hadn't seen you about before. Where are you staying? At the Beaufort House?"

"No, I have a room at Miss Pice's."

"Well, do tell. A friend?"

"I just met her yesterday."

"Up to Miss Susanah's. I hadn't heard that."

"Do you know Miss Pice well?"

"Do I know her well? Why, I've knowed her all her life and her pappy and her mammy and her grandpappy before her. The Pices is one of our oldest families. Rich, too. Leastways, they used to be, and I guess Miss Susanah's still got plenty down in brine. Wonder how come she took a boarder?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you." Carl had begun to wonder, too.

"You staying here long?"

"I haven't decided yet. I'm painting about the town, and I suppose I'll stay as long as my interest holds out."

"Oh, I see. Well, you'll be here a while. I 'low Susanah'll see to it your interest don't lag. Stop in again. I carry a complete line of shaving needs and lotions and such."

Miss Susanah was waiting for him on the porch with a large pitcher of iced tea and a plate of cakes.

"It's so hot I knew you'd be thirsty when you came back."

Carl settled into a deep wicker chair. The tea was delicious. There was a slight breeze beginning to blow in from the bay. And he had painted well that morning.

"This is very nice," he said. "Isn't it strange how we often wish our moments of pleasure would just go on forever? Pleasure or ease. And yet, if they did, I suppose we'd soon enough become satiated with such a dull thing as pleasure."

"Oh, I'm not so sure. We Southerners are usually accused of leading a rather indolent life, but you must admit—you have just now—that it is a very pleasant one. There's no reason why it shouldn't go on, is there?"

Carl could not disagree with her. Miss Pice was not lacking in charm. Even Carl, who was entering the slightly bald stage, could not overlook that.

It was after he started to paint Miss Susanah's portrait that he noticed things about her he had overlooked before. Her hair, though obviously bleached, had a rather lovely sheen to it. She was plump—deliciously plump, don't they call it?—but not fat as he had thought before. Her mouth, though a trifle large, was pleasingly turned up at the corners, and her eyes were a beautifully soft gray. Really remarkable eyes.

She was "thrilled" at the portrait and could hardly wait until it was finished so she could give a tea and invite her friends, including Mr. Johnson, to preview it. She avowed to Carl, although

she didn't think it ought to get about just then, that she thought he painted much better than Mr. Johnson. And she could visualize him as the nucleus of the colony-to-be.

Even Dahlia came in to admire the picture.

"I do declah, I nevah seen nothing lak it befoah. That sho nuff is you, Miss Susanah, it sho is. I declah you mus' be bout be bes' picher painter in de worl', Mistuh Carl."

Miss Susanah smiled and nodded; Carl laughed and thanked Dahlia for her unstinted praise. When he looked back at the portrait he was, somehow, not satisfied. A new look had come into the model's eyes that the face on the convas did not have. He picked up his brushes and thoughtfully stirred up a puddle of blue in the middle of his palette.

#### IV.

He had been painting for several weeks in the churchyard, but his work was not going so rapidly as it ought. He had gathered up too many other things to occupy his mind. He was enjoying his stay in Beaufort. He might even like to stay there permanently. He hadn't thought much about marriage; that was still far away and in the future. He realized that Miss Susanah was waiting; the decision was with him.

He was sitting on the steps of the back porch trying to persuade himself that he ought to go to work. Sprawling out of a bed beside him were several cactus plants with long thistly arms. A few last figs were hanging close to the steps. He picked them and peeled them. What was that about figs and thistles? "Do men gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?"

A jay bird balanced on a slender twig of the Japanese plum; and then with a flutter of bright wings lost his balance and flew away. There were too many things that hung just as uncertainly as that, too many of those delicate balances.

He got his paint box and started for the churchyard. The dry palm branches along the sidewalk were rasping in the wind. A place shaded by a fig tree was covered with crushed and dried figs.

The same sunlight patterns lay over the churchyard. He placed his box in the spot where he had been painting and walked on through the yard. In a part of the cemetery he hadn't explored before he came across the Pice lot. The Pices had been there a long time. Colonel John Ellery Pice 1740-1811; and on the right side of the same stone, Susan, his Wife 1749-1790; on another stone Zebulon Pice 1790-1843 and his Wife, Mary. They were nearly all double stones. Jason Pice 1835-1898 and his Wife, Lucretia 1851-1922. They might have been Susanah's parents. And then, to one side, he saw another wide stone with the left half vacant and on the other, Susanah Pice 1895- .

Carl walked around past the back of the church. The same colored man was watering some plants. The windows were open into the classrooms. Carl wondered what they were like. He stepped up onto one of the low stone curbings and looked in. Scribbled on a small movable blackboard was, "miss Susanah Is a Pork sausage."

Then he went back to where his paint box was.

Carl left Beaufort the next day. And I'm glad he did, because I am Carl.





## A Page of Verse

### Mrs. Pilsudski's Uncathartic Afternoons

*Mrs. Pilsudski's afternoons in a pub  
climax the enormous predilection of her years  
in ale: hollow eyes cannot cup tears  
even when the screaming imperative is there  
for tears will not flow in a pub  
not the tears of dead cumulous years:  
the classic angularity of frame and mind  
metamorphosed from the sinusoidal years  
in her sporting with tortuous despair*

*A maiden and a maypole in the spring  
forbidden nectar, wistaria in a rampant ring  
summarizing the cosmos in a trellis shade:  
and now the nickelodeon is false as her wisped hair  
turned grey defiant of time: the tune  
the tune is false like the face in the locket  
but the irredeemable coin rests in the pocket*

*Rise I exhort you rise and break  
this madding metronome  
that drones the beat but not the tone  
of yesterday: the tune gone mad, now speak  
let down your hair and cry aloud with mariners  
the hapless woe of fate plunged into the sea!  
She wipes foam from her mouth with the back of  
her hand*

*Someone shatters a glass upon the floor  
and her trauma is an emphatic labial smack*

*I think Mrs. Pilsudski must have been glad  
if she could have uttered a cathartic wail:  
but there was the ale  
and the hair wisped grey against time  
and the wracked years cloaked about her like the  
faded shawl—  
and that was all*

*So we have Mrs. Pilsudski  
quaffing her ale in a pub  
sitting superannuated in a pub*

—JOE HORRELL.

### Strange Hearth

*"—Even the Good Father Meun  
For all his cross of God  
Could not have made to reach the post."*

*(The ice had started out;  
The storm was snow left yet on winter's lap  
And shed when she but stood.)*

*"Strange hearth they made, my wife and he.  
I did not know  
Until there, bent beneath the weeping eaves  
To wipe the snow and mud from off my boots  
And so not dirty up the rugs  
She had so long been at the hooking of,  
I heard them.*

*"I kill an ox  
But not a man.—  
Go!" I say to them.*

*"Storm?"*

*"Why, God, he sent that storm."  
—LYNN GAULT.*

### Song for Tea-Time

*The fields lie fallow, the fields lie mute,  
The fields lie dreary and bare;  
But meadows that carpet the winter rain  
Will dance to the sighs of the ripening grain,  
Before the end of a year. . . .*

*Oh, heart be bitter, heart be cold,  
Be witty and austere;  
Home to the fire, pour the tea;  
Don't be duped by analogy;  
Draw up the sofa, dear. . . .*

—DAVID BEATY.

## Editors' Private Galley

### "Merrily, Merrily---"

Sitting at the end table in Harry's one wee hour two or three weeks ago, we saw the whole post-dance scene fanned out in front of us.

At the next table a toper who had given up the pretense of consciousness was the center of a group of drunkenly officious revivers whose methods varied from painting his temples with mercuriochrome to ice-packing the nape of his neck. Finally, looking like a body in search of its ghost, he got up, amid cheers, and supported by wobbly two-legged crutches, wandered toward the door. On his way out he brushed tables and booths where other members of the younger generation—heirs-apparent to the world and its woes—were industriously preoccupied with following him across the alcoholic Lethé. The one scale by which everybody in the place could have been measured—mostly at the upper end—was drunkenness.

But our Muse doesn't belong to the W. C. T. U. Our interest in the scene is not *the fact* that everybody preferred foundering in a pitcher of half-and-half to staying sober, but the question *why* he preferred it. There was a morbid intensity and purposefulness about this sousing that was very nearly antithetical to the idea of pleasant mellowness that makes social drinking wholesome. Hysterically everyone was trying to escape Something. The analogy between the ostrich with his head in the sand and these people with their heads hidden behind bottles of beer and pitchers of porter was irresistible.

But what were they hiding from? What had they felt to be pursuing them, when, early in the evening, they had sat down in their rooms with clear heads and deliberately begun their benders, and when, later, they had come into Harry's to polish off defiantly by testing the adage,

Whiskey on beer, never fear;

Beer on whiskey, rather risky?

Most of them didn't know what they were trying to shelter themselves from. Was it that they felt a cloud over their lives, but were uncertain whether to expect from it rain, or hail, or lightning?

Often, watching similar scenes before, we had shared that uncertainty; but this time, by chance, we suspected what was in that cloud, or at least what might have been an unrealized element of

its contents. That evening we had had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Gould Beech, and heard some of the facts, which Mr. Beech summarizes in the article beginning on page two, about the real but almost universally unrealized economic and social crisis in the South today. Brooding over the land is an unhealthfulness which has infected even those people who, like the students hiding behind the bottles and pitchers in Harry's, have no direct connection with the land and are only vaguely aware of evils which they had no part in engendering, and which they have no positive part in fostering.

In the journal of one of the butterfly ladies at the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette there is the following entry, undated precisely but supposed to have been written in June, 1789: "The gloom of the few ancient long-faces who have been shaking their heads continually since the dismissal of Necker has somehow begun to oppress the rest of us. Dinner at Julie's yesterday evening was melancholy, and everybody seemed strained and uneasy until we had all taken enough of Julie's wine to make us forget the Queen's unhappiness and the gloom of the long-faces. So it is everywhere, throughout Versailles—either depression or false merriment. A deal of gout will come from this foolish, mysterious, inexplicable gloom."

On July 14 the Bastille fell before a Parisian mob, and the French Revolution began.

### Amusing Speculation

Every year, when the academic routine begins to grow painfully dull and no excitement appears in immediate prospect, there is a little flurry of agitation for "doing something about new seats for Memorial Hall." Apparently, like so many other campus affairs, it's agitation for agitation's sake, because nothing else ever comes of it.

Frequently the New Seats Movement is superseded, in the interests of the articulate little minority who run the campus, by excitement over junior and senior class budgets. The senior class proceeds to vote thirteen to fifteen hundred dollars for a big-name Junior-Seniors orchestra and two or three hundred for a class gift to the University.

Oh, what a howl would go up if some logical-minded innocent should suggest that the smaller budget item go to Jimmy Fuller or Freddie Johnson or Jere King in return for Junior-Seniors music, and that the thirteen hundred dollars, as a class gift, be made the foundation of a Memorial hall re-seating fund!



## Canada at the Cross-Roads

*What Will She Do When England Goes to War?*

PLEASE use Canadian stamps," says an exasperated little notice in a hotel in Banff. American visitors find so little difference between Canada and the United States that it is difficult for them to remember that they have crossed a border into what is officially a foreign country.

It is not easy to understand how this should have come about, for the Canadians are British. They have an individual and collective loyalty to the British Commonwealth of Nations as an ideal, and those who infer otherwise from the American tastes and habits of thinking of the Canadians are mistaken. But it is perfectly true that the Canadian and the American are much more at home with one another and understand one another far better than do the Canadian and the Englishman.

From the time of the Treaty of Paris in 1763, Canada has been brought up as an American nation. Looking back over her history we find in bare, bold outline much the same, though a slower, conquest of the prairies and the Rockies. Building the Canadian Pacific Railway was as much the realization of a dream for Canadians as building the Union Pacific was for Americans. There was the same struggle with the Indians, and in a hundred and one other matters common history has bred common spirit and common temperament, common outlook and common tastes. To-day, developing acutely out of the present condition of world affairs, comes the question: "Will Canada's essential Americanness have any political repercussions?"

Before attempting to answer this question, it is necessary to investigate further the extent of this Americanness and the extent to which long contact with the British government has counteracted and will counteract North American tendencies.

In the important field of literature, the influence of the United States on what Canada reads

is at once apparent. Looking at the advertising in the *Canadian Magazine*, one is startled by the fact that over 95% of it is sponsored by American firms or American-controlled Canadian firms. In fact, in one of the summer issues the sole non-American advertiser was the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The *Canadian Magazine* and *McLeans*, virtually the only popular national periodicals in Canada, do not fill even a tiny corner of the periodical consumption of Canadians. Even those newsstands which especially advertise "Home Country Newspapers and Magazines" sell from two to four times as many American periodicals as British. And the regular newsstands sell from thirty to forty times as many American as Canadian and English combined. As for books, it is significant to note that the Canadian book-of-the-month club recently distributed *Gone with the Wind*.

The Canadian Radio Commission, operating on the same principle as the British Broadcasting Corporation, uses no commercial programs. This may not be the only reason, but it is a fact that Canadians tune in on American stations far more often than they do on Canadian stations.

When, from his breakfast food to his office supplies, the Canadian cannot escape the American trademark (so intensely annoying to British settlers), when cricket is relegated to a few of the more patriotic educational institutions and baseball is the national game, when education itself is largely American in pattern; and when the Canadian likes all this and would not have it otherwise, there can be little doubt about his essential Americanness. And is it not reasonable that a nation whose population is only ten million should pattern itself after a nation of 130 million just next door, rather than after a nation of only 40 million, 3,000 miles away?

JOHN CREEDY, English born and a former resident of Canada, speculates on the course Canada will follow in the next war involving the British Empire. Will she act independently and probably peacefully, or will she, at the call of the Home Government, issue conscription decrees?

II.

Why, then, it is perfectly natural to ask, if this is true, has not Canada been absorbed by the United States, of Canada's own sovereign will? Why does Canada continue to develop as a nation politically distinct from both the United States and Great Britain? The answer is to be found in a closer examination of the British connection.

The reciprocity treaty of last year marked a decisive milestone in Canada's history. Canada has always felt acutely her danger should the United States become imperialistic. Since 1776, not a little influenced at first by the Tory gentlemen who disagreed with the American patriots, politicians have used, as one of the favourite battle cries, "Damn Yankee interference!" Until a short time ago any party in Canada could ride into power if they could make the people believe the opposite party were "traitors to national integrity." The battle cry never failed. The Reciprocity campaigns of 1891 and 1911 were utterly defeated by it.

But recently it was impressively demonstrated that Canada was sure enough of herself as a nation no longer to fear the "Yanks." The following is quoted from the *New York Times* of a few Sundays ago: "Mr. C. H. Cahan, a member of Parliament, accused Mr. Hull in a speech in Montreal of propagandising against British tariff preferences to Canada. In 1911 this speech would have echoed from one coast of Canada to the other. In 1937 it died almost unheard on the untroubled air—as ineffective as a scratched record of some long-forgotten dance tune." And here is the point. Throughout the long years in which the United States had her independence, Canada was working her way from a crown colony dependent on the civil service and the crown to a sovereign state, and she was (and she still is) immensely jealous of her rights *as a nation*.

The British influence is, however, still very strong, permeating Canadian life in all directions. Canadian institutions, however much they may be changed in outward form, are essentially British.

Americans adhere to the tribune or plebiscite type of government, while the Canadian government is parliamentary in theory. The chief difference between the Parliament and the Congress is that in the former the party in power is responsible to a majority in a popular legislative assembly. This means that a party can only stay in power as long as it holds its majority (which

may be three weeks or three years). In the latter type, governments are elected for stated intervals and, however unpopular, must continue to the end of their period of office. Canada's parliamentary spirit is entirely British.

In the legal realm, the British influence is particularly noticeable. Even Americans agree that one of the chief differences between the Republic and the Dominion is the way in which justice is administered. To those brought up in the United States, where a policeman is not a policeman without a revolver, it is somewhat surprising to see the tall Scotch-Canadian policemen going about their duties armed only with night sticks.

Among Canada's other institutions, the Anglican church is essentially British in attitude. And then there is the Governor-General, whose tours through the Dominion and whose social receptions are distinctly non-American. Yet he is extremely popular.

There is no doubt, too, that the King is a very powerful instrument of public opinion. As a symbol, he almost unfailingly produces emotional responses of a distinctly Imperialistic nature. Further, the King, operating through the Governor-General, is absolutely the only official constitutional bond between Canada and the United Kingdom.

Although it would, of course, be unfair to build too hasty conclusions on the following excerpts from a letter a Canadian wrote me on the subject of the King, still they are at least illustrative of what I mean. My correspondent says: "The King is there all right and necessary to hold the Empire together; but as far as his having any say in Canadian affairs is concerned, my answer would be No! . . . In other words the King to me is a figurehead only. But if the King does not mean a great deal to me, the Empire does. I am proud to be a member of the British Empire and it is my belief that if the States and Great Britain were to pull together for peace, the present danger of war would be averted."

About Canadian nationality, my correspondent goes on to say, "More and more Canada is taking a pride in herself. It is always amusing to go to the show and hear, whenever the Canadian Mounties appear on the screen, the enthusiastic applause of the audience. It was very noticeable when the Coronation pictures were being shown—the applause for the King and Queen, *et al.*, was decently long and loud; but when the Mounties were shown marching past, the audience nearly hit the roof."



It is very evident that all the British influence is concentrated primarily (of course there are many qualifications that can be made to this) on the political angle of Canadian life; while, as André Siegfried remarks in his book *Canada*, it is on the cultural angle that American influence is felt so definitely. And thus we can sum the matter up: politically Canada is British, culturally she is American.

### III.

With this in mind we can return to our original problem. Can there be any political repercussions on world affairs today from Canada's feeling of nationality? At first sight it seems that Great Britain holds all the cards and that independent action on the part of Canada in the next war involving Great Britain is impossible. But there are a few fundamental facts to be examined which may, when the time comes, considerably influence the course of events.

With the failure of the League of Nations, a growing percentage of Canadians who had put their faith in it as the road to world peace and to the establishment of Canada as a nation among nations, have changed their view to the more characteristically American one of disinclination to commit themselves to what amount to "foreign entanglements." It is obvious that as things stand today, Canada's connection with the British Empire is her greatest liability of being involved in a war. Canada, like Sweden, Finland, Norway, and Denmark, has no real or potential enemy. It seems only fair then, that Canadian governments should have the power to determine in some measure the foreign policy of the Commonwealth. That power, in spite of the efforts of the Imperial conference, Canada does not have in any real sense. Mr. MacKenzie King, the Canadian Premier, came back from the Imperial Conference held shortly after the Coronation, with the doubtful assurance that "parliament would decide" Canada's course when the time came. Meanwhile, Mr. King's government voted an increase of \$35,000,000 in the defence budget. It may be noted in passing that, according to Mr. Escott Reid, who recently published an article on the subject in the *Canadian Forum*, the Canadian military officers in Ottawa received a large part of their training in the Imperial Defence College near London. Which means in plain English that these men are more likely to think in terms of Empire defence with Canada as a part, than in terms of Canadian defence as such. It has been said also that the new

armaments ordered by the government do not fit in with Canadian defence theory, but seem more suitable for the equipment of an expeditionary force.

One of the strongest points in Canadian defence has always been the presence of the United States. Since Disraeli said that "the colonies were a millstone round the Mother Country's neck" and that "in defense matters, they must look for no help from the Imperial Government," Canada has assiduously courted the United States. And it is unnecessary to say that the United States would be more than a little interested in any invasion of Canadian soil.

Mr. John W. Dafoe, editor of the liberal Winnipeg *Free Press*, and something of an authority on the question of Canada's relations with Great Britain in the event of war, says: "The important thing is that they (the Canadian people) are becoming awake to the issue, and to its implications." Should the war actually break out, it is Mr. Dafoe's opinion that "the people of Canada will begin to get on one side or another of a line which will run through every province, every township and through a good many homes as well."

He says that while no parties are distinctly defined, there are three major lines of thought which can be traced more or less definitely in Canadian opinion. The first is that of the out and out Isolationist who "wants Canada to do nothing at all relying upon fate, luck, providence, Great Britain and the United States." In the second group is Mr. King's government, which believes that Canada "should avoid commitments in advance, but should not exclude the possibility of participation in a war for adequate cause; and to this end should provide herself with armaments." Last there are the Imperialists, "who think Canada should merge her defence policy with that of Great Britain; and are in favour of rearmament on the largest scale." This group "corresponds roughly to the conservative party."

### IV.

It has often been said that one of the most important factors in Canada's remaining in the Commonwealth is the economic advantages to which, as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, she is entitled. Imperialists cite this as one reason why Canadians, however much they may be opposed to Canada's entering a war in which she has no real interest politically, will be as loyal in the next war as they were in 1914. The following

figures seem to be at least a partial refutation:

*Export Trade for Year Ending January, 1937\**

With the United States.....	47 %
With the United Kingdom.....	31½ %
With foreign countries.....	13 %
With the Empire.....	8½ %

It is obvious from these figures that the extent to which economic factors act in holding the empire together has been, at least as far as Canada is concerned, exaggerated. Thus, while it is advisable to propitiate the United Kingdom as much as possible, nothing really fatal would occur economically should Canada, when the European war breaks out, declare her neutrality.

This is more clearly seen (and probably economic determinists will be more convinced) by these figures:

*Canadian Capital Investments Abroad,  
January, 1937\**

United States .....	\$1,254,000,000
Great Britain .....	109,000,000
Other countries .....	664,000,000

*Holders of Canadian Business Capital\**

Canadians .....	62½ %
Americans .....	22 %
British (English, Scotch, Irish).....	15 %
Others .....	½ %

It is evident that, as far as the economics of the situation is concerned, there are no really impossible obstacles to be surmounted by Canadian capitalists. Of course there are difficulties. The Canadian Vickers (munition firm) has within the last year increased its dividends to about double what they were before British re-armament. Further, Canadian industry in general, as American industry, is feeling the impetus of British rearmament. And it would of course be immensely difficult to be really neutral in the strictest sense of the word.

V.

One of the most interesting complications of the question, "What will Canada do when the next war comes?" is the French-Canadian aspect. Forming one third of the total population and sending many members to the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa, the French-Canadians are extremely influential in shaping Canadian policies.

\* Figures from "Dominion and Imperial Defence," *The Round Table*, June, 1937.

May it be said to their credit, that as volunteers their record is notably bad. They were bitterly opposed to Canada's participation in the Boer War, and in the Great War furnished only one tenth of the 619,636 men who made up the Canadian Expeditionary Force. This does not mean, of course, that the French-Canadian is a coward. On the contrary, when it came to actual fighting in the Great War, he gave as good an account of himself as any Englishman. But he was reluctant to join up for a war in which he was not interested. It may be noted that there is little sympathy between the French and the French-Canadians.

In general, it can be said of the French-Canadian that he is interested in and loyal to, not Canada, which he regards as somewhat of an abstraction, but French Canada, Quebec particularly. He will fight for the soil he stands on, but it is very doubtful if he could, in the future, be made to enter enthusiastically a struggle unconnected with his home. As Mr. Siegfried says, he is a peasant in culture and outlook and, as is characteristic of peasants, he tends to regard anything outside his home sphere as no concern of his.

VI.

It is not the intention of this article to draw up any revolutionary charter of liberties, and least of all is it intended to advocate the throwing off of what has facetiously been called the "British yoke." On the contrary, as Mr. Siegfried and many others have pointed out, Canada would have little to gain and much to lose by such a step. But Canada's status as an autonomous member of the Commonwealth is of a questionable character if an editorial in the *Canadian Forum* can truthfully say that "we (Canadians) shall be participants in any European affray from the moment that His Majesty, on the advice of Mr. Chamberlain, has declared war."

Advocating a "full delegation [to the Canadian government] of royal prerogative over foreign affairs, insofar as Canada is concerned," Mr. F. R. Scott of McGill University says, "Changes as great as these have taken place in the past without injury to British nations; and if we want a Commonwealth in which the members are not necessarily obliged to act together in peace and war, it is not beyond our powers to create it."

But it would be a serious matter and, as Mr. Daffoe points out, one over which Canada might be divided from coast to coast. And the line would run "through a good many homes as well."



Len Rubin

## "Splendid, Sparkling, and Sperfect"

*How All-Americans Are Made*

University Publicity Department  
Sunday, October 14

My dear Morty,

This letter, dear brother rat, is prompted by an article you released two days ago. Mort, it hurts to see a friend, a buddy publicity agent, sink to such dastardly depths.

You remember very well how we bickered over our two boys. We reached a definite agreement, sealed by a double-wing handshake, that Dershack, my youngster, was slated for All-American this year. I need not again explain the problem created by the nearness of our schools. The resulting competitive state makes it difficult for this section to contribute an All-American. Therefore, for our common welfare, we have been working on a basis of alternation. This is my year, you know! I lived up to my share of the bargain last season and gave your Barker the run of the headlines. He didn't make All-American but that was more his fault than mine.

I remember clearly how, a few weeks ago, you agreed verbally that you would cast a shadow on your warriors and allow the light of publicity to play on my "triple-threat, battering ram, wisp of speed," Dershack.

And what have you given me but the old triple-reverse double-cross? I am referring to that article on prospective stars, that over-stuffed baloney express that reached New York—a real accomplishment for you, since most of your stuff is derailed in the wilds of Virginia. Statistics reveal that Dershack was mentioned only three times in that article. The same number of references was given to your new brainimp, Pudgins. That—that is treason, plain unmitigated treason. You know as well as I that our arrangement calls for a 2-1 ratio in every story, with my man to be favored this season.

You have violated a promise! A promise to me is word and a word to me is something sacred. As

publicity agent of this university, I bask in the warm verity of words. A friend, in my best editorial fashion, "either keeps his word or eats it." Of course I realize that your being a publicity guy exempts you from staying to the letter of the law or from meaning what you say to the dumb and gentle reader. You have flaunted the alphabet and the purpose of speech far too often to have retained any respectability. But that one promise for this year you solemnly gave to me—to one of the brotherhood—and by a triple lateral you'll keep it!

Our friendship of nine long years is approaching a point which is nothing less than crucial. In the very near future our friendship either lives or passes out of the picture like Alfred College on Army-Navy weekend.

Mort, don't tempt me to be drastic. Keep that Pudgins away from Dershack. If you must bark, bark about Dershack. I know that you have called Pudgins "stupendous, rugged, shiftest runner this side of the mountains, blast furnace, electrifying dynamo, and tantalizing tornado." I will also admit that he may have a slight edge over Dershack. Neither is really any damn good. I want you to keep that 2-1 ratio and tone down on Pudgins. Just,

Joe Slingem.

College News Bureau  
Monday, October 15

Dear Joe,

Am in receipt of your letter.

Sincerely,

Morty Sprediton Thick.

University Publicity Department  
Tuesday, October 16

Dear Mort,

Your reply hurt deeply. Such a beautiful

LEN RUBIN, once a sports writer himself, here satirizes football publicity agents. Names with locally familiar sounds have been used merely for the convenience of the reader, and will be found to refer to characters who have nothing in specific common with locally familiar heroes.

friendship crumbling like Waynesburg against Fordham. And, to add to my grief, I just glimpsed your writeup of last Saturday's game. How can you be so cruel?

Mort, pal, don't you remember how we warmly shook hands and swore allegiance to Dershack as All-American. Think! He is a good kid through and through. This is his senior year and he has been giving his best every football season. He may not be all you want as a super-player but he has a grand personality. Did you ever see that kid laugh? You would like him just as much as I do.

I've often told you that Trustman, our guard, can run rings about Dershack and Pudgins. That boy has what is called class on a gridiron. It would be almost a simple task for me to clinch an All-American berth for him. But I hate his guts. Have I ever been introduced to his friends? Do I know any influential uncle or grandpop of his? No. He once went blissfully past me, ignoring me completely, with a gorgeous head of blonde tucked under his arm. That was his finish.

But Dershack is different, a likeable kid. I knew his dad, may his soul rest in peace. Kneeling by his dying bed, I solemnly swore that I would see to his son's career on the football field. (I keep my word, by the way.) He also donated a gaudy little bank account in my name, out of pure appreciation for my interest. You must remember his dad, may his soul rest in peace. We ran into him in Florida four years ago. He was a grand chap. You must remember that free excursion he gave us by plane to Havana. Right there and then I decided to do right by the old boy.

You just have to realize all the effort I've put forth to get that kid where he is today. He never did touch a football before he entered this school and today I have folks talking about him in California. From an unknown to a sensation. That is going some, but you're out to stop me. You must help me, pal. It isn't like those happy years almost a decade back when we flipped coins every weekend to determine whose player to feature and sing tunes about. Dershack is a prearranged "three-year plan" of mine.

And in mournful addition to this plea to a friend of mine, I want you to know that two paunchy alumni have mentioned gaudy presents if I shove Dershack through those portals of football fame. You know what that means to me. I beg of you, pal, be on the square—for the sake of the public,

the school, the kid's poor dad, for our friendship, and for me, your pal.

Your pal,  
Joe.

College News Bureau  
Wednesday, October 17

Dearest Joe,

I again answer immediately. I am aghast at your two letters. I am almost peeved. I make no apologies, I beg no pardon. I am a business man and logical.

Hence, you cheap word-plugger, begone. Remember I have a job. You fail both to intimidate me and to tug at my heartstrings. Any boy of mine that intercepts a pass and runs for a touchdown is as much an All-American to me as he is a boon to the smelling salts industry. My job demands one All-American and one honorable mention during every three-year period. I am long overdue. This year I am trying to pull the hat out of the rabbit.

All that sentimental "dad" stufferoo reeks of a Slingem feature story, something which never does reach New York. I will never forget his father. No. Nor will I forget or forgive the "poor dad" for getting so plastered that I had to help you carry him home. And you *must remember* that he was just as solidly drunk when we went to Havana and passed the bill to him. He was afraid of having to pay that bill, drunk as he was, and we only lured him with a line about taking him to a special doctor. Where did we go? To a Sloppy Joe's for a shot of scotch. And our dear dad agreed that it was the best medicine he had ever tasted. He was so tight that he couldn't distinguish one drink from another. Or was the old boy cleverer than we thought?

I would have kept my respected word had Pudgins not intercepted that pass last Saturday. Did you catch a look at that writeup I got into print: "Potentiality Pudgins, tumultuous Chesterfield College quarterback, today raced into the portals of gridiron fame on the crest of a superlative leaping-interception of an enemy pass. Tucking the pig's hide away, he weaves  $49\frac{3}{4}$  yards through a maze of blue-and-green uniforms with a baffling change of pace and blazing spurts of speed to cross the line for the winning touchdown."

May "dad" rest in peace—but how could I let that golden egg roll by me?

Also your pal,  
Morty.



University Publicity Department  
Thursday, October 18

Dear Morty, My Pal,

I repeat my plea. Desist! I also have a job and without an All-American Dershack I'll soon be walking the rails and peering through knot holes. You wouldn't want that to happen. Think of me if not the late Mr. Dershack. If you don't let your enthusiasm and adjective-mania die down, I swear by a blocked punt that I'll head your way, while walking the rails, and strangle you in headlines. These head-lines will be nothing more than a cord which circles the neck—a noose!

Pudgins doesn't deserve All-American. He doesn't even come from this state. With Dershack, I can at least capitalize on the "local boy" copy we have stacked in our files. I threaten you! I'll outwrite you!

Joe Slingem.

College News Bureau  
Saturday, October 20

Dear Joe,

It is now Saturday. I have just completed some reams of copy. The stuff is now kissing the ink. I'll quote a passage or two: "Sure-pop All-American Potentiality Pudgins carved another niche in his great career this afternoon by giving Chesterfield College a victory against State. With Chesterfield trailing 14-12 and only a few seconds remaining to the ball game, Pudgins, playing close up in the Chesterfield backfield, slashed through the powerful State line, crashed into the secondaries with thudding force and blocked a goal-line punt. Shaking his head to clear the daze caused by the terrific impact, Pudgins proceeded to out-race seven enemy players for the bounding ball and pounce on it for the winning marker."

How do you like that? Pudgins didn't really block the punt, but it was a pileup and the readers will never know.

Tiddle-doo,  
Mort.

University Publicity Department  
Sunday, October 21

Mort!

Have mercy on a fellow sufferer. My boy Dershack didn't do a thing yesterday outside of recovering his own fumble. Even at that I showed my genius in getting away with "nimble and trigger-like in reaction."

Please have mercy. You must remember how I did my very best for you last year. I lived up

to my word as a gentleman. Please don't act like an ordinary newspaper man. We are publicity agents.

Your trusting pal,  
Joe.

College News Bureau  
Monday, October 22

Dearest Joe,

My heart goes out to you like ends going down under a punt. But the Board of Directors just today demanded an All-American representative from Chesterfield. They termed their request as "definite." Their only explanation was alumni pressure.

About last year, my proud beauty—your efforts netted me no more than an honorable mention for Barker, who was a "raging havoc-wrecker" four-letter athlete.

Besides, I have added "slaughter-house," "meteoric," "thick-ribbed," and "explosive" to my repertoire of adjectives.

Regrets,  
Mort.

University Publicity Department  
Tuesday, October 23

Lowly Mort,

I throw up my hands. You win by an intercepted forward pass. What could I do with a recovered fumble? I ask for only one favor in return for my retirement in this battle of ink spots. I have a young sophomore named Thomas coming up for next year. I may call him "Tarzan" or "Tempest." I was thinking that a school vote for a nickname would be swell publicity. I want your help. He isn't much good but his family has come up to the line.

Oh, promise me!

Your pal of pals,  
Joe.

College News Bureau  
Wednesday, October 24

Dear Joe,

With "Larruping Larry" Lare in my fold, I should gently hand the bacon to a "Timid Thomas."

Forget it! Maybe the year after. Why, Larry is a "rollicking, swivel-hipped, hula-hula" backfield star. However, I may shift him into the line to make room for "stalwart, rock-ribbed, and immobile."

As ever,  
Morty.

*Page Twenty-five*

## Current Literature

### Dr. Huxley and Mr. Hyde

By HUGH FOSS

THERE ARE perhaps few faces today that more strongly reflect the "modern" than Aldous Huxley's. That long and abundant hair, those deep eyes behind thick glasses, and the petulant mouth should belong to some starving and bitter poet. Only a flowing tie and a long cigarette-holder are needed to make him the most typical of all Greenwich Village Bohemians. But Huxley is no Bohemian: the Village and all that it stands for are alien to his world. The would-be artists are prone to sip their aperitifs in blissful ignorance of constructive thought, playing at art in a make-believe world of pseudo-learning and half-baked culture, and wondering at the stupidity and vulgarity of a society that cannot appreciate them. They call themselves "moderns," but the only modernisms in their small lives are poor domestic wine and the chrome glitter of cubist furniture.

But Huxley is of a different mettle. He may bark but he bites too, and that, after all, is essential for constructive writing. Huxley is a 'mental modern' and in that role must almost necessarily bite; for today writers are either cynics or saints, and there are very few saints.

Huxley is a young man to be so full of the world, so knowing and so learned. His books are those of the world-weary, the old and embittered. He seems to have seen too much and soured in the realization of life's futility. His education was thorough and broad; he writes with the most profound knowledge behind him. The references in one page alone of *Along the Road* would more than prove my point. Huxley has much more than a layman's knowledge of music, the sciences (he couldn't so successfully damn them if he didn't) and history. World trends and current events are well known to him. He is the shining example of the advantages afforded by a thorough liberal education. Oxford taught one of her sons well. At times in his writings a certain overburdening of text is noticeable. Too many references



and a seeming joy in the liberal sprinkling of classical quotations become slightly tiresome to the average reader, who prefers to skim these pages lightly. Learning is a habit with him, falling from his pen like notes from a pianist's fingers. There is no attempt to infuse a semblance of knowledge: the knowledge is already there.

With this superficial glance at our subject for introduction, let us turn to Huxley's novels and essays in order to see more clearly his relation to the world and to himself.

When you put down *Point Counter Point* your first sentiment is that there is nothing left, that art is gone, and love and science and education. With precise and cold-blooded reasoning he demolishes all those qualities which seemed to make life worth living, leaving a bleak and barren wilderness behind. But curse him as you will, it is impossible not to admire that fascinating skill with which the process is accomplished. To observe for a moment a good example of this picturesque destructiveness, you might open *Antic Hay* and listen

|| HUGH FOSS thinks that Aldous Huxley has changed from a cosmic iconoclast into—  
Hugh isn't quite sure what, because the transition is still in process; but he hopes Huxley may "find a gate through the wall and stop trying to break it down with his fists." ||



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

FUNNY HOW WE 'NOSED OUT' THE PROFESSOR AT GLACIER PARK, MONTANA

AT MANY GLACIER HOTEL, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONT.

WELL, I SWAN, CHUBBINS! PROFESSOR RANDALL IS STOPPING HERE. LET'S LOOK HIM UP

PROFESSOR RANDALL IS OUT STUDYING GRINNELL GLACIER. HE'LL BE HARD TO FIND, SIR

WELL, WE'LL TRY, ANYHOW. THANKS

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PHIEW! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR SEARCH, CHUBBINS

DADDY, THAT SMOKE SMELLS GOOD LIKE YOUR PRINCE ALBERT!

THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH, CHUBBINS - IT'S THE OLD PROFESSOR HIMSELF, SMOKING P.A. AS USUAL

JUMPING JEHOSEPHAT! JUDGE ROBBINS AND CHUBBINS! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM - THE MOON?

TELL US ABOUT GLACIERS, PROFESSOR

W-E-L-L, THE ICE FIELD YOU SEE HIGH UP THIS VALLEY IS A GLACIER REMAINING FROM THE ICE AGE, WHEN AVALANCHES OF FROZEN WATER, ROCK, AND EARTH ALMOST 3000 FEET THICK CARVED THESE U-SHAPED VALLEYS FROM MOUNTAINS AND ROCK

PROFESSOR, I THINK YOU ENJOY GEOLOGY AS MUCH AS YOU DO PRINCE ALBERT

WELL, JUDGE, PRINCE ALBERT GOES ANY PLACE THAT I GO. IT'S GOT THE MELLOWNESS AND GOOD FULL BODY TO KEEP A MAN CONTENTED NO MATTER WHAT HE'S DOING

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to Gumbriel Senior as he curses the Londoners for not accepting Wren's offer of a new architectural London after the Great Fire, and, incidentally, for not accepting his own offer of a Utopian city today. Gumbriel has been trying futilely all his life to make them see the light, to wish for beauty and reason. But don't think that Huxley is writing the story of a poor, unnoticed man in order to sympathize with him. Far from it. Huxley dubs Gumbriel a fool for even trying any such futile task as the reformation of the race. He laughs at the reformer for being an idealist and at the reformed for being a fool. One would believe that he could go no further; the house is razed to the ground, the last timber charred, the last stone crushed. Turn now to *Barren Leaves* and you will watch with the same fascination as he cuts the entire universe away from beneath your feet!

Why, you may well ask, why are these things written? Is Huxley one of those unhappy mortals doomed to walk the earth in gloom for ever? Is his soul twisted and embittered with the worthlessness of an alien world—a creature bent on scorning mortal coils and facing the wreckage of a damned race with a cold and knowing smile? On first sight it would seem impossible to draw any other conclusions. And yet if this is so, if he is so weary of life, why does he write about it? He isn't pointing a moral, certainly. His characters in *Barren Leaves*, for instance, are not even made of flesh and blood, but they are not satires, exactly: they seem to be grotesques. His stories are not fantasies, however; they are rather protests against life, not escapes from it. Life, they seem to say, is a huge, ugly, and empty joke, and what on earth is there to be done about it?

Our pigeon-holing troubles though are just beginning, for as yet we have devoted our attention only to his early novels and forgotten both his poetry and his later works of prose. Let us turn now for a moment to a selection from the poetry written back in his Oxford days while he was still free to look on the world as a youth and not as a world-weary cosmopolite.

#### BOOKS AND THOUGHTS

Old ghosts that death forgot to ferry  
Across the Lethe of the years—  
These are my friends, and at their tears  
I weep and at their mirth am merry.  
On a high tower, those battlements  
Give me all heaven at a glance,  
I lie long summer nights in trance,  
Drowsed by the murmurs and the scents

That rise from earth, while the sky above me  
Merges its peace with my soul's peace,  
Deep meeting deep. No stir can move me,  
Naught break the quiet of my release:

In vain the windy sunlight raves

At the hush and gloom of polar caves.

Contented with the ways of life! His soul is at peace with everybody and everything. His poetry is not great but it reflects desires and ideals in unmistakable language. And the amazing part of it is that he was almost a sentimentalist in his poetry. But I admit that one cannot hold up such early writings as criteria for an exact judgment of his character. We must look to his later works for an escape from the quandary. *Jesting Pilate*, written much later than the books that we have already discussed, reverts to the author's optimism of college days:

Every man with a little leisure and enough money for railroad tickets, every man, indeed, who knows how to read, has it in his power to magnify himself, to multiply the ways in which he exists, to make his life full, significant and interesting.

"Full, significant and interesting"—these words never appeared in his earlier works. The man who wrote this is no cynic. He loves life and new places and smiles benignly on it all. Nor is this a hand-picked quotation. It is an attitude repeated at length in *Along the Road*, a charming book of a keen observer's travels in Europe. And it is an attitude which is apt suddenly to pop up at you when you least expect it—and from someone who seemed ready to take his own life and escape from the grimness of it all. We have arrived at a paradox. How can a man love life and hate it at the same time?

*Jesting Pilate*, *Proper Studies*, *Eyeless in Gaza*, and *The Olive Tree* reflect none of that metallic bitterness, that precise, reasoned destruction which was so evident in his earlier books. There is an Elizabethan robustness and liveliness in these later works which is pleasingly new and rather startling. *Eyeless in Gaza* may break down quantities of your seemingly fundamental ideals, but at least there is a note of hope, a promise of redemption to console you. Life may be rather sordid, but after all, it's worth living. In these later books Huxley has thrown a log, although perhaps not a very big one, into the water, and your head, at least, stays above the confusion. The essay on D. H. Lawrence in *The Olive Tree* portrays him in a very favorable

(Continued on page thirty-two)



A SOUTHERN HARVEST: Short Stories by Southern Writers. Edited by Robert Penn Warren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50. 360 pp.

For readers of Southern short stories Robert Penn Warren has performed a valuable service by collecting into a convenient and attractively bound volume twenty-two short stories written by Southern writers who have become prominent since 1920. Most of the stories have been published in well-established periodicals or in volumes of stories since 1930.

Mr. Warren, a contemporary of the authors represented, is a native of Guthrie, Kentucky. Between 1920 and 1930 he received degrees from Vanderbilt, University of California, and New College, Oxford. As a former teacher of English and creative writing in Vanderbilt and L. S. U., as a contributor of poems and stories to well known American publications, and as editor of *The Southern Review*, Mr. Warren is remarkably well fitted to choose skillfully the stories for this collection.

In addition to the twenty-two stories, *A Southern Harvest* contains biographical notes on each author represented and a short, suggestive introduction by Mr. Warren, who there points out some of the trends in contemporary Southern literature.

In selecting the stories for this volume, Mr. Warren had to decide upon a definition of the term *short story*. In his introduction he dismisses the question with what he admits to be a rough-and-ready answer: "A short story is a story that is not too long." This definition is the only one which fits many of the stories in his collection; for at least seven lack the plot element which readers since Poe have expected to find in short stories. "Old Red" by Caroline Gordon, "The Horn That Called Bambine" by Elma Godchaux, "The Ginseng Gatherers" by Howell Vines, and "The Gay Dangerfields" by Lyle Saxon are excellent sketches and studies in Southern local color, but are not short stories.

Many of the selections, however, are good examples of local color short stories. "Kneel to the Rising Sun" by Erskine Caldwell, of Georgia, is a powerful treatment of cowardice in the character of a Southern tenant farmer. Besides being an interesting sociological and psychological study, it is perhaps the most grippingly interesting story in the volume. In "A Proudful Fellow" Julia Peterkin presents with objectionable sentimentality the attitude of a Negro man toward his farm and his mulatto wife. "If Only" by John Peale Bishop, of West Virginia, reminds one of stories by Joel Chandler Harris, Harry Stillwell Edwards, and Thomas Nelson Page in that Mr. Bishop is careful to localize the setting. In this respect "If Only" and Paul Green's "A Tempered Fellow" are different from most of the selections in *A Southern Harvest*; for contemporary writers of Southern short stories seem to be less definite in suggesting the place and time than were the writers of the late nineteenth century, who usually localized their stories in the region where they spent their lives.

Other writers represented by stories in this collection tend to treat romantic aspects of the South. Stark Young's "Shadows on Terrebonne," exemplifying Mr. Young's remarkable finish of style and blending of setting and character, portrays an aspect of life in Louisiana or south Mississippi during the first half of the nineteenth century—a period which George W. Cable treated in his historical short stories of New Orleans. Equally romantic, though greatly different in theme, Roark Bradford's "Cold Death" is a story with a surprising contrast between title and subject. It is an interesting example in Southern literature of a theme which goes

back to the old French *Tumbeor*, retold by Anatole France and later writers.

Among his remarks upon the tendency of contemporary Southern writers to face social problems of the South, Mr. Warren points out the realism and naturalism found in the contemporary short stories, and adds:

Most Southern writers of fiction have abjured the straight realistic approach, the reportorial temper. Many of them have reported the Southern scene, and scrupulously; but the reporting has been absorbed, usually, into a context that subordinates the purely realistic element. There is a pervasive poetic quality to be found in most contemporary Southern fiction, a quality shared by writers as diverse as Miss Porter, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Faulkner, Miss Roberts, Miss Gordon, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Lytle, and Mr. Field. The grotesque and the humorous effects in the work of Mr. Caldwell and Mr. Faulkner spring from the same basic impulse that produces the most delicate lyrical perceptions in the work of Miss Roberts.

The last statement by Mr. Warren reminds one of an adverse criticism which is frequently registered against the so-called realistic work of a few Southern writers. For example, one story in *A Southern Harvest*, "The Guy in the Blue Overcoat" by Edward Anderson, contains some uninteresting samples of the language used by hoboes and bums; and "That Evening Sun" by William Faulkner contains the following passages from the point of view of a child like "I" in Sherwood Anderson's "I Want to Know Why":

. . . So the jailer heard the noise and ran up there and found Nancy [a negro woman] hanging from the window, stark naked, her belly already swelling out a little, like a little balloon. . . . Jesus was in the kitchen, sitting behind the stove, with his razor scar on his black face like a piece of dirty string. He said it was a watermelon that Nancy had under her dress.

'It never came off of your vine, though,' Nancy said.

' . . . I'd cut his head off and I'd slit her belly and I'd shove—'

To some readers such stories as this one by Mr. Faulkner and "He" by Katherine Anne Porter do not ring with sincerity, and the treatment of such degenerate characters is not interesting; but to other readers such stories are accepted as realistic treatments of Southern life. Indeed, Mr. Warren's volume impresses one with the tendency of Southern writers, collectively if not individually, to treat Southern life realistically, perhaps more realistically than the Southern writers of the nineteenth century presented the South. The degenerates, however, that are now featured in a certain type of lurid fiction were in existence in the South during the last half of the nineteenth century, and indeed have always existed in every age and in every region; but the writers of the nineteenth century correctly attached no great importance to the portrayal of them. Fortunately, Southern writers of the nineteenth century found material for their short stories in the healthy, normal life of Southern people. It is true that the life portrayed in the short stories of such writers as Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page is not ideal; but, on the other hand, the reader of the nineteenth century stories does not leave them with the feeling that the South

is populated by a race of degenerates, broken down aristocrats, and "poor white trash."

A *Southern Harvest* supplies the need of a volume to extend the collection of stories in Addison Hibbard's *Stories of the South: Old and New*, 1931. Professor Warren's collection is indispensable to the reader who needs examples of contemporary Southern short stories, but who does not have time to explore for himself the respectable body of short stories published by Southern authors during the past ten years.

—BEN GRAY LUMPKIN.

THE HARP THAT ONCE.—Tom Moore and the Regency Period. Howard Mumford Jones. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.50. 365 pp.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852) was the contemporary Englishman's idea of what an Irishman ought to be. On both sides of the Irish channel he was idolized, while Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley—all the Romantics, with the exception of Scott and Byron, whom posterity has pronounced great—were neglected. *Lalla Rookh* brought him, in advance, the greatest price publishers had ever paid for a single poem. Women of sensibility went faint and teary at reading his *Irish Melodies*, and swooned when they heard him sing them personally. In America Poe, still in his teens, modelled *Tamerlane*, his earliest considerable poetic effort, after him; and along with copies of *Childe Harold* and Owen Meredith's *Lucile*, a copy of *Lalla Rookh* was likeliest to be found on the marble-topped guest room table in genteel Southern homes.

Moore's laurels, already beginning to droop in his last years, withered completely when he died. Today his name and the memory of his glory are no more than nostalgic grace notes in the half dozen songs, like "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms" and "'Tis the last rose of summer," that have escaped the obscurity now shrouding his hundreds of other "Irish Melodies" and "National Airs."

*The Harp That Once*—is a literary biography, modestly definitive, written with one eye occasionally cocked at the general public but intended primarily for dilettantes and scholars. Aside from the duel with Jeffrey (immortalized in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*), there was nothing very amusing, spectacular, or attractive in Moore's private life. Mr. Jones, formerly professor of English here and now at Harvard, properly concentrates on the thing he does best, which is criticism of Moore's works—verse, biographies, political satire for the Whigs and Ireland, single novel, and one operetta. By sprinkling the withered laurels, not with rose water but with the plain, unspiced fresh water of honest criticism, he shows them to be not so lifeless as they appear. His quite reasonable defense of the once-lionized but now-obscure little Irishman is rather implied, laid stealthily stone by stone in his keen appraisal of the virtues (and balanced defects) of individual pieces, than thrown up dogmatically in thesis form. In fact the only thesis he states to cover the whole of Moore and his works is the incontestable one suggested ironically in Moore's own lines:

The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,  
As if that soul were fled,—  
So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

When his conclusions differ from those of such Moore

scholars as Stephen Gwynn and Arthur Symington, he generally does not stop to argue the point; he gives his opinion, together with the evidence supporting it, and leaves comparisons with other opinions up to the reader who may know of them. This is not formal scholarly procedure, but it is perfectly consistent with the prevailing modesty of his method, which is not formally definitive.

From the fact that his method of exposition is not formally definitive, it should not be inferred that his method of research has been anything but thoroughly scholarly. Thirty-two eight-point pages of footnotes indicate exhaustive exploitation of the not very numerous secondary and the even scarcer primary sources.

Students of Moore will find in the criticism of a distinguished scholar who is also something of a poet himself an essential addition to the small company of critical estimates of Moore. Students of other Romantic figures, particularly of Byron, Hunt, and Jeffrey, will find stimulation and valuable enlightenment in Mr. Jones' uncommonly well-done presentation of the literary, social, and political Regency background.

For the dilettante and the properly curious ordinary reader there are also attractions and rewards. The critical comments have sufficient appeal, even for the purely impressionistic reader of verse, to make them as interesting as leisurely trips, with an artistic guide, through the formerly gaudy, if now somewhat faded, palaces of a bygone age. Mr. Jones has, too, a sense of humor, sometimes mocking, sometimes rather sad, which he uses frequently but never strainedly. His style, although subject to considerable qualitative fluctuation, is far superior to that of the average literary biographer, and is often brilliant. His refusal to let anticipated shortcomings in the erudition of his general readers interfere with his phraseology and passing references somehow rather heightens than diminishes the readability of his book. Finally, his ability for synthesizing facts dulled by the dust of time, and imaginatively recreating characters and the life of a fascinating historical period, gives his book the action and changing color that make a biography a motion picture rather than an unwinking portrait. He has done a respectable part of what it is humanly possible to do in the way of conjuring Tom Moore's essentially ephemeral ghost.

—W. P. HUDSON.

AMERICA'S YESTERDAY. F. Martin Brown. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50. 289 pp.

For years archaeologists have studied and disputed the evidence of American pre-history. They have tried to determine how long man has inhabited this continent, from whence he came, what stage in human development he had reached when he arrived here, and even if he originated on the American continents. Though great strides have been made in American archaeology, these questions have yet to be answered to the complete satisfaction of students.

The study, although it has gone on for years, is young compared to its European counterpart. Too, it is more difficult. There is no great civilization now in existence which can trace its continued development back to early American foundations, as there are those which can go back to Rome, Athens or Egypt. Many records of America's past have been lost or destroyed and many more are as yet undecipherable. Still, much has been done, and is being done now, to throw light on the great mystery of our predecessors on this continent and on the other America to the south.

Most of what is known of the history of the Americas



before the European came to these shores is in the hands of students of the subject only. The average layman knows little or nothing about the history of these continents before Christopher Columbus' voyages of discovery. He knows, of course, that there were Indians here, even perhaps that there were fairly high civilizations in Mexico, Central and South America. But how many know that the Mayas had a calendar almost identical with the one we use today, and how many know that the first and only successful communistic state existed under the Incas of Peru?

It is for the layman and the beginning student that Professor F. Martin Brown has written *America's Yesterday*. He has attempted to give, without over-simplifying or becoming too technical, the story gathered from the archaeological finds.

The first three chapters of his book deal with the Most Ancient Man, the Basket Makers, and the Pueblos. He gives a brief survey of the present theories of man's prehistoric development and states his own theories of the length of time man has occupied America. His theory that man lived here well back into the glacial epoch is based on the discoveries of stone weapons and fossils of this geologic period. Using as his sources the archaeological finds and the present Indian customs, Professor Brown has drawn a vivid picture of the life of the Basket Makers and the Pueblos.

The next three chapters deal with the ancient civilizations in the valleys of Mexico. The author describes the tools, the customs, the arts, and the sacrificial religions of the Aztec and Maya peoples. Particular attention is given to their remarkable calendars, the most accurate by far of any known to have been in existence at the advent of the Europeans, and almost identical with the present Gregorian calendar, which was not adopted in our country until after 1700 A.D.

The next few chapters take up the lower Central and South American civilizations: the Chorotegas and Chibchas, the Early Peruvians and the Inca civilization, which was finally crushed by the Spanish conquerors. Especially interesting to the modern reader is Professor Brown's description of the communistic state of the Incas, in which all property belonged to the state and production was divided into thirds, one third going to the worker, one to the government, and one to the Inca. The Inca's third went back to the people to support the orphans, the aged, and the sick—all wards of the state.

The story is brought back to North America with a study of the Mound Builders, and is concluded with a discussion of America's contributions to civilization. The author draws interesting analogies between the three great systems of government found in ancient America—the Aztec autocracy, the Maya capitalistic system, and the Inca communistic dictatorship—and the governments of the world today.

Nearly every chapter in *America's Yesterday* is illustrated with some of the best plates of the sites and finds of early civilizations that have yet been published.

Professor Brown explains in his introduction to the bibliography his purpose in writing the book as two-fold: "to arouse an interest in American archaeology . . . touching only on those points that are of general interest; to stimulate the desire for further reading in the field by students of American history and just interested readers." In this reviewer's opinion the author has accomplished his purpose well. *America's Yesterday*, lacking in footnote and clear references, is no archaeological text for the advanced student; it is a popularization of the field for the layman, a popularization authentic and colorful and well worth reading. —ARNOLD BORDEN.

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## DR. HUXLEY AND MR. HYDE

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

light. Surely the abstract and sentimental doctrines of Lawrence could never have had any interest for Huxley in the early 'twenties. *The Olive Tree* was published only last summer and as his most recent work can bear further discussion. The book is a series of essays, each a clear, brilliant work in itself, on literary, ethical and scientific matters. These essays contain the profound learning so noticeable in all his books; but mixed with this is a reason for writing—an aim and an end. Here for the first time is there a definite effort to reach constructive conclusions. His earlier works, for the most part, were, as I have said before, merely protests against life, with no effort to solve any of the problems. There is then, it would seem, a hope that Huxley will finally write a novel with all the cleverness of *Point Counter Point* but with the added virtue of a constructive aim.

Don't think that I am advocating a return to the sentimental optimism of the Victorians. I am not. But I am saying that Huxley must find a gate through the wall and stop trying to break it down with his bare fists. G. K. Chesterton said, just before his death, that the moderns as we know them are gone, and a new semblance of order must arise from the futile and useless pessimism of the 'twenties. Huxley will, I hope, follow the new trend which Mr. Chesterton said is upon us; but if he doesn't won't we still find him vastly entertaining, keenly witty, charmingly destructive?

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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



*December, 1937*





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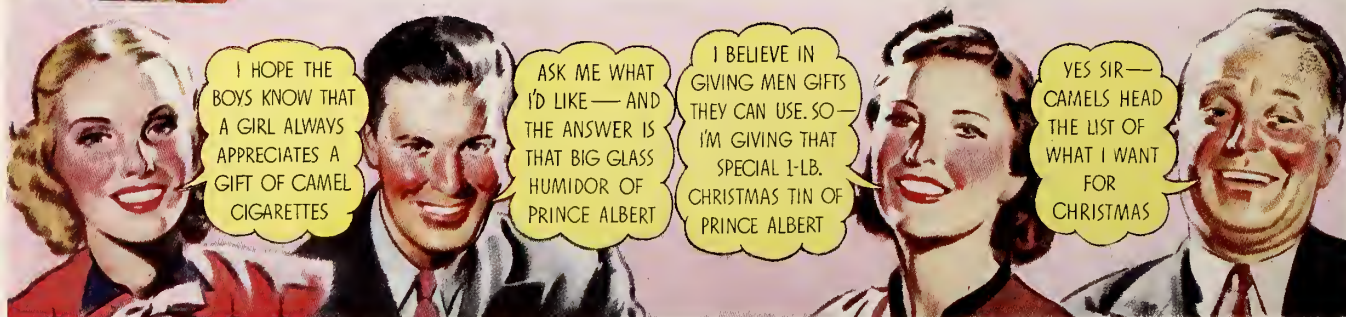


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COVER PHOTOGRAPH <i>Rudy Faircloth and Lane Barksdale</i>		CLEOMBROTUS IN LIMBO ..... 14 <i>Anonymous—Linoleum cut by Margaret Munch</i>
FRONTISPIECE ..... 2 <i>Margaret Munch</i>		EDITOR'S PRIVATE GALLEY ..... 18
CAROLINA GOES TO WAR..... 3 <i>Glenn Hutchinson</i>		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..... 19 <i>Len Rubin—initial letter by Margaret Munch</i>
FURTHER SONNETS ..... 8 <i>William Michaux</i>		SWING LINGO ..... 22 <i>Sam Hood</i>
DIRT FOR EVERYBODY ..... 9 <i>John Creedy</i>		GREENWICH VILLAGE BLUES—Light Sonnets..... 24 <i>Frank Durham</i>
THEY TELL ME TIME HAS A WAY..... 12 <i>Lynn Gault</i>		CURRENT LITERATURE ..... 25 Notes on the Novel as a Form, a review by Joe Horrell. Other reviews by W. P. Hudson, G. H. Foster, Nicholas C. Read.

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## Carolina Goes to War

*A Lesson from Campus History, 1915-1919*

THE WORLD today has a bad case of war nerves. Troubled by hostilities in China and Spain and the realization that another major conflict is not unlikely, it is definitely jittery. Carolina students right now are probably more jittery about final exams than about the prospect of war, but I have no doubt that in some spare moments they have stopped to ask themselves what would happen to them and to life at Chapel Hill if America should again go to war. In trying to answer that question let us examine the University's history and see what does happen when Carolina goes to war.

In 1861 Carolina men found within the plain blue covers of the April issue of the *University (Carolina) Magazine* this stirring call to arms:

Sound your bugles—mount your horses,  
Hasten to the battle field  
There to strew a thousand corpses  
Ere our dearest rights we yield.  
Hear ye not the tumult rising  
From the gory field afar  
Where our comrades, freedom prizing,  
Brave their foes in direful war?

... As a band of brothers brave,  
Though a Union's ties we sever,  
We must die or Freedom have.

A majority of Carolina's 376 students heeded the call and went to the field. So many left that the remaining students petitioned the president to close the university, but it was kept open throughout the war. Six of the fourteen faculty members volunteered, the rest being clergymen or too old for service. In 1864 there were only nine seniors in a class that had numbered sixty-eight four years earlier. Of these, two had seen hard service in the army, two had enlisted, two had substitutes, one

was under age and one was permanently disabled. Five of the fifteen members of the junior class were killed in action, and sixteen out of twenty-four men in the sophomore class joined the army. The tablets in Memorial Hall remind us of the 312 students and alumni who were killed or died in service in the Confederate Army. All together 1,062 Carolina men fought under the Stars and Bars.

According to one historian the Spanish-American war, although it had the overwhelming approval of students and faculty members, "scarce produced a ripple in our University circles . . . they had such confidence in the superior power of our government that they were content to stay at home and rejoice over our victories."

### II.

Carolina's earlier war traditions came to fruition in the World War. Like a cyclone, which in the distance causes little concern, but which creates wild excitement as it comes closer, the war finally burst upon the campus in full force, enveloping its entire life, tearing up established precedents and rooting up the planned curriculum, only to pass on after the Armistice, leaving a changed and bewildered university to readjust itself to its normal life.

The peace sentiment which was manifest in many parts of the nation during 1915 and 1916 was reflected at Carolina when such outspoken advocates of peace as Alfred Noyes, the English poet, and William Jennings Bryan were invited to speak here. Addressing more than 1500 persons in Memorial Hall in November, 1915, Bryan denounced preparedness and jingoistic newspapers and pleaded for America to stay out of the conflict. "If the dogs in Europe won't stop fighting, don't let us get hydrophobia over here," he urged.

GLENN HUTCHINSON, graduate student in economics and former newspaper reporter, went through files of old Tar Heels and MAGAZINES to discover what happened to pre-war Carolina pacifists when America joined the Allies. What may happen to members of present-day student peace organizations is hinted.

"If we ever have a war I think that the jingo editors ought to be put on the front line and be allowed the glory of dying before anyone else. You can no more judge the sentiments of a peace loving nation by the ravings of the jingo editors than you can measure the depth of the ocean by the foam on its wave."

Carolina was destined, however, to fall in behind the jingo editors rather than behind Bryan's banner of peace and unpreparedness. In January, 1917, 344 students signed a petition asking that military training be given; and by the close of March more than 500 men were receiving military instruction, the space behind South Building being lighted to allow night drilling.

Two weeks after the United States declared war, the companies gave their first exhibition drill, and the late President Edward Kidder Graham spoke to more than 1,000 persons in Memorial Hall. "The single thought of the University is to coöperate in every intelligent way with the government," he said. "To this end it offered several weeks ago its all—every resource and equipment, means and men. It organized military training under competent instruction, and complied with the requirements for a Reserve Officers Training Corps. . . . Our larger task is peace; our immediate task is war. There is now no alternative for a Christian democracy."

A week later the faculty adopted a resolution "strongly favoring" the draft, and voted to give full credit to students who went to Camp Oglethorpe without finishing the term. The same week a Carolina man won the state peace oratorical contest, declaring that "America has taken the first step toward international peace by entering the war." The final issue of the *Tar Heel* that year announced that Secretaries Daniels and Baker were to be commencement orators and that the final week of the year was to be a period of patriotic celebration.

### III.

By the next fall the crescendo of patriotic fervor was louder, but it had not yet begun to scream as it did later. A streamer head in the first issue of the *Tar Heel* announced that the University had formally introduced military training, and a smaller one declared that varsity football would be cancelled due to the war. A choice bit of jingoistic writing was the following: "When the first gun from the Land of Freedom sends its first

valentine to the Boche, the Stars and Stripes will wave over many Carolina men acting as officers in the new national army. Carolina traditions have been nobly upheld by all her students and alumni . . . and all join in praise of the Old North State and its schools and colleges for the part they have played in giving of their youth and manhood." Another story announced the fact that the University was unfortunate in losing eleven faculty members who had been called to the colors, among whom was "F. P. Graham, A.M., Assistant Professor of History."

Under this headline, "Universities and Schools over the Country Have Slapped the Boche," the *Tar Heel* carried a story on American universities and the war. President Lowell of Harvard was quoted as saying "I am not sorry but proud that forty per cent of Harvard University has gone to war." Colleges and universities throughout the nation were placing their dormitories, laboratories, faculty and students at the service of the government.

University Day was celebrated in grand style in 1917 with military exercises and an address by the Governor of North Carolina. Standing on the steps of Alumni Building President Graham spoke briefly of the Carolina men who had volunteered. "The bitterness of having them taken is swiftly lost in the larger happiness of giving them and in the gallant fashion of their going," he said. Governor Bickett declared the United States "went in because it could no longer afford to stay out and preserve its self-respect. In this war despotism, autocracy, socialism, aristocracy, are all passed into the melting pot, and the thing that will come out will rule the world for years to come. If by any chance Germany should win, the ideals of Prussianism would hold the master hand of civilization. On the other hand, if the Allies triumph, war will come no more upon this earth. . . . The State of North Carolina expects you men to so order your power that when the call comes, you will say, 'Here am I, send me.'"

Carolina had her bonfires and pep rallies then, but instead of being "Beat-Duke" rallies they were "Beat-Germany" rallies. The fourth Liberty Loan drive was launched with a huge bonfire in front of the post-office, and the battalion paraded through the streets. Chapel Hill was apportioned \$39,000 and students and faculty members were urged to "let our dollars fight for



things worth while." The following verses, entitled "Buy and By," appeared in the *University Magazine* at the time the drive was launched:

Let's down the Kaiser in a sea of consternation  
Let's show him how our money can fight  
Let's buy a bond, and buy and buy  
Let's do all this as our part, and then, by and by  
Let's enjoy our freedom—and watch old Kaiser die.

As a part of their realistic war training the student-soldiers dug trenches near the Raleigh road, complete with barbed-wire, dug-outs and all the trimmings. There they practiced trench warfare, staged mock engagements, practiced bomb throwing and layed down barrages of artillery. They even had the local Red Cross chapter serving them coffee and doughnuts "up at the front." But the boys didn't stay in the trenches. The whole town of Chapel Hill was the scene of mock street fighting and military maneuvers on a grand scale. One of the "pitched battles" occurred in the arboretum late one evening, a fact that ought to emphasize how no phase of campus life was exempt from the impact of the war.

Throughout all the war activities of the University there was a clear and penetrating note of idealism. That of the faculty and administration was portrayed in the numerous speeches of the president, and that of the students was well expressed by the editors of the *Tar Heel* and *Magazine* in Thanksgiving editorials in 1917. Said the *Tar Heel*, "We give thanks that we are free to give and to fight for that which is best in the world; that we are not led by a ruthless government into a shameless struggle but that we unselfishly, may 'dedicate our lives and all that we have' to the greatest ideals—that we may lay down our lives and give our all for even the least of these in order that the world may at last become a better place in which to live and that all mankind may have the glorious privilege of peace, freedom, and justice, and that men may at last be brothers." And the *Magazine*, "We give thanks that we are privileged to know that 'the right is more precious than peace,' that we are fighting 'for the things that we have always carried nearest to our hearts, for democracy . . . for the rights and liberties of small nations, for the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.'"

#### IV.

One searches the University publications vainly for any expression of cynicism, of questioning, of opposition to the war. The only hint of anything but the "theirs not to question why" attitude was that expressed by a student in "The Range-finder," a magazine published by students in English 21, who commented on "the greedy grafters" who were getting rich off war contracts. President Wilson's admonition not to "mention patriotism and profits in the same breath," his eloquent appeals which were quoted by University speakers and reproduced in the University publications, the terrific stream of war propaganda which poured in upon the campus caught up the University life and swept it irresistibly into the main channel of the war.

One writer in the *Magazine* declared, "A single purpose should actuate us all. The war is on. Our individual views of its necessity or expediency, our views of its futility or its efficacy as a means of establishing the principles for which we contend must for its duration be subordinated to a united effort in order to achieve a complete victory."

By December, 1917, the University was completely enveloped by war hysteria and began to scream and beat its breast. Some of the most piercing of these cries came from the pages of the *Magazine*. The leading feature of the December issue was a poem, "Christmas in London," which referred to the Germans as

. . . The damned carrion crows, foul hook-billed  
kites  
That tear young children's flesh, and women's  
hearts,  
These unseen, brooding vultures wing their flight  
And leave behind a heap of jumbled slain.

And while poor English mothers kneel and wail  
A glorious sound has risen from the west:  
A land of freedom, love and liberty  
Has waked her might, and sends to all the world  
A thund'rous cry that shakes the hellish hearts  
Of that foul ruler and his craven crew,  
Who hear the sound that shakes the boldest heart:  
The cry I come, I come to slake thy woe  
I come to help thee free a war sick world  
To stop the maddened screams of tortured men.  
To help thee in the cause of all mankind  
To help the world itself at last be free.

An appeal to the patriot's pocketbook in the

form of a poem by John Kendrick Bangs, republished from *Life*, appeared in the *Tar Heel*:

I do not mind the Movie-tax  
They laid on patriotic backs.  
With purest joy each extra cent  
By yours sincerely will be spent,  
Since every penny goes to slug  
Von Hindenburg's ungodly mug.

For eight per cent on Railroad Fares  
What patriotic human cares  
A tinker's ding, if so he knows  
The extra store of shekels goes  
To give the Potsdam Gang the boot  
And bang the Crown Prince on the snoot!

The powerful appeal of religion was added to that of patriotism. In delivering the McNair lectures in May, 1917, Dr. Shailer Matthews, dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, chose as his subject "Patriotism and Religion." Said the *Tar Heel*, "Dr. Matthews gave a vivid picture of a young man's love for his native land, defining Patriotism as loyalty to country and to national institutions. A counterpart of Religion is the sacrifice and devotion of the men and women of the nation in Arms." War waged in defense of Christian ideals is just, he told the students. At about the same time the *Tar Heel* was urging students to "Go to Berlin by way of Blue Ridge," the summer "Y" conference center.

"To Win War Keynote of U. N. C. Activities" was a *Tar Heel* headline in May, 1918. "To give its utmost to the war for democracy has been the shining light in the achievement of the University during the past year," began the story, which summarized the work of the University in the war.

The height of patriotic fervor was reached in the fall of 1918, when the University ceased to be a university and became a government camp, the Students Army Training Corps taking over the campus, lock, stock and barrel. The 750 Carolina men in the Corps were part of 150,000 men in 500 American colleges who were inducted into the organization at the beginning of the fall term.

When Lt. G. W. S. Stevens of the U. S. Army moved his military headquarters into the Sigma Chi fraternity house and took charge of the SATC, he really took charge of the University, for the student body and the SATC were practically the same thing. Military terminology and regulations were the order of the day. The dor-

mitories were referred to as barracks, Swain Hall was known as the mess hall, and Memorial Hall became the Armory.

The old liberal arts curriculum was thrown out, class lines were abolished, and military training was the paramount consideration, with each student's course being arranged to fit him for some branch of the service. Students were grouped by ages instead of classes, and eleven hours of military training and three recitation hours in the study of the issues involved in the war were required. These classes in War Issues were the largest of any in the University.

A course in military French was added by the French department, and other departments changed their courses or added new ones, until the University was prepared to train students for the infantry, field artillery, heavy artillery, air service, ordnance and quartermaster service, engineer corps, signal corps, chemical warfare service, motor transport and truck service, naval service and marine corps.

President Graham was regional director of the SATC for the South Atlantic States; and twenty-six members of the faculty donned the uniform, among them J. Henry Johnston, of the Education Department, who "made the supreme sacrifice overseas."

University men were ready to offer not only their lives but also their money to the cause. More than \$25,000 was subscribed, by SATC students and members of the naval unit, to the Fourth Liberty Loan. The YMCA, which was known as the Army and Navy Y, was completely dominated by war purposes, giving up its Negro work and other activities to raise \$8,000 for war service and to devote its attention to the welfare of the student-soldiers.

Students were so preoccupied with war preparations that the local moving picture theater had to close because of lack of patronage. One enthusiastic student writer even urged his school-mates "to practice asceticism at times" to build up their self-control so they could become good soldiers.

Summarizing the war work of the University, the *Tar Heel* of October 9, 1918, declared Carolina men were "doing their best to crush Kaiserism." It pointed out, in addition to other activities outlined above, that the University Extension Service had been an effective means of reaching the people of the state and encouraging them to support the war. More than 100,000 citizens



heard lectures on war subjects by members of the faculty, 75,000 war information leaflets were sent to North Carolina homes, and the war editions of the University News Letter reached a weekly circulation of 15,000.

V.

By the end of the war 2,240 alumni and students were in the service, and fifty-six names were on the University's casualty list. Of these, fifteen had been killed in action, eighteen had died of disease and twenty-three had been wounded. Three Carolina men were cited for bravery.

The Armistice pricked the distended balloon of war fervor on the campus, and rapidly eased the tension. By December the SATC had been demobilized, and there was general rejoicing that the strenuous military life could be left behind and the University resume its normal life. One student declared the University should require every student to loaf at least two hours a day, shine his shoes only once a week, and not mention the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4 except in math class. The winter quarter of 1919 found the curriculum back to normal, the war mania receding and the University embarking on a new period of endeavor.

Since that time the University has followed the natural tendency of reaction against the war, and a tradition of peace-mindedness has grown up in contrast to earlier war traditions. Instead of supporting militarism, the "Y" is propagandizing for peace, President Graham was one of the sponsors for the Emergency Peace Campaign, and students and faculty alike have joined in condemning war.

But what of the future? Will another war sweep these fledgling peace traditions into the discard and fan into a blaze the smouldering war traditions that lie deeply imbedded in the University's history? The University with its present liberal traditions could be a powerful influence in keeping America from taking another fateful step; but once the United States declares war, Carolina's dove of peace would more than likely

be smashed against the wall by the iron fist of militarism and the University repeat her war history on a grander scale than ever before.

Any University president who dared oppose the government after she had declared war would remain president only long enough for the governor to sign an order. Any faculty member who opposed it would cease to be a faculty member, and any student who refused to get into uniform would become a candidate for graduation with honors from Leavenworth or a concentration camp. The University is too organic a part of the state to expect anything else. With its dormitories, laboratories, faculty, students, press, and extension service, it would be too valuable an instrument for the prosecution of the war to allow it to be used for any other purpose.

The plans worked out by the army for the immediate mobilization of the nation's industrial and human resources in case of war leave little doubt as to what would happen to both persons and institutions in the event of conflict. Recent press releases from Washington have pointed out how the plan would provide for the enlistment of 500,000 soldiers during the first sixty days of hostilities, how industry would immediately be put under control of the war ministry and how all phases of American life would immediately be "conscripted." The government would immediately assume control of all means of communication, including the press, radio and moving pictures; and every man, woman and child would be told what to do and how quickly to do it.

Both Carolina's past and the nation's plan for the future seem to point to the inevitable conclusion that if America again goes to war, Carolina will go to war. And after that happens any opposition will be about as effective as a speech advocating the abolition of intercollegiate athletics delivered to a Carolina student body yelling "Go, Go, Go," when the Tar Heels have the ball on Duke's nine-yard line.

*I think this form  
that I am and you are  
must be the expression  
of a black plot  
among little gyrating atoms  
to become more aware  
of their own mad dance.*

—ALMON BARBOUR.

## William Michaux

### Further Sonnets

#### *Dream-Song*

*Lie still; let not the shadowed rays disturb  
The deep-reflective yearning in your face;  
Let not the fickle moonspun leaf-dance curb  
The longing unenclosed by time or space.  
Up to the moon somehow—away, away!  
Out past the mortal orbs that still enmesh  
The body with their sights, and still betray  
A new-born soul unto its dying flesh.  
And yet again, lie still beneath night's veil,  
And so lament the drear Icarian lot  
Of those whom moondreams lure thus, past the  
pale  
Of earth-life real, to visions that are not.  
And finally, lie still, heeding the call  
Rich from the deep of love, life's all-in-all!*

#### *Fatality*

*A frog's tongue darted snakelike from his mouth  
And drowned a gadfly in its viscid goo.  
A pine just at the zenith of its growth  
Fell crashing, split by lightning half in two.  
An epoch's greatest scientist, who could  
Have mellowed the lore of humanity,  
Met death unrecognized. A babe, who would  
Have climaxed his work, died in poverty.  
A building full-teeming with human life,  
Brisk with the animation of each dot,  
Exploded, leaving nothing but a knife  
Of echoed thunder slashing calmness. But  
In spite of all this, everything went on  
And on and on, and on and on and on.*

#### *Two Poets*

*To hear the silence thundering in the night,  
And the whispered music of tree-loving winds;  
To grasp the texture of a cloud's blue flight,  
Or forge a cosmos where a river bends;  
To caress the throat of life, and keep serene  
Integrity of touch with mankind's pulse;  
To know his tragic tears, and learn to glean  
Truth from the stuff lifestrangers label false;  
Out of the Faustian transiency to garble  
The fragmentary moment, and reveal  
Wounded time's impotence in glottic marble  
By fashioning the fleet into the real,  
A something that is no mere season's toy—  
This is the poet's undissembled joy.*

*Yet sings another poet (spirit-torn  
Even to the fountainhead) whose entity  
Endures in darkness, where is found no morn,  
To give true voice to his deep-welling cry—  
Striving with self-fired passion to achieve  
Amidst unpatterned turbulence a way  
To grasp the world, to speak a word, to leave  
His own lifemark on universal clay—  
Faltering not, though he be ever sure  
That death lives in the clay of everything;  
That to be molded is not to endure;  
That beauty, with the rest, meets perishing  
And sinks, bitter and yet triumphantly,  
Ere clay can firm, in an all-devouring sea.*



# Dirt for Everybody

## *And How the League Could Clean It Up*

Women's associations since the beginning of time have—except when interrupted by a war, at which time they become the most surprisingly warlike bodies—been wholeheartedly for peace. That is, they have “made statements” and passed “resolutions” to the effect that “war is horrible and should be done away with.” And they have without exception whole-heartedly believed that they were “doing their little bit” towards world peace. The trouble is, of course, they weren't. They were talking to thin air, and though their programs and discussions may have been “very stimulating” (in the words of the society editor next morning) they got absolutely nowhere. This is the plight of most “peace” organizations today.

It is not that they are insincere; their only trouble is that they find it so much better and easier to talk and “do” than to think. They cannot see that merely getting up and saying they are against war is almost worse than useless. If all the women in America (and let us by no means leave out the “peaceful” men) were to get up tomorrow and say war is horrible and that it must be abolished, it would not make the slightest difference, because they would only be agreeing on something that is just one of those universal trite truths. How well we remember some of Hitler's speeches in which the Fuehrer denounces war in terms that I personally do not think any “peaceful” man or woman in the United States could even hold a candle to.

“Peace,” say the men, “Peace,” say the women, “War is hell, to hell with war,” says the Y. M. C. A.—no doubt they are right. Who has ever disputed them?

There is something of primary importance that as far as I can see has been almost entirely left out. We have been slightly hysterical about Peace and as a result we have become short-sighted. War after all—putting it in the place where it belongs—is only one of a number of evils in the

world that must be eliminated. In order to show how impossible it is to get anywhere without a definite world economic planning of some sort and in order to show how utterly impossible it is to expect any sort of permanent (or for that matter, temporary) security before the fundamental difficulties have been removed, it is only necessary to look at a few facts. We can controvert the arguments of the isolationist and at the same time prove the necessity for coöperation.

### II

It is the nature of the capitalistic system to be expansive, dynamic. Under a system where the techniques of distribution do not make it possible for the people of the United States to absorb all the products of agriculture and industry, isolation is impossible. Approximately ten per cent of the United States' movable output is exported. If these exports were done away with the following large sections of the economic population of the country would be ruined:

1. Cotton planters in Texas
2. Tobacco growers in Virginia
3. Wheat producers in Western States
4. The oil industry

This is of course only what would happen at home. Abroad, America's stake in Europe is quite spectacular. Trade amounts to \$1,760,348,000 yearly and long term investments total \$3,349,000,000, to say nothing at all of some 85,000 American lives which would have to be taken care of a little more efficiently than was done in the case of American residents in China, recently. And then trade with China amounts yearly to \$76,131,000. Trade with Japan is of course enormous. Without raw cotton, wood pulp, oil, iron, steel, scrap iron, it is difficult to understand how Japan would carry on. In fact she wouldn't.

There is too the other side of the picture. The United States depends for the smooth-running of

|| JOHN CREEDY, in spite of Tar Heel proof-reading, celebrates more frequently than he celebrates. His most recent carding and celebration bring us an outline of a new conception of the League's place in world affairs. ||

her industries on importing the following indispensable materials:

Rubber: from Dutch East Indies and British Malaya

Raw silk: from Japan

Manila hemp: from Philippine Islands

To understand American influence on the world as a whole we must consider that:

U. S. monetary policy directly affects conditions all over the world.

U. S. tariff policy, and the resultant flow (in recent times) of gold from Europe to America, has done much to strangle international trade and sharpen economic distress in the countries which have lost the metal.

U. S. commodity prices determine to a large extent the price levels of other countries.

And of course all these facts have their repercussions on the economy of the United States.

It is easy to imagine what would happen if America were to adopt a severe economic isolation policy. "It would require the separation of the world into two spheres: ourselves and everybody else. Everybody else is doomed. We are constitutionally different. We are immune. The forces at work elsewhere do not operate with us."<sup>1</sup>

"One of the best illustrations of economic planning applied internationally was furnished by the International Labor Office Textile Conference which met in Washington in 1937. Despite its very high tariff protection, the textile industry is one of the least prosperous because of the wide difference in costs of production and labor standards between nations.

"Consequently, the I. L. O. decided to call a conference of twenty-two textile countries, each country to be represented by four delegates. One of its most notable achievements was the acceptance in principle of the forty hour week."<sup>2</sup>

Of course all this is not very spectacular, mainly because nations as now constituted lack the ability to coöperate really effectively. But it is clear that through the International Labor Office or some such body definite agreements must be reached if we are to have a stable world economy.

But give the isolationist his fair chance. There are two ways in which economic self-sufficiency can be obtained. Both of these methods entail the over-throw of the present system. First we could

make the country socialistic and thus do away with the old itch for economic imperialism. And second we could turn back the clock to the time when Capitalism was in its earliest phase and relatively self-sufficient. I doubt, however, if either of these methods would meet with the approval of the people of the United States.

And what about other countries not nearly so rich and comfortably situated as the United States? Italy, who cannot produce enough coal, can produce no oil, hardly any copper, no tin, no rubber, only half enough wool, no cotton and no phosphate; Germany, whose resources include enough coal but very little oil, copper, wool and phosphate, and absolutely no rubber, tin or cotton? What about these? Unless someone invents substitutes for these materials and thus changes the whole face of things, is it not obvious that world economic planning is absolutely essential for the efficient utilization of world resources—to be held, perhaps, in common? Why worry about Germany's and Italy's problems? As we have shown, the capitalistic system is so inter-dependent that the well-being of these nations redounds materially to the well-being of all nations.

The necessity for world economic planning is shown concretely by the growing tendency among private concerns in different countries to enter into agreements which amount to international monopolies. The International Tin Committee, including practically all tin producing countries which belong to either British or Dutch empires, has succeeded in practically doubling the price of tin within three years. It is clear what effect the growth of this sort of thing will have on nations that process neither resources nor the ability to purchase them at very high prices.

### III

By the turn of the century the United States had built up her industry to the point where prosperity depended to a large extent on foreign markets. Out of this arose a two-fold foreign policy. The "Open Door Policy," in China for instance, permitted the maximum of trade. And "Freedom of the Seas" was obviously essential to the security of American trade. Further than this and perhaps most important, America was at this time "finding herself" as a nation. Prestige was beginning to mean as much to her as it did to some European powers—hence her large navy.

As a result of the World War, America's foreign policy has definitely shifted. Whereas in

<sup>1</sup> Theodore Draper in *New Masses*, November 23, 1937.

<sup>2</sup> *Peaceful Change—an Alternative to War*. Foreign Policy Association. 1937.



1917 she was willing to go to war for freedom of the seas and the open door, today these are beginning to mean less and less, and the country as a whole is beginning to have more confidence in the pipe dream of isolation. Secretary Stimson on January 11, 1932, by implication made the trend towards isolation more pronounced when he said that the United States "shall recognize no territorial arrangement not obtained by peaceful means, nor the validity of an occupation or acquisition of territory brought about by armed force."

"Although it was very clear at the time Stimson made his celebrated announcement that Japan meant to close the door to any but her own trade in Manchuria, the United States no longer proposed to prevent its closing by force of arms, but was content to refrain from 'recognising' it. And there wasn't any question of assisting China with supplies, as pre-War principles would have demanded."<sup>3</sup>

Another step was taken at the Italo-Ethiopian crisis. Congress decided to send supplies of certain war materials to both belligerents, and to restrict trade in other commodities—treating, then, both belligerents alike. "If we are faced with the choice of profits or peace," said President Roosevelt, "we choose peace."

This, it is quite clear, is a complete reversal of the policy of trading freely and as much as possible with any and every nation. But it doesn't really matter whether or not a policy has been reversed; except that, it is clear, the present policy is economic planning. It is not economic planning in the right direction—economic nationalism which "isolationism" fosters is, I have attempted to show, both impossible and detrimental to the well-being of the country—but the fact remains that it is economic planning. The principle has already been accepted. It is the object of the rest of this article to attempt a short exposition of what immediately can and must be done.

#### IV

Presupposing that the League of Nations will henceforth cease to be controlled by certain "top" nations for their own ends, the first step must be filling the empty chairs around the table. The United States, long used to making clarion calls for others to act, and longer used to getting something for nothing, must realize her responsibilities not in terms of responsibilities to other countries but in terms of responsibilities to her own

people. It is worthy of note that since the change of policy which followed the war and catered to the growing belief in isolation, the navy, army and air force have been continually enlarged. The armed forces of the United States now stand at a figure considerably in advance of what is actually necessary for national defense. Since the United States no longer believes in "Freedom of the Seas" it is a little difficult to understand exactly what the huge and ever-growing armaments are for. It is clear, however, that if the United States decided to reverse her present policy, she could do so at any moment.

Since it is obviously better to have a nation—however much we may distrust her domestic system—arguing with us over a conference table than across barbed wire entanglements, we must (all democratic nations must) show a little more tolerance, and stop moralizing, as President Roosevelt did at Chicago, about "certain nations being for peace and certain other nations irretrievably for war" and therefore badly in need of "quarantining." It gives one the uncomfortable feeling that if Roosevelt can "hate," are we really so much better than "those terrible nazis?"

"The new League must give up the practice of opening peace negotiations only as they arise out of some isolated crisis or some explosive breach of law, such as the occupation of the Rhineland. It is obviously impossible to find a road to a general security by snatching feverishly at each crisis.

"Governments must desist from the traditional belief that the most expedient procedure is to select some one subject or some dangerous geographical area, and try to solve one isolated difficulty, proceeding then to the next. The attempts to discuss Raw Materials in isolation from Colonies and Mandates, is an illustration of this technique. All subjects—especially in the case of discussions with Germany—must find their inclusion in one common Agenda—Colonies. Territorial readjustments, economic cooperation, the removal of trade restrictions, access to raw materials, migration and finally the consideration of the League Covenant itself must have this comprehensive approach."<sup>4</sup>

In other words, the new League must not content itself with studying and "disposing" of little sections of the whole picture one at a time; but must consider the whole thing. Governments and public opinion might after all, be induced to con-

<sup>4</sup> Lord Allen of Hurtwood. "A Constructive Peace Policy." *Contemporary Review*. June, 1937.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Freund. *Zero Hour*. Oxford. 1937.

sider favourably concessions in trade and territory, if they were convinced that these would be a part of a general and final settlement; whereas they might not consider them at all as isolated bargains.

The new League, of course, would take into full account the psychology of certain nations—in fact the psychology of all nations. We are confronted by the rather confusing picture of Germany, who really does need raw materials, attempting to resolve her shortage by demanding that certain of her former colonies in East Africa be returned. And yet these colonies are not particularly rich in raw materials and, the Cameroons especially, are not very suitable for European settlement. Japan, whose main cry in 1932 was population pressure, has actually admitted more Manchurians to Japan than the number of Japanese who have migrated to Manchuria. Presented with this baffling situation we are bound to conclude

that what Japan and Germany want *first* is something purely psychological—prestige. And the population pressure and “raw materials” are (immediately, at any rate) secondary to the satisfaction of this desire for national prestige.

Just as important, any League of Nations would have to consider the fear, on the part of democratic nations, of Fascism and Communism as such.

The new technology then, which demands the world-wide distribution of mass production, but which, under the present economic nationalism, tends to limit the power to consume in the hands of a few states, must be resolved, through the League of Nations or some other body yet to be conceived, to the point where regulation of international monopolies, provision of equality of access to raw materials and finished products, the raising of labor and living standards, disarmament, and a host of other things become both possible and practicable.

## Lynn Gault

# They Tell Me Time Has a Way

### *Hymn Song*

“Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature, O Thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor, Thou, my soul’s glory, joy and Crown. Fair are the meadows.” Essie was no longer trying to sit up straight in the stiff-backed pew, but was floating down into the low pasture lot. The cows had just come through the creek. The water was muddied, and the ragged teasels of the bank were bent or broken. A bunch of crushed pennyroyal sent up an odor that was pungent and green and good. “Fairer still the woodlands . . .” She danced up the rise and tumbled into the grove of limy beech. It was beautiful, beautiful like a picture. Someone had carved initials on one of the trees. She could read although it was almost grown over.

A. G.—T. H.

1878

in a heart. A leaf drifted down. “Robed in the blooming garb of spring . . .” It wasn’t fall, then,

as she had thought, so she changed the woods from sponge cake gold to a soft green like tender growing things. “Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer . . .” She somehow doubted that first one; there could be nothing more beautiful than their woodlot. “Who makes the woeful heart to sing . . .” That she could accept. She, herself, had been very sad—woeful would be such a nice way to say it—when Uncle Dave had backed the spring wagon over the little black kitten. But shortly after his promise to get her another, she had caught herself singing a little song. Perhaps Uncle Dave wasn’t Jesus, but she strongly suspected there was some similarity. She couldn’t make up her mind whether, when she grew up, she wanted to paint beautiful pictures for everyone to see and admire, or to marry a man just like Uncle Dave. She supposed she’d have to wait. “Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling, starry host, Jesus shines brighter . . .” The sun was coming in the high curved-top win-

LYNN GAULT is a Jack-of-all-arts. He plays queer musical instruments, sings, acts, paints, and writes verse, fiction, and drama. We think he is best at the social art, however: within twelve hours of receiving an editorial S.O.S., he sent us the sketch printed above.



dows now and making a dazzling spot of the opened hymn book page. "Jesus shines purer, Than all the angels Heaven can boast."

II

*The Martin House*

Old Dud Eli leaned over the edge of the store porch to spit.

"Wal, them martins is back agin already. Seems like they's more of 'em 'n I seen last year."

A circle of purple wings wreathed the martin house on top of its pole. Twelve stories high, with tiny roofs for each entrance and ginger-breaded eaves, it was easily the most elegant building around. The martins didn't seem to mind its lack of paint; they wheeled about it and settled on its roof with delighted calls.

The martin house stood in the center of the crossroads. Ocassionally some "smart-aleck" would catch a wheel on it when he tried to turn his buggy too sharply. Aunt Olive Johnson was spilled from her buggy at its base once and found herself sitting in the dust surrounded by petticoats and the guffaws from the store porch sitters. But the martin house usually wasn't in the way.

No one paid any attention to Old Eli so he repeated his observation. This time Red Aaron grunted but continued to pare his finger nails.

"Ain't a gittin' yer nails prettied up fer the weddin', are you? Doggone, it'd take a heap of prettyin' 'fore any bride'd let you kiss her."

"What weddin' you mean?"

"Why, Essie May Snyder. Yer workin' fer the Squire, seems like you'd know all about his daughter gittin' hitched."

"I do know. There ain't goin' to be no weddin'." He paused and gazed critically at his nails.

The birds, suddenly frightened by something, scattered like chips from a well-driven axe, but the men on the porch didn't notice them.

"Doggone, well I'm damned. I never did trust the looks of that Rance feller . . . what was his name? Dave, wasn't it?" And he leaned over to spit before hearing the rest of the details.

III

*Lover's Wreath*

A wisp of lover's wreath, vining on a cord, swayed like a mist along the porch. I sat with my feet on the cold stone steps and dug little bits of rotten wood from the boards on the floor.

Aunt Essie straightened the antimacassar on the rocker and sat down, pushing back her hair with a small circular comb as she did it.

The porch posts were set up several inches from the floor on iron pins, and a spider had webbed the open space beneath two of them. I gingerly broke the web to send him scurrying for safety.

"The valley's pretty, ain't it?"

I looked up. "Uhuh."

The moon was coming up, red and fresh, and we could see just the top of it, like a paring of a finger nail, over the locust grove by Henley's.

"I always liked the woodlot best in the daytime, but the valley's prettier at night."

"I like it all the time," I said.

"Night sort of shuts out the things you don't want to see, though, and leaves only the pretty things. Them ragweeds along the lane look like real pretty sweet-shrubs now."

I'm afraid I looked at her rather strangely.

"Do you like living alone?" I asked.

"Why, child, I'm not alone . . . when you're here."

"I know but when I go home . . ."

"Don't you start worrying about that. That's a long time off. Are you watching the moon?"

It was now a huge golden ball that rested on the tops of the locust trees looking for all the world like your Christmas-stocking orange, much, much too large to be true . . . until you've eaten it.

"It looks like pictures, doesn't it, Aunt Essie?"

"Like pictures." She nodded her head.

"You used to paint pictures, didn't you? When you were young?"

"Yes, some."

"Do you ever draw them anymore?"

"Not for a long, long time."

"Why don't you?"

She laughed very lightly. "Land, I've no time now for such."

"Why don't you take time?"

She didn't answer me and we were silent for a long time. The katy-dids began to sing. The fire-flies were thick down over the calamus swamp.

"Someday I'm going to paint pictures," I said, "pictures of mountains, and Indians, and ships."

"Ships . . . that would be nice."

"Yes," I said.

The next morning Aunt Essie took me up the steep little stairway . . . it had red ingrain carpet on the steps . . . to the spare bedroom. She carried a chair into the closet, took down a dusty shoe-box from the top shelf, and gave it to me. In it were her oil paints. Some of the tubes were sticky with gum like the plum trees in the old orchard, and their caps wouldn't come off, but I loved them.

## Cleombrotus in Limbo



I had been watching all the night  
My eyes wide open in the dull lamplight.  
My head bent towards the unpaved street  
I had been watching my life run into the bowl.  
Watching but not waiting,  
Waiting but not willing,  
I sat, my body chilling  
In the filling of the bowl.

Then suddenly came a moment  
Of smallest duration,  
A still clear moment  
Producing in me a still clear sensation.  
And I spent my last half a breath,  
My so small vigor,  
To wince at the oncoming cessation.  
In the midst of the feeling,  
Before coldness was upon me,  
I saw a man down upon the road  
Toting a basket of crockery.  
He beckoned from the unpaved way.  
As so much mockery  
It came to me that I could not move.  
Yet, I did.  
The knob of the door  
Chilled to my touch.  
I was cold to the floor  
With a coldness such  
As no man knows.  
I met him on the roadway  
In the lateness of the night.  
He was alone.  
His basket was gone  
And he was ready to go.  
Without speaking we started out together.  
There was no moon  
Though the way was bright.  
The cracked clay road of the day  
Was pale and crustless in the night.  
We travelled over hills  
And into ravines  
For endless ups and downs.  
Everywhere there was the nakedness of the night.

|| CLEOMBROTUS committed suicide because he took too literally one of Plato's doctrines, that true wisdom is to be found only in the other world. The author (who refuses public identification because we rushed him into print before he felt his poem was ready for publication) thinks there are today many potential Cleombrotuses. ||



A thousand trees of winter  
Touched twigs with ten thousand more  
To make a palid mesh  
Between the earth and sky.  
There was no measurement along our road:  
No ticks, no tocks,  
Neither yards nor miles.  
And so I cannot say  
When we came into the town.  
But 'twas sometime before the day.

II.

First we entered a long wide street  
With elms on either side.  
No people were in sight,  
No cars were out to ride.  
So we walked right down the middle  
With space and elms on either side.  
The stop-light failed to glow.  
We would not have stopped if it had.  
For with nothing to lose  
We could but choose to go.  
Soon we came by a Cafe  
As indefinite as the country night.  
All over it was painted white  
And from the inside came a light as pale as it was  
bright.

There we stopped,  
But not to question.  
Each knew the other's mind.  
And so we entered  
Leaving an empty street behind.  
The owner seemed to know us  
And came forth with extended hand.  
He had an airy grip  
For so large a man,  
And a far-off fading smile  
Proceeding from a thick and whitened lip.  
"Welcome," he said.  
"You are the last to come.  
There are many tonight."  
He pointed down a booth-lined aisle.  
"Yes, we are late,"  
My Potter friend replied.  
"Take us to them."  
And we followed our gracious guide  
Who walked with a long and limpid stride.  
In the booths along the wall  
People were intently talking  
Though in the air there was no noise.  
I took a seat beside the Potter

And I was made to know them all.  
"First," said the Potter,  
"The HOW,  
Then the WHY."  
Soon a man across from me,  
After a swallow of beer,  
Said: "I with a gun  
Ended a struggle against a damned world."  
"And I with a gun," said another.  
"I with a colorless gas,"  
A woman muttered,  
"With a gas was delivered from a world of pig-  
gish men."  
"And I with a salt of potash  
Was freed from a pursuing justice."  
"I," said a man of wet and stringy hair,  
"Escaped the society that persecutes by jumping  
From the bridge to the river."  
The next in order was the Potter  
And he nodded to me.  
"With the steel blue blade of a razor,"  
I said.

III.

The Potter droned  
As though a ritual speaking:  
"Guns are for killing to save the living.  
Bridges are for the use of the living in crossing.  
Gases and salts are for the living in thriving.  
Out of convention a razor was born.  
Give us your reasons.  
You:"  
The man who'd used the gun was speaking,  
Telling a story of how the law had got him.  
(Pulpy blood was painlessly leaking from his  
temples.)  
He'd fled to the attic  
To find guns all around him.  
With his own at his temples  
He muscled his index finger  
And spattered the framework of the eaves.

"And you:"

He had shot a faithless wife  
And afterwards himself.  
He was lonely  
And wondered why his wife was not with him.  
"Might she not have died?"  
He cried.  
And with the pounding force of suggestion

He felt the folly of his suicide.  
With a great sense of loss  
He let forth a bitter wail  
And stilled himself in cold remorse.

"And you:"

"Alas,"  
Said the woman who died with gas,  
To the man of the faithless wife,  
"How sad you must feel.  
You've no love, no life  
And behind you've left a wounded wife,  
Who can feel for you only hate.  
And yet, you can't feel.  
Reason has come to you too late."  
Hers was a story of the importance of money  
And an ulcerated stomach.  
She had no love but the very exposition of self  
And that she had done once too often  
In a closed gray room  
Filled with an alien gas.

"And you:"

It was the tall brown fellow  
Of the cyanide.  
"I'd got it when I was seventeen.  
And my family was afraid of me.  
They might get it too, see.  
So my father says frankness is the thing.  
Now I was going to die  
Inside a year.  
So he thought I ought to try  
To do things I wanted to. In reason.  
So I took my lungs and left off the West Coast.  
My uncle had had T.B. too."  
This tan man  
Went on to tell of life on an ocean isle.  
Of sun and air and returning health,  
Of marriage to an island girl,  
And of an ensuing inertia of the mind.  
This tan man, despite his consciousness,  
Could not taste the beauty of a foam-crested wave  
Nor feel with awe the form of a sweet and bursting fruit.  
In the dullness of the happy isle  
He chanced upon an outworn ideal  
And soon knew the joy of acquisition,  
Once more felt the glory of clinking silver.  
In his journeys after money

He lost bondage with all simple things.  
While wallowing in respectability  
He was found out.  
Cyanide in a palm glade  
Quickly put him in the shade.

IV.

The Potter hailed a waiter  
And the waiter brought us beer.  
We drank a glass while waiting to hear  
A story from the drowned man.

This man who'd jumped from the bridge  
Was a young man for a dead man.  
From his face he pushed his wet hair  
And began to recite his case:  
"One gas and another,  
Metals dull and bright,  
And a host of elemental things fusing.  
Affinity, and two as one.  
Time and lots of it,  
But unnamed.  
Simple complexities becoming units  
Without name.  
Organics but no philology.  
Time sweeping on.  
The unit liquid beginning to jel.  
Peck, peck, peck  
And what will it be?  
You or me?  
A feeling of formlessness, sure,  
But what will it be?  
Peck, peck, peck,  
A he or a she?  
Calcium shell covers membranous sheath  
And I'm beneath,  
A jel avid for consciousness.  
Jel on jel in units keeping,  
Time and shell  
Always creeping onward,  
Till cell on cell  
Building into complex tissues  
Encases a calcium frame.

So out of space and time,  
Out of absolute duration,  
I came lying on a bed.  
Outside,  
The dull wet night drizzled  
Mocking the mire of my despair.  
Since early afternoon



My mind had been descending a black stair of  
nihilism

On steps of logic  
Cut out with precision.  
I was before my class.  
I was before my class  
When they called me in.  
They accused of my crime  
And though the evidence was small  
I admitted my guilt.  
I was guilty of living  
And admitted my guilt.  
They were pompous men and Board men  
And cringed in obvious horror  
Of contamination.  
"You did give John Smith books,"  
They said.  
"And you did take him to the theatres  
And you did show a fondness for him.  
Did you ever . . . ?"  
"No," I cried,  
"No, no, you loathesome bastards,  
Surfeiting in the squalor of obscene suspicion,  
No. Let this be a resignation,  
A quitting of my position."  
Once home I was flooded with a passionate anger  
Stinging my brain into a fever.  
Then followed a cool sickness,  
After which my mind ran clear  
And ideas took form  
As though patterned in steel.  
They had said I was unfit for them.  
I was.

I was unfit and there was nothing left to do.  
An ended job.  
I was a chemical aggregate  
Born out of time and infinite change.  
My jelling I formed contrary to par.  
Society set a par,  
And in so doing made me asocial.  
Consciousness was a curse  
Out of which hunger, hopelessness, and despair  
Had their birth."

V.

When the drowned young man had no more to say  
The Potter looked my way  
And smiled at my sudden sadness.

"You've all said it:  
There's little left for me.  
My story has no reason  
After what I've heard you tell.  
Two years in sickness  
I've lived and never known  
A miracle like yours, sir,  
You who bear the tan of a Pacific sun.  
Were such a miracle to fall my lot,  
I should not rot  
From lack of love of living.  
For, in the learning of you, Drowned Man,  
I see a chain of pure delight,  
From a senseless jel to all consciousness.  
Oh, could I but crawl out of this chilling shell, my  
dying self,  
And climb to some green summit  
Where all conscious I could feel the life of every-  
thing  
And be the consummation of a chain."

"It can't be. It can't be,"  
Said the drowned young man.  
"You are one of us  
And we are nothing."

VI.

Outside the darkness coincided with the light.  
"It can't be. It can't be . . ."  
My own brother was crying at the sight he'd  
found—  
Me with my hand in a bloodfilled bowl.  
"It can't be. It can't be."  
But it was.  
Too late I'd visioned Ultima Thule,  
Too late.  
I was dead, poor fool.



## Editor's Private Galley

### Brand New Babies

Poor old Alma Mater is in a family way again—twins this time, it seems.

As is the way with older children, the MAGAZINE is inclined to gaze rather jealously and distrustfully upon the two new extra-curricular activities that are threatening to be added to Alma Mater's old-fashionedly large family. The size of the family isn't so bad, *per se*; but in our ninety years of existence on the campus, and especially during the last decade, we've seen so many new babies get born and then grow up to be awful brats and uninteresting playmates, that we still feel like referring Alma Mater to Margaret Sanger.

Meanwhile, what about the new twins? Their names will be a campus radio station and a campus movie theater. The mere existence chances of the latter seem pretty slim: even if he is delivered alive, he will be hunted relentlessly by a certain main street ogre who (perhaps rather justifiably) looks upon babies like him as the choicest of hors d'oeuvres. But, conceding him a 1-100 chance of survival, let's consider his and his brother's potentialities—what good they may be if they do grow up.

Everybody has been so preoccupied with putting tiny stitches into baby things, seeing that the doctor is on hand, and providing for initial expenses and financial insurance, that nobody seems to have paid much attention to the less tangible necessities—planning the twins' upbringing, the principles of their education, their spiritual welfare, you might say. If this guidance is not worked out carefully beforehand, then all the other effort is worse than useless. The brand new babies will become dirty-faced brats. Better that they had been girls and thrown to the crocodiles!

In the first place we must remember that, after they are born, Alma Mater takes only a mild and passive interest in most of her extra-curricular offspring; and that Almus Pater (who is frequently only foster father to them, as he is to the students) is so busy running around in bright-striped hood and mortar board, that he is glad enough to relinquish control of them to the students, whose slogan is "No Faculty Interference."

\* \* \*

If the promoters of the proposed radio station

and movie theater do look beyond the successful inception of their enterprises, they should recognize certain dangers. Of primary importance, it seems to us, is the danger of following popular taste, in the commercial manner, rather than leading it, in the educational manner. Giving the campus (and the people) what they are reputed to prefer would mean, specifically, showing a lot of sadly typical Hollywood effrontery not worth the price of the electricity used in projecting it, and nauseating the ether with great waves of second-rate jazz, college rah-rah stuff, and insultingly asinine "comic skits."

We are told that, if the new movie theater is ever firmly established, it will be operated on a non-profit basis; therefore it will not have to offer competition to the "1000—one thousand—1000 beautiful girls," the "six new song hits," and "the side-splittingest love story ever filmed." And then, in spite of the glamor of intellectual snobbery, we have enough regard for the "great quadrangular minds" to believe that they had rather see "Romeo and Juliet" at fifteen or twenty cents than "Hollywood Follies of 1938" at thirty cents. As for the radio station, if it is to be set up as a University advertising agency, surely its directors will remember that the University's product is not supposed to appeal to the famous twelve-year-old mentality.

A second great danger is that, with the small supply of student brains and ability already spread rather too thinly over the great area of extra-curricular activities, control of the two additional activities may fall into the hands of irresponsible, incapable, immature, or inexperienced participants. It is to be hoped that the initiators of the two new enterprises will eye the difficulties soberly and responsibly. Their best model, we feel, is the faculty-supervised Playmakers, the most successful and respectable and the most nearly adult extra-curricular organization on the campus.

Finally, there are the almost inevitable broader aspects. Radio and movies, two of the three most powerful non-academic educational and cultural influences in modern life, are occupied today primarily with lending complacency to the most barbaric and Babbittish elements of our civilization; themselves among the greatest accomplishments of scientific progress, they are the foremost excusers and abettors of the cultural lag. Perhaps, close by the academic skirts of Alma Mater, there may be taken the first few tottering steps toward reforming them.



## Letters to the Editor



OW IDLY one can turn pages, thought Leon, as he permitted them to slip through his fingers. Deciding that Hendrik Van Loon's "Geography" was much too much for a warm afternoon, he dropped the book with a light thud and arched backwards until his chair tipped against the porch wall.

Planted by family design in this small, unimposing cottage on the fringe of one of Connecticut's tiny towns, Leon did little other than read and dream and study the highway traffic. A summer of counting license plates becomes tedious. To think that a vacation from high school could pass into boredom! With all his seventeen years of accumulated emotion, the tall youngster longed for his big city again. The thought of returning to that cold gray high school building failed to bring shudders any more.

With obvious exertion of will power he struggled up from the straw-bottomed chair, and walked inside his summer-home cottage. The odor of stewing brew gave him several delicious moments. In silent admiration he watched his mother and grandmother busy over the stove. He passed on, drifting through the rooms aimlessly. How haunted and filled with concealed spirits the house had seemed the first night—and now so empty and colorless.

A magazine, lying lonely in an easy chair's chasm, caught his eye. He slumped down with it, and observing that he was holding a ten-cent love-story magazine, raised arrogant eyebrows. His two female cousins from the other side of town must have forgotten to take with them their literature of the day. He flipped the pages with pretended disdain. The various titles amused him. The illustrations drew closer scrutiny. Occasional paragraphs came in for anxious reading, and his starved, adolescent heart responded with an accelerated beat.

A sudden tenseness; Leon concentrated on what he was reading. An electric bulb seemed to flash in his mind. The object of his attention was buried in the pages of the "Letters to the Editor" department, which was fundamentally a correspondence bureau. It was a brief letter, saying:

Dear Love Story Editor:

I am a New York City girl, seventeen years of age, and would like to correspond with another reader of your lovely magazine. I have lived in New York many years and would therefore like to write to a person from the country. We would be able to exchange descriptions and experiences. I know the city very well and will be able to tell my correspondent about it or possibly be a guide on Broadway some day. I love outdoor sports, dancing and writing letters.

Thanking you,

BLUE EYES

Leon immediately read the introductory paragraphs written by the editor. They were in fine type at the head of the page. He soon understood that the magazine had no intentions of conducting a marriage bureau. The paragraphs explained that Miss Shirley, the editor, would forward all letters to their destination. There was but one limitation. Letters would be exchanged only between members of the same sex. A letter from boy to girl was taboo.

### II.

An hour later, Leon walked uptown to mail an envelope to Miss Shirley. Enclosed was a letter which read:

Dear Blue Eyes,

I read your letter in the August issue of our magazine and was attracted by what you said. I am a girl of about your age with a strange past. Never in my life have I been outside of this small town, Colchester. But I have dreamed of New York city thousands of times.

|| LEN RUBIN, *New York City's contribution to the spice of Carolina life, confesses that this story is partly autobiographical—the possibly logical conclusion of an adventure he started but hadn't the nerve to finish.* ||

I live with my aged grandparents; both my mother and father have been dead for many years. Both grandparents are feeble and I am their sole support and happiness. I do piece work at home for a leather mill and rarely leave the house. Not only am I the wage-earner, but I also do the cooking and house-cleaning. I have no social life and know very few people.

It is true, I must shamefully admit, that I have never gone out with a boy. Not that I haven't been asked or that I am not pretty. I am unable to leave my grandparents during the evenings. I am therefore very much alone and want you as a correspondent. Oh, my life is so dull and dreary.

But here is *why* I write to you. I am COMING to New York. Like a thunderbolt from the skies, my aunt from New York has asked me over for a visit. She is sending her daughter here to stay for a week of rest, while I'm to go to the city for a week of ——. Please make it a pleasant week for me, even if we have to burn up the town. I will have a great deal of money for us, as my aunt is very wealthy.

I will be in New York, Monday, September 5. It will be the first time out of Colchester. It will be a new world. It will be life.

Please write me and tell me about the city. Prepare me. Tell me where to meet you and how I will recognize you. I look forward so much to meeting you. You must be a charming girl to be willing to help me.

Yours devotedly,  
LEONORA RUPIN

Leon dropped it through the mailbox with a wistful expression on his face. Exceedingly clever, he thought as he strolled home, that name of Leonora. The entire plan was no less than a clever method of meeting a girl in his home city. He also came to imagine the situation that would arise when he would meet this girl from the big town. But first it would be amusing to read her letter, if he should get a reply, and learn new things about his own birthplace.

### III.

It was many days before his rising anxiety was stilled. The reply was finally dropped in his hands by the passing postman. He read it hungrily. It was a neat, well-written letter with a pleasing tone. Blue Eyes, now Alyce Trustman,

in Good Samaritan fashion, said she would be delighted to act as escort. Leonora's letter was the only one of several that she had chosen to answer. She promised a good time on a silver platter; all the frills and gaities of New York to be laid at Leonora's feet. A good description of several of New York's features followed with emphasis on the bright lights and the warm spots. Deep sympathy for Leonora's dreary past was expressed, with a promise to remedy conditions immediately. Alyce promised that Leonora would meet boy after boy.

"I'll show you a hell of a time, kid. You'll soon forget the candlelight of Colchester in the glare of Broadway."

Leon began worrying as to just what kind of female he was to meet. Alyce might become a problem for his high school technique. She sounded too well versed, and too familiar with the Forty-Second street region.

"I am busy making plans for you. I think we'll start off with a subway ride. Then to Minsky's, Radio City, Hollywood Restaurant, Harlem's Cotton Club, Greenwich Village and Central Park. You'll see more lights, hear more clarinets shrill, watch more floor shows, and glimpse more Bohemianism than you ever imagined."

A multitude of other events were on the outlined program. Leon grimaced when he realized that Alyce was probably planning parties of four—all expenses to the wealthy aunt. Nice girl. But she should be exciting.

In another paragraph instructions were given. Leonora was to be at the Paramount Theater at noon of Tuesday, September 6. Alyce said she would be wearing a red rose in her hair and black-and-white striped gloves. It was the rose, she said, that would be the final mark of identification. "You will never overlook the rose. It will be as conspicuous as the theater itself."

Leon read the letter two or three times in high glee. Alyce seemed to know a great deal more about the city than he himself, and he was a New Yorker born and bred. He realized that the situation was bound to be a ticklish one. Only give me courage, he asked of himself, to carry this ridiculous plan to a finish.

He lay tossing in bed the night before leaving for the city. Questions were popping into his head. Should he confess his identity and suffer the consequences? Should he pose as Leonora's cousin, say that she was unable to come, and then pretend to be rural and simple? Should he get a girl



friend from the city to turn up and carry the affair a little further? Should he forget it all? He squirmed to sleep with the inevitable feeling that he was going through with it—and let nature take its course, be it love at first sight or a resounding slap in the face for all Times Square to witness.

#### IV.

High noon was the hour, and it was precisely at the minute when clock hands overlap that Leon emerged from the subway cavity at Eighth Avenue. He started toward the Paramount Theater.

Walking slowly, Leon was absorbed in thought. What type of girl could Alyce be? She was probably a love-denied high school girl with enormous spectacles. Her letter, however, had said that she was pretty and had handfuls of boy friends. She could be a mentally insipid, facially over-painted attempt at sophistication. Maybe she was short and pudgy. Leon shuddered at the thought. Why had he ever come?

And about himself. At this moment he, by all rights, should be a timid girl from the sticks, astounded and frightened to despair by the city bustle. He should be lost and baffled, with a screwed-up scared face, asking directions from a policeman. The police whistles should be shrilling in his ears, taxi-cabs should be strangely-colored automobiles, trolley cars should be demons of the past, skyscrapers should be God's creations, and the mass of hurrying people should be a terrifying horde bearing down on him.

He had no right to be as calm and collected as he was. He should not be looking ahead; he should be staring upwards. The people and buildings should not look so familiar. But they did.

He turned the Times Square corner and stopped. A great many people were on the move, brushing past him and obstructing his view. Many were stationary about the entrance to the theater. He studied each girl intently, with his heart hop-

ping many different ways. Nervous shimmers ran up and down his body.

No striped gloves nor red rose could he discover. It was through the giggling and unusual actions of one young girl that his gaze was directed to the space beneath the marquee.

There was a young gentleman, about eighteen years of age, with a gaudy red rose in his hair and a striped pair of gloves on his twitching hands!

Ignoring the attention lavished on him by passers-by, he was staring straight ahead—waiting for a timid touch on his shoulder. Leon gasped, swallowed hard; a laugh finally escaped him. He stepped closer, still laughing. The red-rosed one turned angry eyes his way. It was clear that his patience had reached the evaporation point; his face was growing redder by degrees.

Leon stepped behind the boy and muttered in his ear, "Hya, you blue-eyed baby! Hows about a kiss?"

Angry eyes turned and stared at Leon. Puzzlement suddenly appeared in them.

Leon continued, smiling broadly, "Are we going to have a hell of a time, Alyce, ole kid?"

The other turned from red to pale, then flushed back to normal. An explosive burst of laughter and he had Leon by the shoulders.

"Leonora!" he gasped.

They laughed all over each other, Al and Leon. People stopped to watch. The two moved off, boisterous and still laughing. Starting with a round of drinks at the Hotel Astor bar, they took in a subway jaunt, Minsky's afternoon show, Radio City's Music Hall, the Hollywood Restaurant's naughty performance, the tooting from Harlem's Cotton Club and the atmosphere of Greenwich Village with its beer.

They drank religiously and long at every stop and between stops.

They both passed out in Central Park late that night.



## Swing Lingo

### *Jargonic Specimens from a Modern Lunatic Fringe*

COME let me show you through my zoo. I have just returned from an exploration trip out beyond the frontiers of the mind into the lunatic fringe. I used my ears and eyes for traps and captured the jargonic specimens you will see in my zoo. Those of you who are accustomed chiefly to that domestic fauna known as the King's English will find many of my specimens so wild in appearance, so much like creatures in a philological nightmare and so utterly unlike the verbal animals of your own experience, that, for your benefit, I will make brief comments about each of the inhabitants of my zoo, and attempt, by pointing out resemblances to lingual birds and beasts with which you are familiar, to show that my specimens are only mutations of common species.

And don't be frightened by the critters in my zoo. They are all really quite tame, and are used as expository beasts of burden by the inhabitants of the lunatic fringe which I explored. Privately disagreeing with these aborigines, I think the animals are dangerous, in their habitat; but that is another lecture. Certainly, removed from that habitat, they are harmless.

The lunatic fringe in which they live is called *Swing*—one of the most neurotic and sterile among the many neurotic and sterile modern colonies for escapist romancing. The people in this colony, who all take their names from these jargonic animals, are known variously as "alligators," "cats," "ickies," and so forth. They "boogie-woogie," "barrel-house," "jazz up the lead," and perform many other feats also named for the verbal fauna of Swing. Their religion is called Swing Music (they named their colony after their religion, just as the Catholics named Maryland for the Virgin). At the height of their religious fervor they are said to be "in the groove."

#### II.

There are as many definitions for this religion—Swing Music—as there are songs that are

swung; each day someone declares that he has the really definitive definition. My private definition is: "Swing is a musical clothesline upon which anything may be hung." Before giving other definitions, I will mention the few commonly accepted facts about the religion of Swing.

The manner of playing Swing is created as the musician plays. Melodies and rhythms are improvised around a given theme, and the same Swing band will not play the improvisations exactly the same way twice. In the classics the music itself is predominant: in the Swing colony the individual musician takes that place of predominance. Parallels with other forms of romanticism are obviously suggested by these facts.

Of Swing Music, Priest Bunny Berigan says: "Today's Swing not only uses the phrases which have evolved from the early jazz, but it also uses the 'go for yourself' solo which comes from the jazz band. One essential difference in its use is that only one man at a time 'goes for himself' in the modern swing arrangement."

In Swing's tabloid, *Metronome*, Oracle Joseph V. Rubba says: "Swing is the rhythmical expression of a melodic strain set to the ideal tempo for the pattern employed, which will arouse in the dancer, in the listener and performer, the desire to move in time with the rhythm beat."

Gilbert Seldes, writing in *Scribner's*, says: "Swing is often a series of frank arabesques on a given theme."

High Priest Louis Armstrong says: "The basic idea of Swing is not new. The Swing idea of free improvisation by the players was at the core of jazz when it started back in New Orleans thirty years ago. The early boys were Swinging, but they did not know as much about it as is known today."

#### III.

But this theological digression has gone too far. We will now enter the jargonic zoo; and the

SAM HOOD, who considers Swing "a musical clothesline upon which anything may be hung," has compiled a glossary of Swing terminology. With somewhat Menckenisish motives, he presents it as noteworthy new Americana. Barbarism, neuroticism, vulgarism seem to be implications of the current trend in popular music.



specimens, with my help, will speak for themselves.

### *The Zoo*

*Alligator*—A non-playing Swing devotee.

*Ball-Room*—Blast (while playing).

*Barrel-House*—Every man for himself, playing without regard for what others are playing.

*Boogie-Woogie*—A style of piano-playing featuring the left hand, originated by the colored entertainer Cleo Brown.

*Boss*—The leader of the band.

*Box*—A piano.

*Break*—Stopping the rhythm for a few beats. ("Break" is noticeable at frequent intervals in the Dorsey Clambake Seven's recording of "Posin'.")

*Burping Bed Post*—A bassoon.

*Cats*—The members of the Swing orchestra.

*Coffee and Cake*—Poor pay for a Swing job.

*Coffee Pot*—A saxophone.

*Coke*—A cocaine fiend.

*Collegiate*—Extremely slow style of Swing.

*Commercial*—Appealing to the uninitiated public, compromise Swing.

*Corny*—Out of date, a stiff, forced rhythmic accenting.

*Dixieland Style*—A relaxed style of improvisation with full ensemble, employed by Bob Crosby's orchestra.

*Dog House*—A bass fiddle.

*Ear Man*—A musician who cannot read music.

*Fill-in*—When a singer or instrument holds long notes, there are solo features which break the harmony. In the musician's language the solo "fills in the holes."

*Fluff Someone Off*—Synonymous with "tell 'im off."

*Frisking Their Whiskers*—Getting warmed up to Swing.

*Gang*—A medley of songs.

*Getting off*—Commencing to Swing.

*Gitter*—A guitar.

*Gutbucket*—Swing in a blues fashion, disconsolate.

*Ickey*—A person who requests a band to play "pop" tunes unsuited to that band's style. For example, an "ickey" might ask Benny Goodman to play "The Waltz You Saved for Me."

*In the Groove*—Jamming in the right mood. When carried away or inspired by the music, the musician wanders mentally into another world as he plays in an exalted spirit and to perfection.

*Iron Harp*—Vibraphone.

*Jam Band*—A small, informal group (six men or so) who play for their own amusement, without any leadership or score, taking turns at solo choruses, with the rest of the group faking the rhythm background. A "jam session" usually begins after the orchestra is through playing for the night. Playing in a relaxed style is possible because the floor is free of dancers who demand a steady rhythm.

Many times members of other bands wander in, after playing hours, in order to "sit in." Once when the colored trumpeter, Louis Armstrong, was seen sitting in, one of his listeners turned to a waiter and asked: "Does Louis play with this band?" "No suh," the colored boy replied. "Mister Louis is jus' sittin' in. You see, when he's in his white suit he gits over a grand a night. This place don't make nuf money to pay no man like dat. You see, suh, he's been commin' over here like dis fo' years."

*Jazz Up the Lead*—Get "out of the groove."

*Knocked Out*—Dazed by "the groove."

*Kicking Out*—Very free enthusiastic improvisation.

*Lead Sheet*—A skeleton piano score with only the melody and added accompanying chords.

*Lick*—An original interpolated phrasing.

*Licking Their Chops*—Same as "frisking their whiskers."

*Licorice Stick*—A clarinet.

*Muggles*—Doped cigarettes.

*Night Club*—Swing softly.

*Off the Cob*—Same as "corny."

*Out of the World*—Same as "in the groove."

*Paper Man*—A musician who plays only written music.

*Plug*—Service rendered when a band plays a song for the first time or broadcasts it on a program before the tune has reached popularity. "Song pluggers" search for orchestras and entertainers to introduce compositions. If the new number is a success, the "plugger" receives a commission.

*Regular*—Played just as the music is scored.

*Revival*—The re-introduction of a former "hit" song.

*Ride*—Swing in easy-going rhythm.

*Ride-Out*—Generally the climax of the arrangement, where good ensemble playing must be emphasized.

*Screw-Ball*—Crazy, extremely unbridled Swing.

*Send Him Off*—Give the soloist plenty of background from which he can find inspiration for his

ad-libbing. Every soloist must have some such inspiration or buildup before his entrance into his solo.

*Sender*—A word or phrase that sends a band into Swing playing, as "Swing it, boys!" or "In the groove!" or "Let's mug one for the folks!"

*Sitting in*—Playing by an outside musician who has dropped in by invitation. (See "jam session.")

*Slip Horn*—A trombone.

*Slush Pump*—A trombone.

*Smack Out*—To reach difficult notes. Example: Louis Armstrong playing high C's.

*Snow*—Cocaine.

*Squeek Box*—A violin.

*Squeeze Horn*—A trumpet.

*Stock*—A commercial arrangement played by amateur bands who cannot afford to pay special arrangers.

*Swing Band*—A Swing band usually has four saxophones and five brass instruments.

*Tell 'im Off*—Correct a player who has wandered from the groove.

*Walking Bass*—A style of playing the string bass, fundamentally a 4/4 beat progressing along the scale on the chord progression of the melody. There is a change of note on every beat. The combined progression of the notes of the chord and the melody makes an interesting and musical manner good for smooth melodic line. It enables the bass player to team better with the drummer.

*Waxing*—A recording.

*Weed*—The nickname of marihuana. Many Swing musicians are addicted to this drug for the mental effect and sensation that follows the smoking of marihuana cigarettes. Some have stated that the sensation "slows things down," thus permitting the performance of unusual rhythms and harmonies. Many songs, such as "Chant of the Weed" and "Garden of Weed," have been written about this narcotic.

*Whacky*—Noisier and more discordant than "screw-ball" Swing.

*Wood Pile*—A xylophone.

*Wood Shed*—To experiment in private with a new song.

## Greenwich Village Blues

By FRANK DURHAM

### Inspired by the Daily Mail

*O tiny slip of paper, you are fraught  
With woes enough to turn some Nero's heart,  
Or make a callous miser gladly part  
With treasures he has very dearly bought.  
O string of printed words, in you are caught  
The tender heartstrings of the infant art.  
Your silent message makes a Titan smart  
Beneath the lash which he himself has wrought.*

*Rejection slip!—Oh, ugly sounding phrase!  
The blighter of my so-creative youth!—  
But with the years I've grown quite used to you;  
And should some man (in editorial daze)  
Accept a verse of mine—to tell the truth,  
I'd be too stunned to know just what to do!*

### To Myself and My Equally Unfortunate Brethren

*You've never had a single line in print,  
Though with your pen you labor day and night,  
And scribble all your thoughts on paper white  
Or yellow, ruled or plain. Your daily stint  
Would turn a Nobel-winning pen a tint  
Of envious green. As literary light,  
At every chance you shamelessly recite  
Some shining coin from your private mint.*

*O piteous grub, who flies a lower flight,  
Unspoiled by public fame or public blame,  
Your stubborn hope is one that never ends,  
Your paradise is always just in sight.  
You never learn your wildest dreams are tame.—  
You still can read your verses to your friends!*



# Current Literature

## Notes on the Novel as a Form

A Review by JOE HORRELL

THE GARDEN OF ADONIS. Caroline Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75. 299 pp.

IT IS encouraging to read Caroline Gordon's latest novel. I say encouraging because Miss Gordon in her novels, notably this last, approaches her genre as a definitive artistic form; and that is what most novelists are not doing. Concerning the novel we are agnostic and unopinionated. There is much doubt and more lack of belief as to whether the novel is a form at all: one derives this conclusion from reading the products of novelists supine in the bosoms of the public and the uncritical critics. And there is reason and lack of reason for the attitude.

When or how the novel emerged from fiction as a definitive form has not been shown. More in point here is its relative formlessness in the hands of its practitioners: the counts against the novel as a form converge on this relative formlessness. We are sensitive (in varying degrees) to artistic forms, especially pure or definitive ones: these elicit pure or definitive responses. But responses are not criticism, nor is sensitivity: neither will define until it itself is defined, and here criticism has failed us. (Mr. I. A. Richards is trying the problem, but he will have psychology absorb criticism and thus will surrender the autonomy of criticism.) Literary criticism in English has always been and still is an embarrassment: when one proceeds to criticize he must first invent the criticism, and no one has done that satisfactorily. In this instance, however, we can roughly indicate what the form is not, hoping to retain something reasonably definitive after one element of a dichotomy is eliminated.

The dichotomy is art and experience. Can the experience in a novel be transmuted into art or will it remain experience with limitation? This is one of those questions, common to criticism, that it is better to talk about than immediately

to propose an answer for. Most of our answers, anyway, are like spars; and we cling to them after they are water-logged instead of looking for other spars. We must not be seduced by those critics, not really critics at all, who say the spars are all soaked and offer no support. (The impressionists are content to have criticism a refined sort of breast-beating.) Experience exists in time and is subject to time: it is the unchecked flux. Art is the ultimate of time: the timeless instant. The sculptor is faced with the problem in its extremity: he must decide at what instant to project Laocoön and his sons in the throes. Vergil can cut through the whole experience and give us sections of it; but when the poem is viewed large, as it finally must be, we see experience, in whatever extension, stopped—subservient to artistic direction.

There are the critics who argue that the novel cannot be a "pure" form because it is too closely related to experience; depends too intimately upon biographical and historical and sociological considerations.

These critics are defeatists, and the novelists who follow them will have their work defeated by time. These critics are also apologists, because they talk with their eyes peeled for whatever has received temporary public favor: they dread to be destructive and exclusive, as criticism capably must be if it would earn respect and fear. These critics are, in effect, Anatole France's irrefutable flute-players dwelling in their esthetic—the clouds.

We have plenty of illustration of the novel of crude and raw, or unassimilated, experience. These may be called, to use a cliché, the novels of "case" interest: the novel of the life urge in the libido, the psychological novel, the novel of propaganda. Despite their surface diversity these novels are all alike as novels: they impel by extrinsic interest. If critical, the reader would be alarmed to find himself divorced from art and married to experience—the political maladjustments, the small town doings, the erotic urge. Before the novel can attain identity as an artistic form it must compel intrinsic interest. The novel

JOE HORRELL received his M.A. in English at Vanderbilt, then came here to take a Ph.D. degree. At Vanderbilt he mingled sceptically with the Agrarians, preferred their poetry to their doctrines. A sheaf of his poems will be published in *The Sewanee*

Review soon.

is based on experience: indeed, it is an abbreviation of experience, deliberately so. And experience for the novelist is sociological and it cannot be thrown out: experience must be stopped. The novelist is not Tennyson's brook (nor is he the poet) that runs on forever: he abbreviates in time and space. The novelist refers to experience; the poet, a mythopoeist, alludes to it: both as artists subjugate it.

This view of art and experience works foully for many of our alleged novelists. They cannot succeed by mere recitation of the woes of mankind, of schizophrenic personalities, of pathological characters. Subjects are not privileged, but all require fusing, which invokes technique, which develops idiom. There is no occasion for remorse in the acceptance of this view. We have seen the fate of the novel based on extrinsic interest: time destroys it as inexorably as time destroys interest in the extrinsic fact. Only art can sustain interest in the fact because art does not exist in time. The Victorian novel had a tremendous and immediate interest for its readers: the experience in it was tremendous and immediate in importance. But concern for the experience of that age has faded: the quality of the interest of the novel being extrinsic, concern for it has faded too. The novel is a form to be exploited by novelists: unless they relinquish their identity, the psychiatrists and sociologists and propagandists are out of order. This view tugs heavily on the fruit of the modern tree and other trees. It is impossible now to state who will remain. Certainly Joyce and Proust can bear against the stress. Henry James has. I would not go further here.

## II.

Caroline Gordon has published four novels, which cover diverse material—historical, sociological, and biographical. The novels are *Penhally* in 1931 (which received Ford Madox Ford's encomium: "best novel that modern America has produced"), *Aleck Maury: Sportsman* in 1934, and *None Shall Look Back* and *The Garden of Adonis* within the past year. In private life Miss Gordon is Mrs. Allen Tate, and as a novelist she is in a field that her husband, distinguished as poet, critic, and biographer, has not yet entered. *The Garden of Adonis* is encouraging because it shows that Miss Gordon knows the novel (as she does her subject) and technique, or her technique. This novel, written with singleness of view, has tone, this established largely by a clear central intelligence (which James harped

on) shifting among the characters: it does not suffer from the usual indirection of experience.

The title is significant. It is part of the quotation prefacing the novel, excerpted from Sir James G. Frazer's *The Golden Bough*. This passage provides the motif of the novel; it is not superimposed, but the initial theme returned to and developed at strategic intervals until the tragic finale.

*These [the gardens of Adonis] were baskets or pots filled with earth in which wheat, barley, lettuces, fennel, and various kinds of flowers were sown and tended for eight days, chiefly or exclusively by women. Fostered by the sun's heat, the plants shot up rapidly, but having no root they withered as rapidly away, and at the end of eight days were carried out with the images of the dead Adonis and flung with them into the sea or into springs. . . .*

Against this motif is an Agrarian interest: the intrusion of landless northern capitalists into the South. But Miss Gordon writes about the South because she knows the South. She is not a propagandist. In this novel she has cut a cross-section through a particular situation, a complex situation involving share-cropper and landlord, landlord and capitalist. The situation—a difficult one, with the interactions of the various levels complicating the narrative—is thoroughly assimilated: she does not allow experience to swallow the novel.

Miss Gordon views her situation from three distinct angles by delegating the central intelligence in proper chapters to Ote, tenant, Allard, landlord, and Carter, a southerner who has broken strong family ties to marry into the Camp family. (Allard's daughter Letty has it, and also her brother Frank for one chapter—this unfortunately, for he is clearly a minor character.) The Camps, northern capitalists, had come to the South, at the invitation of the chamber of commerce of Countsville, to use cheap labor in the manufacture of diapers, contraceptives, and related articles. Along with them came a mansion, a bar, good gin, wild parties, intrigues. No member of the Camp family, however, has the central intelligence, perhaps because Miss Gordon thinks she does not understand a foreign mind.

Ote Mortimer is the protagonist. In this man Miss Gordon has created a character of tragic proportion: a young, industrious, optimistic tenant, respectful of his landlord, whom he, by ironic

(Continued on page thirty-two)



THE TROJAN HORSE. Christopher Morley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50. 248 pp.

FOUR MEN ON A HORSE  
By Carolina '30

Help now, O Spirits of Texaco!  
Anoint me, Oil of Amoco!  
Be aidant, Clio of the Screen!  
O Philco Melpomene, toward me lean!

Three Bards who rode the Trojan Horse  
Galloped on varied feet, or worse.  
(*You've shifted wrong and clashed your gears!  
Back to neutral, fold up your ears!*)  
But whoa! a double woe! none's name  
Rimes masculine, for the iamb's frame.  
Nor does the fourth's, who mounts the saddle—  
Horse talk to balk and brains to addle.  
(*Young Troilus must have conned a very  
Complaisant riming dictionary—  
More so than mine! Not hottest swing  
Could make one dance with anything.*)

Yet why flog our brains till they reel?—  
Morley can steer him with a wheel,  
Sipping an Esso stirrup-cup  
To tickle his carburetor up.  
Why bother to rime his name or theirs?  
Why mind the flats when we have spares?  
If Morley auto, then who's able  
To rule that we likewise *cante-fable*?

He's caught the form of all the Riders,  
Confounding the touts and scoffing turfsiders.  
He's teeming with the horsy aroma  
Of the first to fork the Colt—was it Homer?  
As light his finger on the rein,  
As gentle the hand caressing the mane;  
He launches lightnings with his spur,  
His exhaust back-fires at Jupiter.  
Meanwhile, his riding makes us all  
Feel we, too, ride to the Last Great Fall.

He baited his Horse with a heapingful saucer  
Of salt from the kitchen of old Jock Chaucer,  
And gentled him with swich licour  
Of which engendrèd is the flour.  
That Hors was gode, now he is gay,  
For Troilus fit, and his divorcée—  
The youth as fresh as the month of May;  
She winsome, uncertain, as April day,  
Wise as serpent, gentle as dove;  
No ingénue, but the lady to love.

Why double, double toil and trouble,  
When reputation's but a bubble?  
Shakespeare spurred our Steed to prick  
The Lady Cressid's bubble quick.  
To begin with, she had little to vaunt on;  
He found her easy, left her wanton;  
A roadside pool, but not untrodden,  
Then opaline mud, still rather sodden.  
The latest Wheel that puddle also  
Has split—to splash to an Iris bow;

Scooped to admire her a charming beau,  
Ingenuous as Shelley, romantic as Poe;  
With a cagey old uncle, to the plot organic,  
Alexander Woollcottish and Pierpont Morganic.

He's bobbed and banged, the Trojan Steed,  
Streamlined, low-cowled, he's made for speed.  
His mileage high, his gas bill low;  
Selective gears, and a radio!  
Step on the gas and audit the game,  
Night club, sermon—gets all the same.  
He's poetry of motion, he's glass of form,  
He'll brighten the sunshine, buck the storm.  
He'll last—to measure the use who'd dare  
Of car or woman, kept with care?  
But he's fresh for a hundred thousand lines—  
Joyrides, some hardboiled tears, no fines.  
He's Morley-engined up to date—  
He's Trojan Model, '38!

Avowedly in a sort of imaginary collaboration with a veteran named Geoffrey Chaucer, Christopher Morley has written an ambitiously streamlined version of the Troilus and Cressida legend—a love story whose time-proof poignancy is surpassed only by the time-proof fame of its three greatest tellers, Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Shakspeare.

In order "to put the theme of Troilus and Cressida, one of the most affecting and honest and savage love stories ever told, into a modern wave-length," Morley has adopted a queer but ninety-per-cent efficient new form of narration. It is not the structure, essentially dramatic, which is queer, but the idiom, an argot as modern as the Radio Voice which tells part of the story, and the setting, skyscrapers and classic temples, gas masks and bucklers, Martinis and ambrosia cocktails, taxicabs and chariots. By a modern wave length he means a fusing of the Old and the New to achieve what may pass at the present for the Eternal, the Eternal being the only suitable setting for his theme.

In a "confidential" letter he announces that he is following the high spots of the Chaucerian schedule of events and attempting to carry Troilus' development farther and to present Cressida ("the lady is in a tough spot") more sympathetically than Chaucer did and less cynically than Shakspeare did. The pandering Pandarus of Shakspeare becomes, next to Troilus, the most lovable character in the book—a cynical, warm-hearted tycoon who tries, heroically and pathetically, to mix brain-trusting for the doomed Trojan government with liaison-making for star-crossed lovers.

It is in following Chaucer's respect for "humanity's two great interlocking privileges, the beautiful and the absurd," that Morley gives his version its most individual and attractive stamp and at the same time its greatest artistic flaw. It is, of course, a flaw of practice rather than of principle, of proportions rather than of ingredients. The interlocking is a bit too much an encasing of the beautiful by the absurd. Instead of being a tragedy with the comic overtones essential for humanization, *The Trojan Horse* is a comedy with deep and progressively emergent but never sufficiently predominant tragic undertones. The trouble is that Morley has not the perfect ambidexterity of a master. He handles the elevated scenes well, but the absurd ones much better. His blank verse is good, but his wisecracks are better.

Part of the predominance of the absurd is not Morley's fault, but is implicit in the impact of his method upon an

audience more historical-minded and technique-sophisticated than the medieval audience for whom Chaucer mixed Now and Then to produce *Always*. Much of the humor springs from the unavoidable absurdity of incongruity and is intrinsic not in the eternally human situations but in the exposition of them. Consequently the book has an extrinsic piquancy that almost doubles its light-readability but somewhat diminishes its artistic value. It is too bad, in this age of rather humorless fiction, to object that a novel is just too deliciously funny.

On the whole, however, although scattered unfused particles of *Now or Then* give a piquancy that is extrinsic and that will become flat with the passage of time, still *The Trojan Horse* has enough of the full, smooth flavor of *Always* to make it more than just a Christmas gift for 1937.

As we have indicated, part of this surplus is the time-proof theme, which will tug at the imaginations of men as long as, like *Troilus*, they believe in romantic love as "this, our natural and supremest worth;" or, like *Pandarus*, can wistfully recall the metrical billets-doux they sent, "oh ages ago," to "the Duchess of Hellespont, delicious creature." Another part is Morley's qualifiedly successful use of the humanly realistic Chaucerian method.

Finally, the book has a sociological significance, possibly inorganic, as Morley himself admits, but kept well subordinated as a sort of vague atmospheric and ideological background for the love story.

What men made fertile  
With anguish and toil,  
Proves, for the poet,  
Parable soil.

Of the figures in Morley's parable, the Greeks (ante-Homeric, remember) are Matthew Arnold's Philistines, the Trojans are partly decadent Arnoldian Barbarians and partly the fine cultural flower of a dying civilization, and the Greek and Trojan Horse is the modern Machine, which truly wise executives like *Pandarus* and intuitively wise but unheeded poets and sociologists like *Cassandra* know cannot be overcome. Perhaps Morley intends to warn us, and yet in a sense to console us, by reminding us of the cyclic nature of civilization. The Greeks who sacked Troy produced the finest civilization in world history. That in its turn was subdued by the Romans: barbarism predominant again, and the slow blooming of a culture which was plucked rudely and then faded, an unnoticed boutonniere in the armor-crevice of one of our barbarian Northern ancestors. And now ours, the long-wrought civilization of those fifth-century Vandals, has had its height and is heading for a Fall and a trampling under the tractor-tread feet of the Horse and the hobnailed boots of those ante-Homeric Greeks who are at the same time his masters and his servants.

—W. P. HUDSON.

**I KNEW HITLER.** Kurt G. W. Ludecke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.75. 814 pp.

There was a little Jewish shopkeeper who had a drygoods store on Second Avenue on the fringe of the Yorkville section of Manhattan in New York City. His store was like a hundred others in New York, unpretentious and unimportant; yet it gave him and his family a living. He had his sons to help him on Saturdays and on weekdays after school; he could send the boys to the public school and he hoped, perhaps, if all went well, to send them to the City College, where they could start themselves in a profession so that they would not have to work as hard as their father had. There was nothing

significant or unique about this little Jew and his household; in New York there were thousands of first and second generation Jews who were following this traditional American way up to a position in the middle class. The location of his store did not seem important to him: his German customers (Yorkville is New York's largest German Section) were honest people and he did a good business with them.

But the story of this man has a certain inevitability. It is often the fate of the meek, the unassuming, the helpless, to be destroyed by forces they cannot understand; this Jew could not foresee that the rise of a brown-shirted dictator in Germany—a man with flopping black hair, strange eyes, and a comic mustache—was to ruin him. Yet that is what happened. When Hitler and the Nazis came to power, the Jews were among the first victims: the Nazis shouted that this "International Jew," this "Byzantine," this "non-Aryan," was the chief cause of Germany's misery and should be scourged and punished. If the shopkeeper on Second Avenue read about this or heard of it, he felt pity for his fellows, perhaps, and then thanked his good fortune for being in America where such things did not happen. However, others of his religion in New York, the influential and wealthy Jews, could not stand meekly by and see their German brothers victimized; too often, they said, have the Jews suffered because they have not been powerful enough to strike back. And they began to organize a boycott of German goods and to protest against the brutality in Germany.

Our shopkeeper then began to learn that such things can happen in America. Little by little his German trade began to fall off and neighbor-customers who had been his friends grew stony-eyed when he tried to talk to them on the street. Across the avenue another drygoods shop opened, with swastikas pasted prominently on the windows; it was miraculously prosperous. In a little while, the Jew had to close his store and move in with relatives in lower New York; his sons had to postpone for a time their hopes for professional careers.

I knew this man and his sons and I also knew many of these good German people who had been alienated by a force the implications of which I feel they did not grasp. And I thought about these old friends when I read the new book, *I Knew Hitler*, written by a former Nazi, Kurt G. W. Ludecke. This is a kind of autobiography; it is the story of Kurt Ludecke, the Nazi, and his disillusionment. We begin with the writer as a young man who shared the fate of many young Germans after the war: a disbelief in the old standards, a hopeless yearning for purpose and meaning in the world, a readiness to grasp at a cause which might mean rehabilitation for his country and, more important, for himself. He had knocked about the world, had been in America, had known success and failure in his attempts at business. Then at thirty-two he found himself at loose ends, with no philosophy and no saving morality. In Munich he heard Adolph Hitler.

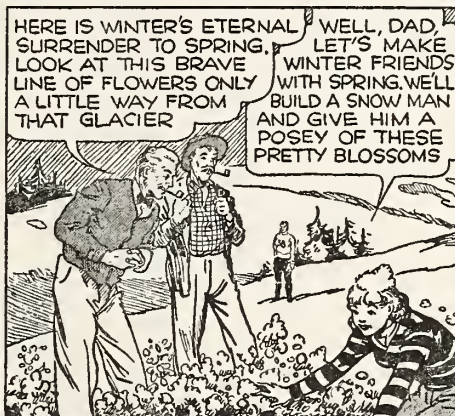
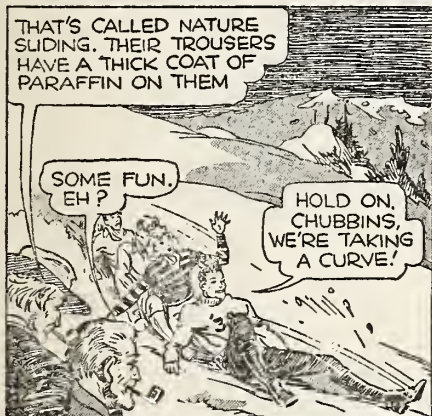
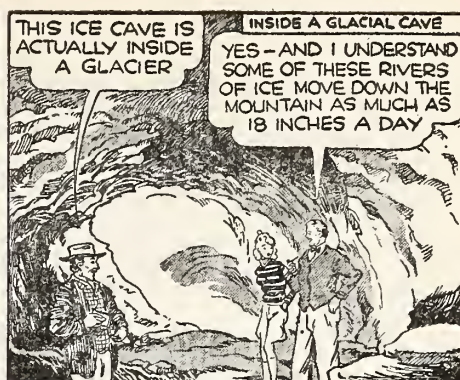
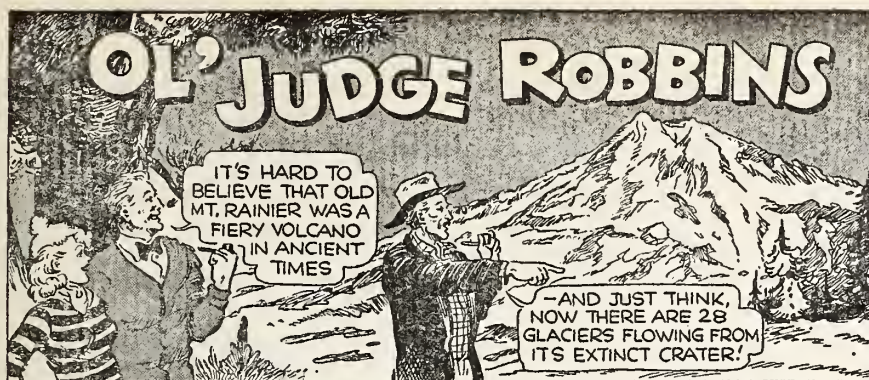
I felt sure that no one who had heard Hitler that afternoon could doubt that he was the man of destiny, the vitalizing force in the future of Germany. The masses who had streamed into the Koenigsplatz with a stern sense of national humiliation seemed to be going forth renewed.

The bands struck up, the thousands began to move away. I knew my search was ended. I had found myself, my leader, and my cause.

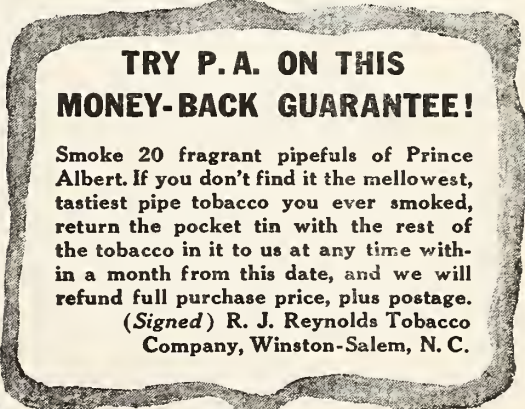
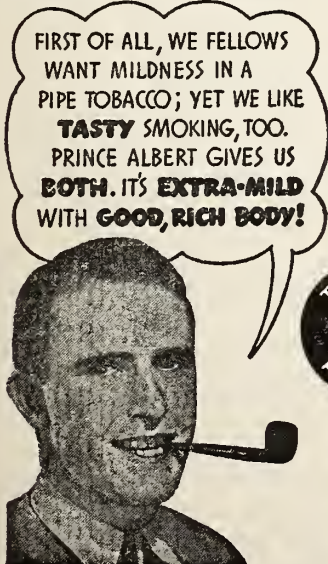
This is an emotional crisis: Herr Ludecke has found someone to believe in.

From this point on in the book, we learn much about the





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Nazi movement and about Hitler; but we learn infinitely more about Kurt Ludecke. The writer is not content to state his acceptance of Hitler as the means to fill the awful void in his post-war spirit: he must proceed to find an intellectual basis for joining the Nazis. Now this seems a reasonable enough step for an intelligent man to make, but it requires no great perception to discover that the writer of *I Knew Hitler* is no intellectual. He tells us as much when he describes his life; it is a record of minor adventures and the development of a profound taste in women and a superficial taste in literature. There has been no real struggle, no honest effort to evaluate the world and his place in it; his experience has taught him no discipline of mind and has not touched him deeply. What sort of mental background was this to bring to bear on the Adolph Hitler of 1922 in order to convince us that he could judge rationally the nature of this man and of his cause? Yet it is typical of the author that he should attempt to put his attraction to Hitler on the grounds of reason: he launches into a long analysis of the Nazi philosophy to show us that he knew what he was doing when he joined the cause. The paradox in this book is that Herr Ludecke tries to explain *ex post facto* in terms of reason what he did primarily because he is an emotional, rather than an intellectual man. One can respect the emotion, but despise the rationalization.

Having given Hitler his soul, as he puts it, the writer was connected with the Nazi movement from 1922 until 1933, when he was imprisoned by the men he had supported during this crucial period. He accepted the Nazi attitude toward the Jew, the conception of the totalitarian state, the provincial super-patriotism preached by Hitler, Strasser, and the rest. Much of this time he worked for his party in the United States trying to interest German Americans in the cause, and talking to Henry Ford when that penetrating historian was publishing his attacks on the Jews in the *Dearborn Independent*. Undoubtedly Herr Ludecke was an important man in the Nazi party: there are photographs showing him with Hitler; he reproduces conversations he held with Goering, Goebbels, Strasser, Rosenberg, Roehm, and with Hitler himself; he analyzes the progress of the movement in Germany with what seems to this casual reader of newspapers considerable skill. It is a commentary on the man, though, that to strengthen his own case he seems always to be showing off his own ability to forecast events, at the expense of many of the more important figures in the Nazi group. Evidently it was this propensity which finally got him into trouble: he became such a persistent gadfly, such an arrogant schemer, that Hitler locked him up. But the sufferings of this man in prison do not arouse sympathy; his character and those of the men he supported are such that the only feeling is one of anger and a sense of the injustice in the world when one realizes that these people, these schemers and politicians, were in a sense responsible for what happened to the little Second Avenue merchant. I think the most revealing insight Herr Ludecke gives us into his own mind is in the description of the "book-burnings" that took place in Germany after Hitler came to power: he is not moved by these as tragic symbols of the surrender of a people to demagoguery and barbarism; what concerns him is the unfavorable reception the burning of the books received in the foreign press!

The author's friendship with Hitler and his reporting of his associations with the man make the German leader a more comprehensible person; he is dissociated somewhat from the shouting, brown-shirted demagogue of the newsreels. As he is presented here, Hitler has many of the attributes of a tragic

figure caught up by a force he has helped create but which may eventually destroy him. There is the beginning in idealism, as the leader of a group of men actuated by an honest desire to restore a broken country. There is the rise to power and a careful manipulation of the party so that it is Hitler's party and he its undisputed leader. There is power at last, the result of a series of betrayals and cynical compromises. Finally, there is the "purge": the killing-off of many of the men who had stayed with him from the beginning and who felt that compromises and politics were not the answer to what had impelled them to become Nazi revolutionaries in the beginning. Now one looks for the final disintegration of the man, the restoration of a moral order in a disrupted and betrayed world. I imagine the little Jewish storekeeper and the murdered Nazis would join in a wish for an application of the rules of drama to life.

Kurt Ludecke is living in the United States, a discredited Nazi and a tremendously disillusioned man: he has seen the principles of his party debased and perverted to their own ends by what he calls "un-German" men. I cannot feel much sympathy for the man or his beliefs; but his book may be significant as another revealing record of the progressive disenchantment of the political idealist, and as a group of presumably authentic first-hand impressions of world figures. If one of the little shopkeeper's sons should read it, he may understand what his father was up against and he may feel more charitable toward the good German people of Yorkville who were so grievously misled.

—G. H. FOSTER.

**NEGRO BUILDERS AND HEROES.** Benjamin Brawley. Illustrated. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. \$2.50. 315 pp.

In his latest book Benjamin Brawley, professor of English at Howard University, presents an astonishing amount of evidence in support of the great and varied capacities of his race for leadership. The accomplishments, and sometimes the failures, but always the noble efforts, of the hundred-odd Negro men and women with whom the author deals are the components of this evidence.

Ranging from the days of slave ships down through the Abolition movement and Reconstruction, on up to the present day of Negro achievement in the fields of sport, education, business, and the arts, Brawley presents a pageant of a people's struggle. But his book has the weakness of most stage pageants: it is too comprehensive to be effective; the actors remain on the stage only a minute—not long enough really to express themselves or to make more than a superficial appearance—before going to the wings to make way for the rest. One gets a general impression, but one is not amused in the process.

The sketch of Frederick Douglas, for example (it is one of the best, by the way), though it is of more than average length, is only six pages. We learn in these six pages that Douglas was born at Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Maryland, in the year 1817, and we learn what his parents were named, that he learned his letters in Baltimore, that he was sent as a slave to work on a farm, where he received harsh treatment, and that he escaped to the north, where he joined William Lloyd Garrison. Douglas became a great Abolitionist and gained considerable reputation as an orator. We learn all this and a good many more details about the man's activities; but there is not one little incident dramatically and vividly recounted that would make Frederick Douglas, who must have been a remarkable character, come to life. There is too much information, too little color.



The criticism of this individual sketch is applicable to the book as a whole. The author in trying to tell a great deal tells too little. He takes up too many people. His reader hears too little about the more obscure heroes and builders, such as Harriet Tubman, who with her underground railroad accomplished the remarkable feat of leading more than three hundred slaves to freedom; Soujourner Truth, a wandering black apostle with a gift for pungent, pointed oratory, which she would deliver uninvited to all kinds of gatherings; John Jasper, once famous in Richmond for his "De Sun Do Move" sermon; and the idealist Daniel Payne, another preacher but of a quite different stamp. I should like to see Prof. Brawley write the biographies of these characters; I wish that he had reserved more space for them in this book.

But they are crowded together to make way for the better-known heroes, who are all there—Booker T. Washington and the lesser leaders in education, John Hope and Mordecai Johnson; writers like W. E. D. Du Bois, Paul Laurence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson; religious leaders, business leaders, athletes, singers, actors; and even politicians, notable among whom were Charles B. Elliot and Blanche K. Bruce, who served in Congress. In these ranks Father Divine is *not* conspicuous for his absence.

In spite of its shortcomings the book has a meaning for the thoughtful reader. When he puts it on his shelf as a reference book, which is what should be done with it, he cannot but feel that, given half a chance, given educational opportunities and justice—not sympathy or charity but justice under the law—countless other Negroes could equal the achievements of Brawley's "Heroes and Builders."

—NICHOLAS C. READ.

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## NOTES ON THE NOVEL AS A FORM

(Continued from page twenty-six)

circumstance, finally kills. The man who impels the tragedy, Jim Carter, suffers spiritually from his defection: the sun shines brightly, but the plant, with root torn from soil, dies. The symbolism in this novel—the drought that burns the tobacco of landlord and tenant, that burns Carter, and Sara, and Helen, and Letty—is skillfully handled; one looks closely to discover it, though unobtrusively a determining factor in the tone, assimilated into the fibre of the story.

And the story has plenty of incident, which could conceivably serve all sorts of extrinsic interests. But when Miss Gordon tells that Ote got the Sheeler girl pregnant, that Ed was "saved" and began preaching, that Carter broke off with the drug-store girl after marrying Sara, she tells it as a literary artist: she takes no jaunts out the enticing tangents of extrinsic interest. She is concerned with the novel, and she exploits her material in its service.

The most interesting of Miss Gordon's technical devices is the Proustian recollection (the influence of Proust is obvious throughout the novel). But in this following of Proust she escapes the usual fate noted by R. P. Blackmur: that followers of Proust tend to use his style and attitude and subjects, and thus become derivative. Miss Gordon has her own style, one of force and reserve, but little ornament. She has her own subject and knows that subject intimately. Of greatest interest always is the attitude of the artist towards his work: Miss Gordon's view of the novel, which I have dilated on, the book surely conveys.

The first fault of the novel lies in character; none other measures up to Ote, who will claw the reader's memory for a long time. But there are few rough edges, and that is saying much; for so technical a novel most often has technical edges showing through the narrative. Symbolism and recollection and shifting central intelligence are submerged in its effectiveness, definitely but elusively present. This certainty in writing conduces to summary statement; but Caroline Gordon is not ready to be summarized. This is not her last novel: it is not her attempt at finality of statement or definition. Positively, *The Garden of Adonis* is the unmistakable prejudice of the author, for here she posits the novel as a literary form. And the novel proves this prejudice under a propitious sign.

Page Thirty-two

## University Dining Hall Cafeteria

Wishes the Students and  
Faculty All the Joys of  
A Merry Christmas



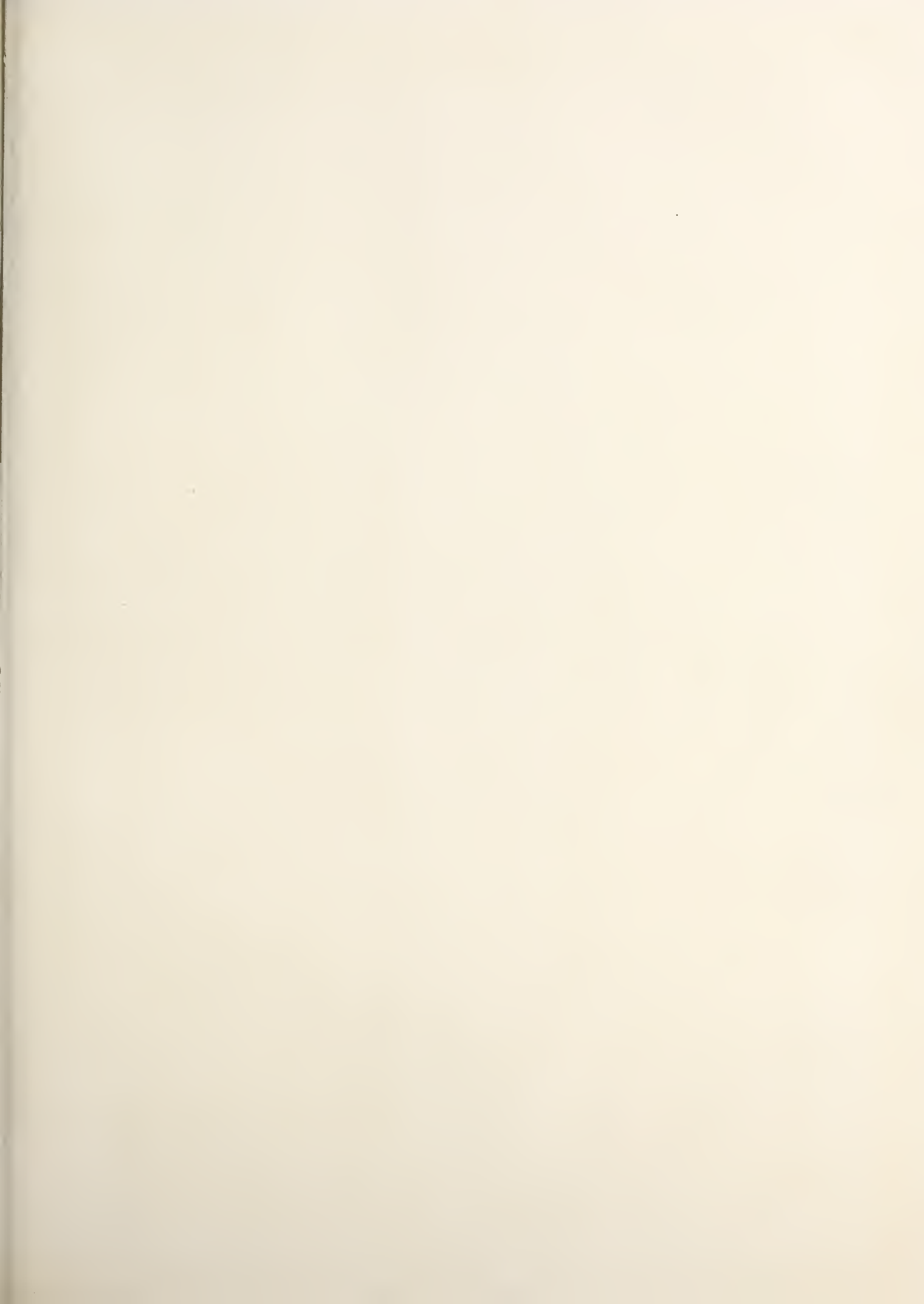
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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Vol. 1, No. 4



*January, 1938*

Catapult 2



# DO EXPERT MARKSMEN FIND THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots — Camels are the favorite cigarette," says *Ransford Triggs*, one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. I smoke plenty of Camels every day, too."

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**HOME** economist, *Elizabeth May*, says: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,' at mealtimes."



## { ABOVE }

Head-on view of *Ransford Triggs* on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.



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## How I Did It

I, not being a writer, am limited in the amount of space here and shall, therefore, be brief. It is enough to say, I think, that I was commissioned by Bill Hudson 12 hours before the deadline on January 15, 1938, to get a photograph for the January MAGAZINE. Because the issue was to contain articles concerning the Fascists I chose to photograph a Fascist and, armed with seven fine cameras, I set forth in search of one. First attempt: Hiding behind the Coker-Odum bird blind in Strowd's low ground, I waited all afternoon. I saw no one on the duBose estate. At dinner that evening I was told of a graduate student in history whose year's work as a student in Berlin had left him with Fascist leanings. I sought him out in the far end of Swain Hall and taking out my Univar Prophessar f.3.5 (I always use it for portraits) I snapped him at 1/10 at f.8 just as he was trying a bowl of soup. I then rushed to the universal dark room in Phillips Hall, dashed my film into a pan of Aegeograin superinfine developer and held it there for 38 minutes at 10° C. Aegeograin is the new fine grain developer gotten out by Ufa of Berlin. It enables one to enlarge any negative to 68 diameters. I was sick when the negative came through: the gentleman, the Fascist, had bent over too far in his effort to meet his soup spoon. Panic-stricken I grabbed up my impedimenta candida and hurried back to Swain. Alas, my quarry was gone. From the student directory I learned that he lived at Dr. B.'s house on Gimghoul road. I 'phoned there and found that he was in, and five minutes later I was stationed behind a pine tree outside his residence. Would he come out? The night came thick and chilly; like cold chicken broth the fog clammied over everything. I took out my Pilobar with its Zigomat f.1.9 and coupled on my Carmine Z filter and synchronized my omega-rubra illumino flare. My operations were scarcely done when the door of the tailed Fascist's dwelling opened and my man stepped out into the night. He did not see me as he passed. He was dressed in a trench coat. I followed him to the castle bench that overlooks the Raleigh road and there clicked the shutter. The shutter click clashed violently with the ominous silence of the soggy night and I hastened to lose myself in the fog. Development showed the film to be no good. Fascist did not reflect red rays. Time, time, time. What to do? Away to Franklin Street. There he was going into the movie. I followed him, sat behind him, and watched him. Afterwards I trailed him to a beer joint. A Fascist photograph or bust. I recognized one of the people in the booth in which he sat. An invitation was soon forthcoming and I drew up a chair. I met all of the people and listened to them talk. The smoke was so thick in the place that I had to fumble in my bosom for my Nicotiana Schizar filter 29. Photography would be impossible without it. D. R. (not the Ritchie who works at the Book Ex) had had just enough to speak eloquently. His words rolled forth in the smoke-filled room like iridescent soap suds. J. C., who frequently writes for the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, was discussing the labor situation in Durham. "To discuss labor conditions," said my quarry, "is stupid. Anyone knows that workers are happiest as they are. Why raise their level and thus bring them into a state of discontentment? As they are now they know not the agonies of the intellectuals which so beset us." At this J. C. became very hot and I knew that my cue had come. Clamping on my Proxar Maximar 1:1, I snapped the Fascist as he sat. But just at the moment of my snapping the supple-tongued D. R. leaned forward. His pupils were greatly dilated. "I still can't tell," he said. "I still can't tell." He was using one of those gauges commonly sold in drugstores for alcoholics who desire to ascertain scientifically their place on the scale of drunkenness. The gauge is a simple mirror having upon it a series of graduated circles. When you sit down to drink you look into the mirror until you find the circle which best fits your pupil. You then mark this circle, thus standardizing your pupil. Off and on during the evening you consult the gauge, noticing, of course, that the circumference of your pupil is gradually increasing. When your pupil circumference has enlarged to the point where it will fit the circle which lies five circles above the one you marked as a standard, you may rest assured you've had enough. This is of course worked out according to the formula  $D=(N\pi R^2)^5$ . Just after I had snapped D. R.'s picture I felt a tug at my elbow. It was Hudson, impatient and peevish. "Come, come," he said, "the engravers are waiting." As we hastened out we heard D. R. mournfully crying "I can't see, I can't see." Once in Phillips hall we rushed the film through. When the silver cleared from the negative it was less than a portrait of a Fascist; it was the eyeball of humanity; it was evidence of why D. R. couldn't see; it was the cover of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE.—LANE BARKSDALE.



Mm. Moss, Korff, Soyez

# The Other Side of the Swastika

## *Personal Experiences in Hitler Germany*

### *American*

"Much that passed for good with one people was regarded with scorn and contempt by another: thus I found it. Much found I here called bad which was there decked with purple honors.—Never did one neighbor understand the other; ever did his soul marvel at his neighbor's delusion and wickedness."

—FRIEDRICH W. NIETZSCHE.

NIETZSCHE'S citation expresses, more concisely than anything I know, the experience which I had during my stay in Germany as a student and a traveler in the years 1933-1936. During this time I lived in a conservative German family but also had occasion to come into contact with extreme and radical representatives of the National Socialist movement. Throughout my stay it was my purpose to observe with an open, non-partisan mind. Leaving America I had certain preconceived ideas about the rights of the individual and his claim to absolute freedom and the advantages of representative government. In Germany I found a surprisingly different view regarding these concepts.

Though at heart individualists, the Germans seemed to be willing to accept the restrictions placed upon their individual civil rights, and most of those whom I knew did not resent regimentation by the government. This attitude appeared to be the result of the experience which the nation had undergone during the 15 years of parliamentary rule. The people felt that national unity was worth the price of a freedom which had brought them only dissension, confusion and internal chaos: they had acquired a disdain for, and a conviction of the inadequacy of, factional government. Having gone through the anarchy of "freedom"

in 1918-1923, the misery under a "free government" in 1924-1930 and the dictatorial decrees of the time of Chancellor Brüning in 1931-1932, the people were well prepared to vest absolute power in a new leader. A strong man's rule, they felt, was the last way offering hope of salvation from internal chaos and self-destruction. Most of them had at one time or another acclaimed the German Republic but those sentiments had long since died.

I was deeply struck by the realization of that fact. Democracy and Liberalism were already regarded as evils and were felt to be alien to German tradition. And yet it was essentially the rugged, self-interested individualism which they were condemning. To them it was better to sacrifice individual rights than to maintain them at the cost of the community. The community, their national existence as a whole, had taken the first place in their considerations. That is why they had an entirely different conception of "nationalism." It meant to them a consciousness of belonging to a larger order; they always spoke of it with reverence and sacred devotion. Especially in the person of my landlord I had occasion to observe this sentiment. It was not boastful pride in one's military strength, not fiery hurrah-patriotism; it was a hardly definable spirit that united the people and that expressed itself perhaps most poignantly in their solidarity and in their attitude toward the less fortunate of their nation, whether within the Reich, in bordering sections now under foreign rule, or in distant corners of the world.

In conclusion I again quote Nietzsche, as an expression of what I felt when I left Germany with a full realization of its position in the heart of Europe, a Europe by no means friendly.

THE AUTHORS—Beverley Moss, an American; Nicholas Korff, a Russian; and Willi Soyez, a German—are more interested in German literature, which the first two teach, and in music, which Mr. Soyez is studying here, than in world politics. It was at the Editor's request that they undertook to write these records of the personal experience through which they have come to understand and, in varying degrees, to approve certain phases of German National Socialism. Having, however, no desire to appear as the belligerent champions of a Cause, they have restricted their arguments to this personal experience and have deliberately avoided an elaborate and definitive defence of Hitler's program and policies. Their plea is for tolerance, not for conversion, and is addressed to the readers of a Press which they believe has frequently misrepresented both the ends and the means of the new German ideology.

"Verily, my brother, if thou knewest but a people's need, its sky and its neighbors, then wouldst thou divine the law of its surrounding and why it climb-eth up *that* ladder to its hope."

Germany has chosen a path that may not appeal to us, but to her this road alone seemed possible. And the faith of the nation in this regeneration has been strengthened by the developments since 1933, when Hitler took over the reins. Personally I, as an American, am glad that we do not have to live under the limitations and restrictions of Germany, but at the same time I realize that we owe our freedom and safety in a very large measure to our fortunate location and our historical background. Certainly our good fortune ought not to make us blind to the needs of others.

### *Russian*

During my first stay in Germany (1919-1923) I had several experiences that will always remind me of those restless and dangerous times. However, it is not of them that I wish to speak, but of my second stay (1926-1932), when, as a regular student of the "Friedrich von Bodelschwingh" school at Bielefeld, I witnessed Germany's plight and shared the life of that generation of young Germans who today constitute an enthusiastic element among the supporters of Hitler.

Politically our school was unusually moderate. That was probably in a large measure due to the influence of its founder, Pastor von Bodelschwingh, who is a recognized leader of the Protestants in Germany. And yet we too had occasion to see our teachers compelled, by the republican authorities in Berlin, to profess certain doctrines and refrain from mentioning others. The "freedom of speech" under the Weimar Republic was certainly not an absolute one. Our student body as a whole was not torn into factions and there was a fine spirit between it and the faculty; but how many German schools experienced bitter quarrels, denunciations and dissension in those days!

The dismemberment of Germany's youth in those years can best be seen in the number—more than 200—of organizations into which it was then divided. Some of these were purely political; others pursued more or less political aims; only a very few consciously tried to be just "Youth Organizations." Consequently no group of youngsters, not even members of the Y. M. C. A., could sleep out-of-doors without maintaining a continuous watch. In spite of all precautions hikes would sometimes end up in bloody brawls with other

groups, merely because of differences in political background. The bitterness of factional warfare was not limited to the platforms and Houses of Representatives; it had entered the life of the family. It had taken root in the youngest members of it.

I do not know how many local, district and national elections we had during those years, but I do know that, during the latter part of my stay in Bielefeld, we were rarely without an opportunity of attending thrilling political meetings. Some of us went just to see the crowds and listen to the fiery speeches, hopeful of witnessing riots and seeing the police go into action. Others devoted themselves to some one party and invariably got their share of the excitement and adventure. Those who took it more seriously procured arms for themselves, and the illegal trade flourished. Yet it was not just a game. In spite of all the boyish enthusiasm we felt the grim reality of this hopeless situation. We knew that, next to Vienna, Hamburg and Berlin had the highest suicide rates of any cities in the world, each with proportionally more than double the number in the "peak" American cities. We were living in a nation that had 225,000 suicides in the period between 1919 and 1931. High as this figure is, it tells only half the story. For many more men and women continued to live in spite of the conditions that drove those others to death. We saw the grip of the depression on our families. It appeared to us very personally when we thought of graduation. For graduation meant leaving the relative shelter of school-life and joining the great army of the unemployed, in which our older comrades stood already. Yet, in spite of this common fate of all German youth, it was torn by class hatred into rival camps and this attitude of constant hostility kept it separated and in despair.

One must remember these things in order to understand the drastic measures which Hitler took. Here lies the explanation of the drive for unification and regimentation and the "dressing masses in uniforms." It was done precisely to reassemble a divided people. For it is easier to forget social distinctions, to reconcile rich and poor, educated and uneducated, when all can meet on the same basis and wear like clothes. Solidarity is a very important aim of the New Germany. For this reason Germans regard their army as a school for discipline, physical development and community spirit. The contention that all individual initiative is ruthlessly destroyed is false. The value



of it, army men have told me, is one of the forgotten lessons of the past war.

An incident may show the critical conditions of that period and the need for a government of law and order. (And be it said here that in 1932 there were only two alternatives: National Socialism or Communism.) Near our school there was a theological seminary. Many of the students there took an active part in politics. Some joined Hitler's party. It was a rather amusing and yet a significant sight to see these theologians march to meetings, canes shouldered, ready to use them effectively in good old Friar Tuck fashion. And truly, this was their only possible way of meeting the challenge of terrorist anarchism. I do not know how these theologians feel today, but I am sure that at the time they had no other alternative than to side wholeheartedly with anyone who opposed communism. Organized and aggressive atheism had enrolled several hundred thousand men, women and children. Already there were schools which were operated on an atheistic basis.

Once I attended a meeting held by some church people, in which the speaker told of the "Conditions of the Church" in Russia. Almost half the hall was occupied by communists. They had come to break up the meeting if it should turn out to be a denunciation of the Soviet regime. But the speech was carefully worded and so they let it go at mere heckling of the speaker. At the close there was to be a prayer for the suffering and persecuted in Russia. It was then that they began to sing the "Internationale." Thereupon the rest of the audience rose, singing Martin Luther's "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott . . ." One middle-aged woman, while singing this splendid Protestant hymn, swung her umbrella furiously at the shouting rabble. Before real trouble developed police and guards had cleared the hall, and the more hot-tempered members of the audience had it out in the street.

In 1933 I returned to Germany to stay a little more than a year. This was Hitler's Germany. Much had changed since my departure. I had occasion to witness the gradual realization of one of his chief aims: Totalitarianism. It was a painful process. And yet it was a heroic and remarkable one. It impressed me deeply to see individuals giving up high positions in the leadership of their own organization in order to unite with the great, all-encompassing movement. They willingly accepted subordinate positions there and did it with a spirit that recalled the heroic self-sacri-

fice of the world war days and those more trying ones after the defeat. Now, as then, the "Fatherland" was all, the individual important only in relation to its life and needs. That spirit was revived by Hitler. It was felt by the nation. It united and inspired. It caused young workers to give up their profitable jobs in order to give unemployed, older men, who had large families to support, a chance to earn their living and to get off the dole. This was a new era. The Germans knew it. They were grateful for it. And this must be remembered in spite of any human faults and shortcomings that can be pointed out.

It has not been my purpose here to defend Germany's policy. Nor have I denounced those of her enemies who are spreading lies and false accusations against her. That would be an endless task and one as detrimental to constructive international sentiment as some of Mr. Dodd's recent utterances. Because I can understand both sides in their just and unjust attitudes I believe that it is none of my business to take part in their bitter controversy. Let *them* accuse each other and defend themselves. What I wish this article might do is this: may it help those who have no personal grievances, enmities and prejudices better to understand the past of Germany. May such an understanding guide them in a fair and wise attitude, from which alone international peace and co-operation can come. Nothing is more dangerous than to repeat the two fatal mistakes which were made in the post-war era: to isolate and defame one group of nations and to drive them into exasperation by refusing to meet them half way. Boycotting them now because they accepted the consequences and reasserted themselves is, in my opinion, adding a second mistake instead of trying to make good the first. If America and other influential nations would realize that fact, world peace would be a great deal surer.

### *German*

The American reader is usually made to believe that Hitler is a stern, brutal dictator, trying to enslave and oppress sixty-eight million people by bloodthirsty methods, wading up to his knees in the blood of his murdered political enemies, war-crazy, brandishing his sword against all still democratic countries and trying to overthrow their governments. Or he is told that Hitler is a crank, a dreamer, crazy for the sensation of possessing absolute power in order to compensate his inferiority complexes, and that he is at the same time a

mere figure head, that he is in reality dominated by the iron-jawed Göring or by powerful yet invisible capitalists. Millions of articles, pamphlets and books have been written, heaping lies upon lies in order to prove some preconceived ideas about him and his doings.

The authors of such wild and distorted literature are unfortunately not only men who hate him because they have personal reasons for doing so; they are a number of idealists who devote every effort to attacking and denouncing Hitler because they feel that by doing so they are doing something for the defence of "Democracy." No one in Germany attacks or wishes to destroy their democratic ideals. And yet they resort to lies and false statements in order to preserve them—truly, a very inadequate means of upholding a just cause. If, however, an honest report about Hitler happens to get into the press, it is immediately branded a "myth." When millions are reported cheering Hitler or his appointed leaders it is of course "mob-psychology," stupidity of the common people. Once in a while such popular enthusiasm is explained by the presence of countless secret agents who, scattered among the crowds, threaten everyone into cheering.

And so on: when Hitler received an overwhelming majority vote in past elections, it was explained away by the contention that voters were regimented and forced at gun's point by storm troopers to vote for the dictator. The unsuspecting American reader never learned what every child in Germany knows, namely, that storm troopers do not carry guns. In exactly the same way the German labor service has been called a secret army, when the only weapons the members of this organization have ever shouldered have been the picks and shovels with which they improved waste land, drained swamps and irrigated deserted sections. It would lead too far to mention the many instances in which Germany's actions have been misrepresented or misconstrued.

We Germans feel differently about Hitler. We, who have seen and heard him, and have felt the effects of his leadership, know that we owe more to him than to any political leader since Bismarck. And if I am outspoken enough to assert that, I do it because I feel that thereby I am expressing the view of an overwhelming majority of young Germans. Call it propaganda if you will. I assure you it is nothing but the plain truth. As such the world must recognize it. For we all must eventually come to a fearless facing of and dealing

with facts, even if those facts do not always conform with our favorite ideas and beliefs.

There is a certain question very often asked: "Where are all those millions of organized communists and social democrats that formerly used to be the most fervent opponents of Hitler's National Socialism?" To answer this it might perhaps be good to relate the story of a school friend of mine, which I believe is somewhat symbolic of the way NS (National Socialism) deals with former political enemies and tries to win them over and gain their coöperation.

This friend of mine had lost his father through the World War. After leaving public school in 1925 at the age of fourteen he became an apprentice in one of the large iron works of my home town. When the three years of his apprenticeship were over, he was laid off and had to join most of his generation in the ever-growing number of unemployed. He feverishly tried to find a job, for his mother's little income was not sufficient to support him and his undernourished sister, born in the first year of the war. Unable to get work and without any hope for the future, he took to the desperate and radical ideas of the Communists, and joined that party. There he did so well that he was even sent to Russia to get special training in street-fighting. He returned from there more enthusiastic than he had ever been. Shortly afterwards his sister died from consumption, and his mother lost her job, because of his leaving the church and entering the atheist organization, and even attempted to commit suicide. The National Socialist Revolution came. Communist organizations were declared illegal. Still he continued his activities in an "underground movement." He was arrested and sent to a concentration camp. Here, during the hours of instruction in the basic principles of NS, he realized for the first time that NS and its aims were quite different from what he had always been told by his communist leaders and from what he had read of it in the communist literature. He studied the standard works of NS that he found on the shelves of the camp's library. One day he appeared before the commander of this camp, seeking his advice about what he could do to prove his willingness to coöperate with the NS movement. The answer was: "Join the Labor Service!"

Accordingly he was released from this camp and transferred to a nearby Labor Service camp where he rubbed shoulders with National Socialist college men and other young Germans of all classes.



There he had for the first time the thrilling experience of a nationwide comradeship, and found that there was an entirely new way to build up a socialist community without class-struggle, street-fighting, and bloodshed. When his year was over, he got a record of distinction enabling him to find a good position in the very same factory where he had spent his years of apprenticeship. I have learned since that he married his girl, also formerly a zealous and militant Communist. She had undergone a similar experience in the "Landhilfe" organization. Both of them have become well-adjusted, happy and useful members of the new German "Volksgemeinschaft."

This case is representative of evidence which seems to prove that the former leftists are especially apt at adjusting themselves to the new socialist order in Germany. They had been thinking in terms of altruism, solidarity and social responsibility, long before these terms began to motivate the so-called "bourgeois," the selfish middle and upper classes.

Another incident that might be of interest occurred during the first week of the Olympic games at Berlin in 1936. In the stadium I met by chance a group of miners. Their attire and dialect indicated that they were from the Saar territory. Naturally I asked them how they felt about the changes that had come about since the return of the Saar to Germany. Their answer showed me for the first time what NS meant in the lives of these men. Most of them were past middle age, yet this KdF (Kraft-durch-Freude) tour to Berlin was their first trip beyond the immediate surroundings of their home town! Here is briefly the content of our conversation, which began with the words, "Look here, Comrade, all our lives we have longed to see some of the distant cities and regions of Germany about which we learned in our school days." That word "comrade," incidentally, indicates the new attitude of laborers toward students and white-collar workers and the common bond that is felt between the various organizations in Germany. As I was wearing the uniform of our Union of National Socialist Students, it was natural for them to speak as they did. "But not until now," they continued, "have we had a chance to realize those wishes. We have been working all our lives—some of us ten or more hours a day. When we worked for the French they usually gave us the day shifts. That meant we would rarely see daylight. Five days of vacation a year was all we got. And on those they

gave us no pay. Working conditions were rotten in other ways too. The most primitive washing facilities had to serve some hundreds of men returning from hard work. Of course we had our labor unions. They would raise hell and finance bloody strikes. But that did not lead anywhere. In the end we were glad when we could work again. There wasn't much else we got out of them. Maybe the bosses did. We don't pay more to the DAF (German Labor Front) now than we did to the Unions. But at least we see where the money goes. Within the last year that organization built a swimming pool, a new dining hall and a library of our own for leisure hours. They have seen to it that the ventilator system in the pits was improved, and the same goes for general working conditions. We now work in changing shifts. We get longer vacations and those with pay and with such special facilities of the KdF as this cheap trip."

Then they told me of some friends of theirs who had made a voyage on one of the ships owned and operated by the KdF organization. They had visited the Norwegian fjords. On and on they told of their better life. The thrill of their own trip and the inspiring sights around them gave their enthusiasm ever new fuel. Proudly they concluded: "Comrade, just think of it, that we German workmen, formerly despised and abused, should now be able to travel to foreign countries on our own ships, that we should have the same satisfaction and joy that formerly only wealthy people could enjoy, and that all this has come from our own industry, diligence and coöperation! Who would ever have dreamt of such things being possible? We are grateful to the Führer for making it possible!"

### Addenda

ED. NOTE: In the following section the authors summarize points which are outside the province of personal experience but consideration of which they believe is essential to an understanding of the German political and social situation.

#### WHY DID HITLER COME TO POWER?

1. Because of the *injustice* of the treaty of Versailles.
2. Because of the *need* in which it left the nation, enslaving it for three generations to foreign creditors, condemning it to pay annually huge sums to them, and bringing about the foreclosure of banks, mortgaging of farms, standstill and ruin of industry and an ever-increasing number of unemployed.
3. Because of the *delusion* in the ideals pro-

claimed by the great Democratic nations and the leaders of the Young German Republic. Where Germans had expected to find brotherhood they experienced oppression; where coöperation had been promised domination was felt. Parliamentarianism proved to be terribly inefficient, and largely caused its own downfall.

4. Because of the *class warfare* which tore the nation into countless hostile groups, imperiling national unity and making a common effort to meet imminent national needs impossible.

5. Because, in view of this appalling situation, *Hitler offered a program* which bridged class distinctions. Returning on one hand to a deeply German ideology and on the other professing radically new and progressive ideas, he openly denounced the fallacy of the existing system. The sincerity and absolute devotion with which he and his followers fought—against terrific odds—for

the realization of their program impressed all those who witnessed it. To friend and foe Hitler stated his intentions openly.

#### WHY DID HITLER STAY IN POWER?

*Because he actually carried out the following essential points of his program.*

1. *Liberating* Germany from the shackles of Versailles.

2. *Unifying* the German people and inspiring them with a new spirit of self-reliance and hope.

3. *Protecting* national life by providing an adequate defense for the country.

4. *Solving* successfully the problem of unemployment.

5. *Giving* security and all consideration in his power to the living conditions of the farmer and the workman.

### Stuart Rabb

## They Give Their All

### *"Simon-Purism" Clashes with Our Athletic Business*

SEVEN of us had just been promoted to assistant leaders at Camp Uwharrie near High Point when the rumor broke out that Elmore Hackney was going to Duke. Elmore's brother Bunn, who had been varsity quarterback and captain on Carolina's gridiron, was Chief Scout Executive of the Uwharrie Council and was in charge of the camp. Elmore was in camp too. He ran the commissary and instructed boys in athletics. There was considerable wonderment at Elmore's choice of Duke, but several boys who claimed they were "in the know" said that Elmore had been "burned out" by overexertion in high school sports. This was six years ago—before they called him "Honney" Hackney.

None of us wanted to ask Elmore about it personally, so it was not until one night about a week later that Charley "Puss" Parker explained how Elmore had decided to go to Duke. "Puss" had played varsity guard at Davidson.

"It's this way," Puss said. "Elmore wants an

education. He hasn't got a lot of money to buy it with. He can get better terms at Duke than anywhere else, so he's going there. Wouldn't you do the same thing?"

Several of the boys said they would.

"You see," he continued, "it's not like Elmore would be playing for money. But he just had to take the best opportunity he was offered."

All of us had heard how colleges managed to induce good athletes to attend, how some athletes were actually paid salaries, how there was great competition among the institution of "higher learning" for the best material. But this was my first contact with the real McCoy. I had seen university football and basketball teams perform with amazing efficiency. Now I began to realize that this performance was but one of the cogs in a great and highly profitable business machine. This realization, as I recall it, did not diminish my desire to see intercollegiate athletic events. But I did wonder what the individual football player, for in-

|| For STUART RABB, whose columns and articles in the Daily Tar Heel have won him more than a local reputation, this article is the result of a three-year study. In it he shows how the "problem" of athletics developed and how he thinks it can be solved. ||



stance, thought of the game he was playing and the business he was helping support.

Last fall I got one answer from a freshman football player enrolled in the University. He very frankly admitted that he was subsidized.

"You like the game?" I asked.

"I love to play it."

"Would you play football if you had enough money to get through school unassisted?"

"Maybe, but not the kind of football I have to play—or maybe I would. I like the game."

"Would you let your son play football?"

"No I wouldn't—I doubt if I'd let him play even high school football."

Two principles stood out in this student's mind: (1) He loved the game; (2) He didn't like the way it was being played. I have heard more than a dozen college athletes make the same answers.

## II.

"Whatever is, is right," wrote Pope. Nearly everyone would agree that, applied to a gang of bankrobbers, Pope's standard is not the best ethical yardstick. And yet most of us will concede that whatever is, has definite and fundamental reasons for existing, right or wrong. So with intercollegiate athletics.

In his recent speech to the faculty, President Frank Graham made a most emotionally convincing statement in favor of the existence of competition between athletic teams of separate educational institutions. Dr. Graham sees the ideal arrangement: varsity teams, evolved out of and extended from intra-mural and spontaneous athletics, becoming "the crowning expression of whole communities at play." He sees the stadium as the "rallying place" for the whole institution, complete with high devotion and drama.

"On the playing fields of Alma Mater, vigorous and alert youth, clean and masterful from self-denial and hard training, rejoicing in their common strength, give their all for their college and victory in good spirit and take it all, blows, bruises, and defeat, without quarter or whimper, to rise again for the blows and shocks to come."

The educational values in this brand of "ideal athletics" are, then: (1) Loyalty and devotion develop in those who watch the "pomp and pageantry"; (2) In those who "give their all," there develops a code of sportsmanship that may be applied to all the activities of life; (3) The participating athlete becomes "vigorous and alert," and "clean and masterful"; (4) Everyone at the

scene of activities becomes lost in a "cause bigger than himself."

This is the ideal. Maybe it is right, but it is not "whatever is." Wherein does athletics, as it exists here and at similar institutions, depart from the ideal and how did it stray so far from it?

## III.

In the beginning there was rivalry. Even before there was a University of North Carolina or a University of Virginia, between the citizens of the two states there was a strong sense of competition. The politicians of either of the two states continually sought to gain an advantage over or to embarrass the other. Small wonder that when the athletic representatives of the two states yielded to popular demand and met, this rivalry should have been concentrated at the scene of combat. Rivalry will always seek a convenient outlet. Some form of contest or matching of strength is highly desirable, if not necessary, to the ego of partisans who feel an attachment to any University or college, and who want to see their school supreme.

I am not trying to pass sentence on this rivalry. Right or wrong, we have had it with us a good many years and we still teach it (witness nine-tenths of the so-called college "fighting songs").

The students and alumni of one college are actually taught to believe that they have a better school than any other. This breeds an emotional itching. To compare their Alma Mater's departments, equipment, professors, and wealth would be tedious and colorless; it might be embarrassing, and it certainly would fail to scratch an emotional itch.

Then someone noticed that while students were at their Alma Mater they liked to play games. Why not get the best exponents of these games, delegate them as the representatives of their Alma Mater, and match them with players of rival institutions? In the victory of the team, all partisans of the college whence it came found that the emotional rash, which had broken out on their egos, was effectively scratched. The itching was very comfortably relieved.

Intercollegiate athletics, then, came as the result of, rather than the cause for, intercollegiate rivalry. There was none of Dr. Graham's democratic intra-mural foundation for the varsity. The history of the varsity at this University is the story of professionalism limited by rules, new professionalism, more rules, circumventions, more rules,

and new circumventions. It is not strange that a child born of a desire to win should eventually be dominated by that desire.

What kind of athletics has this rivalry motive given us? The original game, participated in almost spontaneously by students, was play. In this play there was no question of the amateur standard, of organized coaching, of gate receipts. There were no throngs of spectators, no organized cheering sections, no newspaper eulogies. The players played for their own enjoyment and recreation—perhaps to satisfy their own personal egos.

But when throngs of citizens attached their egos to the fortunes of a team, sublimating the satisfaction of actually winning to that of seeing “their team” win, the pressure was on. This pressure took two directions. In the first place there was a demand for the best possible team, a consistently victorious team. From the opposite direction, from the administration offices of the colleges, came a demand that no matter how specialized a “team” became, the students must still play the game for fun. To satisfy this last demand, there came into being the Great Rationalization of organized intercollegiate athletics.

Couched in terms similar to those used on recruiting posters during the late World War, the Great Rationalization appeals to the emotions:

1. “Play the game for the game’s sake. Win or lose, be a good sport.”

This clause was all right for the boys who worked on the athletic fields—they had to learn how to be good losers even if they played only among themselves. But for the non-playing patrons, what compensation was there except in victory?

2. “Give your all for your Alma Mater.”

“All” is probably overstatement, but certainly our intercollegiate athletes have given a fair return on investment made.

3. “A sound mind in a sound body.”

The exercise incidental to the intercollegiate athletics was held beneficial to the athletes, and through their inspiration, to everyone.

At our University, the administration wants intercollegiate athletics. President Graham admits that he wants to see our teams win. He believes that intercollegiate athletics has educational values. He denies that we have intercollegiate athletic rivalry primarily to satisfy our wills to win. In short, even if it is true that rivalry was here before intercollegiate “sports,” he still believes in

the “ideal” expressed in his speech. He seeks this ideal through rules, regulations and committees.

#### IV.

When I speak of intercollegiate athletics at our University, I am referring, in the main, to football. Football provides most of the money to run the athletic business. Excluding boxing, the other sports rarely show a profit at the end of the year. And upon the football team, at present, most of the University’s constituents have put their sublimated desires to win. As a game, there is nothing morally wrong with football, except that at this University and at many others it has become a business. Football stopped being a real game when the boys who played it were forced to perform before 40,000 paid admissions, when the team were forced to shoulder not only their own personal responsibility for winning, but the responsibility for winning for all of their Alma Mater’s thousands.

It is only natural that a business should use businesslike methods.

Unwilling or unable to recognize that his beloved football has become a business, Dr. Graham is still trying to apply a set of amateur play rules to its conduct. Fundamentally this is his stand: That no student shall receive remuneration *intended* to compensate him for his athletic skill. Intent is the most important part of this statement, because unless the source intends his *donation* to be compensation for athletic ability, he will not have violated any amateur code. There may be more difficult jobs, but I’d just as soon not have the one of probing a man’s mind to determine his intentions.

Somewhere back along the line, the University athletic authorities stopped using the strict interpretation of the amateur standard. Perhaps, since their jobs came from mass demand to win games, they never had any such standard. At any rate, University coaches, with or without the knowledge of Director Robert Fetzer, sanctioned, welcomed, or co-operated in inducing athletes to come here by offering them subsidies.

The coaches were still carrying on these operations last year. The reason for offering subsidies is simple. It happens that the great majority of good football players are boys unable to go to college without assistance. Since other institutions are prepared to make these boys offers, unless our coaches can make some offer of financial assistance this University can’t get enough football ma-



terial to produce a winning team. Without a winning team, the coach is on his way out. That is why we have three alumni on the athletic council. Do alumni representatives also have a vote in telling Mr. Downs how to run the library?

Furthermore, intercollegiate football has come a long way since Dr. Graham played it. There is about as much play now in going out for the football team as there is in joining the army. Military discipline is used to put the candidates through their daily three-to-four hour tasks.

Let's sum up the situation. Dr. Graham wants athletics to stay on the old-time amateur standard. The coaches, competing with professional teams, are joining with the alumni in making their own standards. The two standards do not coincide. Dr. Graham's standard is for the "play" game. The coaches' standard is for the business.

When it came to a showdown and the Southern Conference adopted the Graham Plan, it appeared on the surface as a victory for the purists. It is doubtful, however, whether many of those who favored the rules really thought they could or would be so well kept that overnight the nature of football would be changed. There was, of course, immediate opposition to the rules, but the opponents, instead of exposing the true big-business character football all over the country had assumed, a character scornful of any sporting rules, leaned over backwards in the other direction and argued that there was no necessity for these rules. Why not let things alone?

No school with the exception of Virginia complied with these rules. This University violated them and is still violating them.

In action, the so-called "Graham Plan" was a failure. It was worse than a failure because it forced coaches, alumni, and paid athletes, to give up something very dear to each, or to become hypocrites and liars. The coach wanted his job. If he complied with the Graham Plan in spite of its general violation by other schools, he would eventually lose his job. The alumnus wanted to win. If he complied with the Graham Plan, he knew "his" team would lose. The paid athlete wanted an education here. If he complied with the Graham Plan, some committee might read the intention of his benefactor's mind and he would be ineligible. So practically no one complied with the Plan and when the stench of the hypocrisy became intolerable, the regulations were dropped. That was last December.

V.

While this is being written, the faculty is considering a new set of athletic regulations drawn up by Dr. Graham and an administrative sub-committee. There is no space to go into details of the rules, but the principles are these: (1) The rules apply to this University only; (2) Our University requires slightly more class work per year than the conference; (3) Athletes representing the University must qualify before a committee as good campus citizens; (4) The University condemns subsidization and will disqualify any subsidized athlete it can catch; (5) The athletic program is principally educational and the University hopes that there will someday be a regular department of athletics. (What will the alumni do then, poor things?) There is also a local rule already in effect requiring each athlete to satisfy a faculty athletic committee that he is a *bona fide* amateur.

Now it seems to me that any University has a limited area of control, beyond which its laws, good or bad, cannot be enforced. Rules two and three are rules within the University's jurisdiction. But rule four attempts to control a practice, the motivation for which comes from outside the area that can be policed by the University. A press dispatch claims that a California university has engaged a G-man to investigate and make a report on subsidization. That is one way to try to catch offenders, but before you pass judgment on the accused, somebody please explain to me how a person can be convicted of being "subsidized primarily for his athletic ability." To get a conviction, somebody's intentions are going to have to be mighty evident.

What good can the new rules do? About as much good as trying to put a half-grown chicken back in the shell from which he was hatched. Football and Co. has grown away from and beyond Dr. Graham's standard of pure amateurism.

Should the University officially recognize this state of affairs by giving up the discouraging task of stamping out subsidization with rules? It would end all the hypocrisy, and there are many who favor dropping rules. "Why pick on the athlete any more than any other student? they reason. You don't ask the chemistry major how much income he receives or where his money comes from. Eligibility rules regarding grade and residence requirements might be all right, but why pry into his private life? If he gets financial

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

## Academica

### *A Modern Goat-Song*

#### I.

It seems that man today  
Is rapidly losing  
The noble art of using  
His faculties for play,  
And is confusing  
The academic night with the philosophic day.  
  
So we flounder in the seas  
(We, the scholars, what are we?)  
Of antique mythologies  
(But professor, what are *we*?)  
And are smothered by redundancy  
Of a classic superabundance  
Of extravagant allusions  
And a thousand pet confusions  
From the mad and musty, mystic, moribund myth-  
ologies;  
—All of this, to get degrees—  
(But professor, oh, professor, what are we?).  
  
This unbridled cerebration  
Must be balanced and relieved  
By unhealthy celebration;  
And, although a bit aggrieved,  
We admit this state to be  
A most unnatural situation,  
And destructive to real contemplation.

#### II.

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives ridiculous,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Research themes for prigs meticulous.  
  
While we prate of moral duty  
We grow dead and white inside,  
Become incapable of willing.  
Then we lose our natural beauty  
In compensatory swilling.  
  
And the spirit we consume  
Consumes the spirit we assume  
To inhabit our cranium  
As well as the geranium.

#### III.

I perceive some incongruity  
Betwixt us and this fatuity;  
Why not leave old lore alone  
And construct myths of our own  
For a while, for a while.  
Let's exchange this ossic rattle  
And the Neo-Classic prattle  
And the Tartarean Bull  
For a new and quaint little Beast of our own.  
Let's create fantastic cattle  
Of our own, own, own!  
  
Let the pallid Cleombrotus  
Revel in his poisoned lotus;  
Let's abandon the idea  
That such visions can emote us.  
And let the iridescent ingle igneous  
Lie glibly glottic in a fallow field;  
We must have myths of our own,  
And own and own, and own and own and own.  
  
Now if there is no objection  
(Save from academic quarters),  
Without thought of circumspection  
I will draw a little model.  
Yes, a merry, modern myth  
(I propose what seems to me to be a likely seem-  
ing model.):  
  
Strike up with us, Muse Porcine!  
We'll exempt you from abuse—  
You alone, you alone—  
If you'll leave all thought of mercy  
And with swinish thought inspire us  
While we make a little myth of our own—  
Of our own, own, own.  
  
Be you with us, Sister Circe!  
Be again the nimble nursé;  
With the magic of your wand  
Pray invoke a piggish cursé,  
And assist  
Till we desist

|| ALMON BARBOUR, an amiable malcontent who complains that he is unable to find the  
philosophic light in the academic night, presents a metro-satirical version of several stock  
indictments against that hardened criminal, our system of higher education. ||



From the making of a merry modern myth of  
our own.

IV.

In the year two-thousand-eighty  
One was brought before the court  
Where sedately sat the Judges  
(Oh, solemnly, sedately, sat the Judges!).

He was charged with a crime  
Of some dimensions in that time:  
A crime almost unknown  
In the days when ships were flown  
From Calcutta to the moon,  
To ascertain, as some believe,  
If the moon, like the earth,  
Was peopled with a race  
Whose hearts were in their knees  
And whose brains were made of cheese.

This Wan One had done a crime  
Of some dimensions in that time:  
It appeared that he raised Pigs  
Out upon his private farm,  
And that when the Tax-Collector  
And the Government-Inspector  
Came to pay their annual visit  
To his country home exquisite,  
They were notably astounded  
(Most eminently astounded!)  
To encounter only Prigs  
In their brief peregrinations:  
A neat and trim and babbling troupe of Prigs,  
But never any sign  
Of what they'd come to find,  
I.e., a group of taxable, inspectable Swine.

So the Wan One raised his wand  
And the Prigs were changed to Pigs,  
Into Swine most aptly suitable  
For government inspection.  
But the Agents of the Nation  
Both chorused in their awe:  
"This illegal transformation  
Is punishable by Law!"

Then the Wan One glibly said:  
"I can tell you how to do it  
If you rightly will construe it:  
All depends on how you view it.  
These Pigs whom you behold  
Rooting there within the fold  
Are really Prigs, which through my Art  
Have undergone a little change.

It is really not so tragic,  
For you see that they are rooting  
Instead of fatuously disputing;  
It may be they will dig up  
A seed or two of Truth;  
As Prigs, they'd only hiccup  
Over glasses of vermouth  
(Over glasses of a drink they call vermouth)."

But the Agents would not hear him,  
And they yodelled in their awe:  
"This occult metamorphosis  
Is not allowed by Law!"

So they took the Wan One with them  
And brought him into Court  
Where sedately sat the Judges.  
And the Bill of Charges read:  
"That which is, that is, is which  
It is, has by the party of the first part  
Been remodelled into that which is,  
That is, is which it is,  
But which it wasn't."

Then the Judges grim conferred  
In the learned legal jargon,  
And, despite all expectation,  
Among their words was often heard  
The mystic term, "exoneration."

Then the Judges raised their maces  
And pounded on the benches,  
And they sang unto the Court:  
"Let the most unworthy prisoner  
Stand abjectly at the Bar!  
We do here and now condemn you,  
You, the one one knows as Wan One,  
To a swift exoneration:  
For, the plaintiff, *in absento*, being Pig,  
And the party of the second part, being Prig—  
We have found within the annals  
Of a Babylonian king  
That the two words meant originally  
The same identical thing;  
And that hence, the injured party, being Pig,  
Was not injured after all;  
And thus, that that which is, that is,  
Is which it is, has not been changed  
Into that which is, that is, is which  
It is, but which it wasn't."

Then sedately sat the Judges,  
And the mob admired the wisdom of the learned  
Men of Law.

## Pulpy Love

*Cash for the Writers, Hash for the Readers*

IT'S JUST AN OPINION on my part, but I have an idea that a thorough search of Spencer Hall would not produce more than three copies of *Thrilling Love Story* or *Sweethearts*. A search of Battle-Vance-Pettigrew for copies of *Ace Detective* or *Super-X Western* would doubtless be more fruitful. The local magazine dealers carry a number and variety of pulp action magazines disproportionate to those in which romance is the theme.

The pulps, in case you are among the uninitiated, are those bright-colored magazines that are to be found on the lower shelves of every news stand. In some a villain bites the dust in every paragraph, in others there's a romantic thrill in every line; but regardless of that, the mighty figure of Charles Atlas is invariably there to invite you to get strong in ten days or get your money back.

In starting out to write for pulp magazines, one has a wide choice, but my own range was limited. I didn't know how to saddle a horse; hence *Sure-Fire Western* and *Super-X Western* were out. I never had a course in astronomy or I might have been able to write for *Amazing Stories* or *Wonder Stories*. The only time I ever rode in an airplane was at a county fair, and after that even reading about airplanes made me dizzy. As I knew nothing about the controls of a Douglas DH-4, *War Birds* and *War Aces* were out of the question. I have a friend who writes for *Terror Tales* and *Horror Stories*, but even if I could I wouldn't want to create a lot of sadistic villains to keep me awake nights. About the only geography I knew was that stretch of country-side between Montgomery and Birmingham, Alabama, bordering the concrete highway. No setting for *Adventure Stories* there.

Love stories were about the only thing left. I didn't know a great deal about that either; but after reading several dozen pulp love story maga-

zines, I have learned something. I don't know any more about love, but I learned what 3,000,000 American girls think love is—or should be.

### II.

You are mistaken if you have the idea that pulps are synonymous with the sex magazines that are the perennial quarry of morality censors. The latter are the enemy of the pulps since they tend to place them in undeserved disrepute. The orthodox pulps are the lineal descendants of the yellow-back novels of our fathers' youth. The family tree has many branches now, however, each with its specialties. For instance the Westerns range from those in which the love angle is incidental, the hero being timid and naïve, to *Ranch Romances*, in which the love angle is primary and the Western angle incidental.

Each pulp love magazine has a distinctive character, although a number of them bear marked similarities. There are about half a dozen major publishing houses producing from six to twenty titles each. In the love category alone there are two or three dozen pulpy products, including *LOVE Story*, *LOVE Book*, *Smart LOVE Story*, *Complete LOVE Magazine*, *Thrilling LOVE Stories*, *Ten-Story LOVE*, *ROMANCE*, *SWEETHEARTS*, *Modern LOVE Magazine*, *Pocket LOVE* (it gets its name from its size), and *BREEZY Love Stories*. The last name is on the borderline between the orthodox and the suggestive, but even so you will be disappointed if you buy a copy expecting *BREEZY* to mean breezy.

The typical pulp love plot concerns a young girl with blonde, brunette, red or golden hair (there are no in-betweens) who is faced with one of life's common difficulties—loneliness, jealousy or poverty. She meets, or has met, a handsome man who has wavy blond or steely black hair (there are no in-betweens even for men), is tall, and has broad shoulders (invariably). Love at

GOULD BEECH, who cheerfully includes everybody and everything in the province of his curiosity, is a sociologist who can see beyond statistics to vitality, beyond case interest to human interest. Behind the drammer and bathos and frayed witticisms of the pulps he discovers genuine drama and pathos and humor in the lives of their authors and readers.



first sight is almost as invariable as the broad shoulders, and equally as strong.

There is usually a first kiss which leaves no doubt as to the reality of love. It sets up unmistakable instantaneous actions in the heart of the heroine.

"A tall young man stood there, immaculate in his black-and-white evening clothes, his silk hat under his arm, a perfect gardenia in his buttonhole. He had thick wavy hair, a face of classic perfection that smiled at her. . . . When he spoke, she gave an involuntary jump, because something in that voice startled her, momentarily moved her to a strange thrill."

The supply of surprise dénouements is not exhausted yet, and many of the old ones are still popular. The gorgeous creature the heroine supposed to be her rival frequently turns out to be the hero's sister. Sudden bolts of lightning, floods, fires, train and airplane crashes and other unexpected catastrophes come from the author's ice box to thicken his plots.

The explanation, usually made by the male, the reconciliation and the final kiss take place within the last 200 to 400 words, a considerable portion of which may be used in describing the embrace. Kisses, incidentally, are sometimes tame and sometimes torrid, the following being about half way in between:

"He caught her tight in his arms and kissed her. His lips were hard and sweet and warm, just the way she had dreamed they would be. He kissed her and it was heaven. It was not pretense, it was not rehearsal, it was real. It was a real kiss.

"She clung to him. For a moment neither of them could speak."

The heroines are sometimes stenographers, department store clerks, beauticians, etc. Airline hostesses, reporters and book and flower shop owners are popular. It is surprising that heiresses are perhaps the most frequent type. I have read stories starring the world's No. 1 richest girl, also

numbers 6, 16 and 64. As you can see, there are plenty of numbers left, so help yourself.

Whether the heroine happens to be the daughter of an archaeologist, the secretary to a lumber king, or a chorus girl, she thinks and acts exactly the same. The emotional patterns are all of the elementary type—love, jealousy, hate. The emotional pitch and intensity with which each paragraph must be charged is never allowed to subside. In the course of the conflict or misunderstanding the heroine invariably decides she hates the hero, but her hatred, of course, see-saws back and forth with the more powerful emotion, love.

Intentional comedy is practically unknown in the pulps. They are written with an earnestness in keeping with the serious business that is their chief concern. Although the word "gay" is used time and again, as is the word "mad" — "a gay, mad party," "gay friends," "gay dress," "gay night club"—love and adventure are never treated lightly. The reader may laugh at the characters; he cannot laugh with them.

A knowledge of sociology and psychology would be an excellent background

for the prospective pulp writer. Pulp love stories fill two of the basic human desires of their ten million readers, besides catering to the fundamental instinct of reproduction. The drive for new experience and the desire for security are satisfied vicariously through this medium. The desire for security explains the unaltering pattern of the orthodox marriage. In all the pulp love stories I have read I have found but one instance of marriage without benefit of clergy, and that was only temporary.

All of the stories are written in such a manner that the reader can glide easily into the Cinderella pattern of the story, and away from the drabness of every-day existence. Locales, with the ex-



ception of New York, where everybody is at home, are vague—vague enough to be fitted into your own Main Street. There are some exceptions, particularly those in which heiresses flit about the watering places of Europe.

As in the average movie, the imagination is not worked over-time in the pulps. The habitual reader of a single type of pulp does co-operate with the author in creating a make-believe world, but one in which the sets seldom need changing. The editors never attempt to change the style or typical patterns of an established title, for they know from experience that readers come back week after week, or month after month, for the same magazine. They want the same thing they got from the issue before. The practice is to kill a failing title and start over with a new type on a different pattern. To attempt to change the pattern of an old one would be to risk chasing away whatever consistent buyers remain without gaining any new ones. This accumulative process may account for the extraordinary number of lurid covers that scream of love and adventure from every newsstand.

Harold Hersey, a veteran editor who recently wrote "Pulp-wood Editor," says there are ten million people in the United States who are pulp fans. This number does not include other millions who read magazines that are closely kin to them. Bernarr MacFadden's *True Story*, for instance, has three million readers and is as real in some respects as the pulp love stories are unreal. Incidentally, Hersey, who is a former MacFadden editor, says that insofar as possible, *True Story* magazine contains stories of real people. He also says that a board of preachers passes on the moral content of every contribution.

You can draw your own conclusions as to the significance of the existence of an army of people who are so emotionally cramped they must have continuous doses of vicarious romance to give them release.

### III.

Most of the pulp writers are unknown in "slick paper" literary circles, although frequently popular writers also are consistent contributors to the pulps. Sometimes they use their own names, but more often they write under pseudonyms. Among those who write for both are Octavus Roy Cohen and H. Bedford-Jones, reputedly the most prolific of present-day writers. The latter's name on the cover of *Adventure Stories*, which is the ranking

pulp magazine, is almost a fixture, and he has a tremendous following.

Mass production is essential to success in the pulp field. Some of the leading contributors turn out more than a million words a year. Hersey tells the story of W. Burt Foster, famous pulp writer who had two hundred and eighty full-length novels published and innumerable short stories. Blind, and an invalid during the last two years of his life, Foster kept up a steady output of three thousand words a day almost until the day of his death. For several hours each day he dictated to his wife; and at night she would read what he had dictated, and it would then be revised.

Some of the more accomplished writers are able to get first drafts accepted, although one revision is the most common practice. Pulp writers have their own individual following, and those who have "arrived" get contracts calling for rates higher than the average. For first stories the established firms usually pay one or one-and-a-half cents per word. Incomes of ten thousand a year among pulp writers are not rare, and many make from five to ten thousand. Once a writer has become familiar with the requirements and has sold ten or twenty stories, his income is limited only by his endurance. Rejections after that point are rare, both because he is not apt to write anything he cannot sell and because he is given a little more leeway in the matter of quality than the beginner.

The best course for the beginner seeking an entry into the pulp field is to establish a connection with one of a number of critic-agents. These fellows know the pulp market and for nominal fees can provide criticisms which hasten the process of development.

### IV.

The pulp magazines have never won the interest of the Marxists, but it would be a good medium for stimulating the class struggle. I have come across only two instances even vaguely suggestive of class consciousness. In both the heroine was on the side of the masses against the bourgeoisie in a situation involving a strike.

The scene for one of these was a five-and-ten store during a sit-down strike. The manager not only embodied the sins of greedy capitalism, but attempted to frame the heroine as well; and what was worse he had a bad habit of attempting to play around with the counter girls. This affair was



happily adjusted by the return of the owner from a jaunt to Europe. The strikers' demands were met, the manager was fired, and the heroine won her lover, a reporter.

In the other, the daughter of a steel mill worker was a picket, and was in love with the tyrannical industrialist's son. The strike would not have had the approval of John L. Lewis since it embodied demands for such paternalistic concessions as a swimming pool, a hospital and a park. The American Way was saved by the capitulation of the tyrant, who, when force had failed, became a buddy of the girl's father. Of course the girl married the steel mill magnate's son.

If anything, the pulps are one of the opiates which lull the masses into submission. The polo-playing heirs of "America's Sixty Families" marry working girls, while debutantes, green-eyed with jealousy, stand by helplessly. The debutantes, by the way, are usually the villainesses, although the ambition of most of the heroines, it seems, is to become debutantes. Regardless of their status in life the heroines always fit easily into any social bracket.

Some day I'd like to read a pulp love story that doesn't end happily; but unless I run across a copy in which the printers have inadvertently left out the last page, I don't guess I ever will.

## Adrian Spies

# I Was a City Desk Stooge

INACTIVITY and desolation—long rows of empty desks and silent typewriters—seemed to oppress the city room. The persistent tempo of the presses was stilled, and the room lay heavy in its silence. An occasional sound from the streets outside would echo its way through the room, as if to emphasize the lethargy inside. "Quiet," mumbled Old Mike, the garrulous Irish janitor, to himself. "Quiet, that's when a man can work. But it's not often I get it here among these crazy fools." Old Mike didn't enjoy talking to himself. He loved to bemoan his servitude to a wild newspaper gang, and he loved listeners. But he had scruples and a sense of standards. He knew that his only audience would have been the three city desk stooges. So his mumble was addressed to the inner man.

However we—the stooges—felt ourselves quite removed from Old Mike's contempt as we sat proudly at the desks of the paper's three leading reporters. There was no news for us to write, and we were pledged to phone the city editor at his favorite bar if some strange story did beset the unguarded room. There was really nothing for us to do. The slumbering office did not need us, our petty work was done, and it was long since past the decent supper hour. Yet we lingered, to sit on the sloppy thrones of our idols, to discuss the last

edition ponderously, to write little reports of fantastic happenings—such as the discovery of gold in Yonkers—and to throw them into the wastepaper basket with professional flings.

We really were pathetic little men, the lowliest dirt beneath any newspaperman's feet. Officially, our title was rather awesome. "Official Staff Correspondent" was the grand label our press-cards gave us. "City Desk Stooge" was what the "gentlemen journalists" called us—when an uncommon sweetness overcame their frankness. And stooges we were, obliging, prideless, ambitious, abused stooges.

We were high school boys who had recently bartered the leisure of our afternoons and evenings for the imagined opportunity of marching into the journalistic world. The city editor had greeted us with surprising amiability. "Sure we need some good school reporters. Sure you can work with us. You boys are mighty lucky though. It just happens that our other stoog—, I mean correspondents, had to leave. So I guess you can begin right away. Now go over to Paul, he's the school sports editor, and let him make all arrangements." I was thrilled by this casual reference to "Paul," who was the supreme sports authority in the state. "And oh yes, you'll have to come down

ADRIAN SPIES, a freshman, graduated from a Newark daily to the Tar Heel, for which he has written numerous feature stories this year. His MAGAZINE debut piece tells of the ninety-nine per cent humility and the one per cent heroics that go to make a specimen of the lowest sub-species of the fourth estate.

evenings. We can find a use for alert guys like you."

And Paul had said sure, too, and that we were alert, and that we would report High School games, and that we'd better stick around after a story had been written so that corrections could be made. With such a sweet smoothness a city desk stooge is born.

This animal is an amazing combination of pomposity and humility. Back at his school, as the "Official Staff Correspondent," he sits at the press table with a glorious overstuffing of adult worldliness. He shouts for names and numbers, talks intimately with coaches and officials, and waves condescendingly to awed classmates. To his family he is rampant youth, lunging in high-gearred bounds toward a great career. Ah, but back at the office he cowers at a borrowed typewriter, writing fumbling reports and sweating with pusillanimity. Skittish at the prospect of black-pencilled corrections by the boss, the "correspondent" falls easily into the stupidities almost expected of him by the others, the reporters who yell impatiently for the "high school guy" to run some foolish errand.

And yet the city desk stooge is happy. For just being tolerated to write little stories and run errands for a really "big-time" reporter makes him a second cousin to success. And sometimes, when his boss forgets to blast him with absent-minded curses, the stooge may sit behind him, watching his masterly sureness speed a news story into form. Often he unobtrusively invades the post-deadline conferences and hears how Blakely "faked that fool Senator into admitting a coalition with the administration group," and how "the murderer just stood there, so cold and calm that I could hardly breathe, stood there and said he hoped the trial would be fast, and how long did it take to fry." Familiar names and personalities are suddenly given an intimacy, and respected names corrode under the caustic remarks of men to whom scandal is bread and butter.

Sometimes, at these unofficial debauchments of reputations, the theatre critic would linger briefly. He held a Harvard M.A. and thought himself superior to the common reporters. He would listen without comment, hearing these uncensored revelations with the imperturbability for which he was famous at first nights.

Perhaps because we had similar interests and because I had not been around long enough to become alienated by his condescensions, we had a sort of friendship. Of course it was purely hero-

worship on my part, but the man seemed to need and to seek adulation. When my stooging duties were over, I used to sit at his desk and read the press notices which were always sent to him. Gradually I learned that he hated his work, and that he was disgusted with the plays he reviewed. "They say every critic is a frustrated artist," he would muse, "and I'm no better. Yet I know that I can write drama. Lord, I know all the rules, and I've been watching the petty plays of life long enough. Someday I will, someday . . ."

The critic must have pitied me for my servitude to the other men, for on one grand occasion he took me to a first night with him. Of all the actors I saw that night, my frustrated friend was the finest—and the most pathetic. In the taxi going to the theatre he spoke of his ambitions frankly and without shame, just as he had derided his work. But once there, in the stuffy atmosphere of consciously elegant first-nighters, he assumed the sublimely nonchalant pose apparently traditional with the critic. People whispered as we took our seats in the third row center, and he raised his head a bit higher, in defiance perhaps. He gossiped with me casually of everything but drama until the curtain was raised; then he was silent, hardly moving until the play was done.

He led me quickly through the still seated audience—which remained to applaud the performance—to a convenient cock-tail lounge. When we had found a table he did not talk; he devoted himself to drinking an amazing succession of straight Scotches. As he sat squinting at the shaded chandelier light through the ambered softness of his glass, I asked him if this was his custom after each new play. He moved the glass slowly, and rolled his head as he spoke: "Only when they're Goddamned good. Only when they're like the plays I want to write. Only when I run from the theatre feeling that someone has stolen them from me. Then I want to bawl, and realize what a mess I am—an over-inflated impotent Polonius . . . He knew drama too: remember that scene with the strolling players? He was like me, I guess."

Several hours later I had persuaded him that he had to return to the office, that he had a review to write. His "ambered sunset" had already faded. He babbled of his lost art in the taxi, stood before the newspaper building to shout that it was a Minsky-like burlesque of true talent, and fell into his chair to weep of his wasted life. Appealing to his sense of newspaper tradition I roused him to the point of gushing forth opinions of the play.



For two hours he rolled in his seat and mumbled brilliant criticisms. I sat at his typewriter and wrote out such relevancies as I could distinguish. Later, after he had slumped snoring to the floor, I pieced his ravings together into a first night criticism. I tried to capture his haughty precision, and to paint the coldly calculating pictures he usually drew. Working on my first really important story, I kept thinking desperately of the deadline, and of the rest of the paper waiting to go to press. When I had finished I wrote out the critic's name and dropped his review-by-proxy into the copy drawer. Then I roused my friend, who had unwittingly beaten his deadline, and tenderly guided him home.

Such are the rare, exhilarating moments when a young reporter meets his wildest dreams face to face. He is working in brief equality with men who live the life he aspires to. For the fleet hour he really is a newspaperman, a real factor in the paper's power—and not just a stooge.

That is why the stooges remain when everyone else has gone out to amuse himself after work. They don't care for a drink at Charlie's, or for that blond on Mulberry Street. There is more pleasure in the knowledge that the room is theirs, as is the newspaper itself. Then what noble stories cavort from shocked typewriters. What great journalism streams from fearless hands—which afterward bury them in the debris so that the "boss" cannot see them. Others have fled from the room, but the heart of the paper remains, faithful to the city room, proud of its sloppy splendor.

This was the spirit of the three stooges when Old Mike muttered past us with his complaints. This was the devotion to our ideals which caused us to wince when he would not speak. Well, Old Mike was a stupid fool. He couldn't type and he didn't know the rules of a lead sentence. And he never nurtured dreams of a reporter's desk of his own. Hell, Old Mike couldn't bother us. We sat enthroned by our fancies—and by the absence of a challenge from the deserted room.

At an adjacent desk one of my "colleagues" had been writing steadily for an hour. Leaning to him, I said: "What are you writing over there? If it's a scoop you know what the boss said about calling him at that bar."

The answer was so seriously put that I could find nothing ludicrous about it. "Well, it's hardly a scoop. I'm writing the story of Wilson's declaration of war. Boy, that's drama for you. Might even get me a raise." He smiled a bit to himself,

pushed back his chair with a yawn and said: "This is a helluva thing. Here I am willing to give anything for a chance to report. I mean really go out after news, not this junk we write. Why I've read every book on journalism in the library. I know lots of theory. I'm crammed with it. And what must I do? Rewrite newsy little bits like Wilson's declaration of war. Not that mine wasn't better than the original, but where are my readers to bear me out?"

"You always have me," said the other. "But I can't stop to weep with you now. You see, I've found a new twist to Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. It'll ride that sex murder right off the front page. It's sensational."

The office was stilled. Even the traffic-wheezes of outside streets were muffled. I felt brave and strong against the quiet—brave and strong enough to feel compassion for my two friends, for their courageous little jokes about themselves and their ambition, for their consuming hatred of their petty work and of the empty dissatisfaction that followed every day's efforts. The dormant typewriters emboldened me and the insult of Old Mike's contempt gave me incentive. The stooge shed his humility.

"Gentlemen," I said with a composure that surprised me, "I'm through." The others interrupted their reincarnations to listen. "I'm through fooling myself into thinking that I mean something in this place, playing games with myself every time I sit down at a machine, telling myself that I'm getting some training in something else besides picking out doughnuts for the city editor's lunch. 'They must be fresh,' he says. 'I leave it up to your judgment.' He leaves it up to me, as if I were deciding the fate of the paper. He gives me that great responsibility and expects me to be satisfied. 'My doughnut expert,' 'couldn't work without him.' Well, I'm tired of being an 'indispensable cog' in that doughnut furnace's automatic stoker. I didn't give up my leisure time to learn the mysteries of fresh doughnuts. I have ambition, but by Horace Greeley, I have pride, too. I'm going back to regular eating hours, and some time for my studies, and real people—not these damned cynics.

"Why we're just a joke around here. Even Old Mike would lose caste by talking to us. We're fools to have stayed so long. Let's go back to the high school paper, where we mean something."

The deeds of Wilson and Lincoln returned to the files of recorded history as conspiracy ominous

darted into the quiet; the stooges were making their pact. We sat back then, anticipating the luxuries of our re-entrance into society. I reached for a telephone and made a date. We would go dancing, and she would say nothing in long, delightfully personal sentences, and I would tell the truth about the sordidness of newspaper life, and she would say that it had been noble of me to stay that long, and I would say whatever I cared to, and my only editor would be her credulity. How wonderful it would be away from this office—delivered from the reek of the carcasses of old talents long since smothered under the dogmatically simple laws of journalism. How grand it would be not to bear the derisive brand of the stooge.

Suddenly the room was awakened by the personalities which gave it spirit and substance. The plate-glass doors marked with an impressive "no admittance" seemed to swing obsequiously before the straggling return of the reporters. They were laughing loudly, and sending patronizing greetings to Old Mike, who was garrulous once more. With a nonchalance which seemed too sublime to be affected they returned to their desks. Watching them in the privacy of their work, I saw their sangfroid disappear. As accounts of human foibles formed under erratically dancing fingers their expressions become more intense. Finally, as they neared the end of their stories, they worked with a strange absorption. Lost for the moment in the drama of their reports, they took on the sensitivity of the writer, and were almost writers once more.

Even the school sports editor seemed to be working with fervour. Bold with my imminent freedom, I walked behind him and saw what I considered a truly poetic account of a young athlete's death. I had never thought that this dour slave-driver could write so feelingly. "He must have some emotion after all," I thought. Well, I wasn't interested in his emotions: I was going to quit.

Our boss had finished his story and was pausing for a moment to glance over the copy we had written for him. His ugly black pencil poised threateningly over the fair sheets; but it did not fall. With a gruff "O.K." he shipped them downstairs to waiting pressmen. It was just as simple as that, and our writing was carried to enormous presses—soon to be rushed to thousands of readers. And without a correction!

Looking to my comrades I saw them sitting quietly, and knew that they were phrasing the insults with which they would color their resigna-

tions. But then our boss turned to us again. He held the pathetic tale of the young athlete and stared at us. It was several minutes later that he spoke:

"I can see that you boys have been working hard. You may not know it, but I've been watching your stories. They were lousy at first, like the sports reports I used to be so proud of at college. (This was the first mention he had ever made of being a college man. I was stunned.) And I know how you felt when I criticized your work. I felt that way once. An editor cursed at me too, told me how my writing stank. But he finally gave me a steady job. Lord knows I've given you hell, so I guess you're entitled to your jobs. We've got some openings coming up soon. How'd you like a regular job—with a regular salary?"

None of us bothered to answer. The boss did not expect us to. He knew what being a stooge was like. He knew what his words meant to us. And that is how the rebellion of the city desk stooges was quelled. The boss liked our work; he had openings planned for us. Being a stooge wasn't so bad when your boss was as wonderful as that. Being a stooge was part of the game, a part worth playing.

I walked to the window to watch the darkened streets below me. Petty people were hunched in the blanket of crowds. I stood and watched them; they were just news. And then I remembered the date my folly had made for me. Behind me the typewriters were a clicking melody—a strange song, but I like it. My date was forgotten: there was work to be done. And that did not mean the supreme duty of running out to select fresh doughnuts.

Our boss sat back from his desk and spoke into the trembling rings of his cigarette smoke: "Lord yes, you'll be newspapermen. Maybe not the idealists you are now—but that has to go anyway. Besides, you'll have what you've been earning all these days, and you won't have to write about the sinking of the Maine. (He was looking at me, I knew; I looked at the floor and counted the cracks.) Well, you fellows will be reporters soon. I guess I'll have to find some new stooges. God bless us all—even the stooges."

"I'm the lad who needs the blessings," called out Old Mike, "with three new fool reporters to look after."

And he was *talking* to the *three city desk stooges!*



# It Begins to Happen Here

## *Fascistic Mushrooms on American Soil*

THE PURPOSE of this article would be largely defeated if it left the reader in a state of uncritical and somewhat hysterical indignation. The article is merely an attempt to bring to the attention of the reader certain movements and organizations of which he may not have realized the significance, but which are tending in the direction of a totalitarian state. The term "fascism" is purposely avoided as much as possible because emotional reactions to this word are so intense that intelligent consideration of the material presented would be impossible if it were used.

A "totalitarian state" is a particular type of political organization under which the people serve the state instead of the state serving the people. In such a situation certain effects characteristic of a totalitarian state must result. The totalitarian state implies in its definition its right to existence, to the exclusion of the existence of all other types of political organization. It is natural, therefore, to expect active and usually violent suppression of all other organizations which would in any way, real or imagined, tend to endanger its dominant position.

There follows from this in practically every case the growth of the belief that the people do not know what is best for them, that the state, in its responsible position, must use its power to make sure that the people do not do anything to hurt themselves. From this rationalization follows the development of the state into a semi-religion. While evidences of both stages are observable in America, the former stage is most pronounced.

In order to foist upon a large body of individuals the belief that the state, properly constituted, knows more about their interests than they do, there must be a growth of psychological factors which will distract the attention of the people from what, under ordinary circumstances, they would regard with high disfavor. Thus Hitler uses the Jews and the Versailles Treaty as rally-

ing points under which the Nazi state can function in semi-camouflage. Mussolini uses the romance and glory of the old Roman Empire to distract Italians from personal losses of rights at home. The fear factor is also used to a large extent in the fields of labor, education, minority groups and politics. What psychological distractive factors the American totalitarian state will use and is using, we hope to be able to analyze.

### II.

Approaching the subject of the totalitarian state in the United States we observe at least one organization which is frankly Nazi, the German-American Bund, whose leader is Fritz Kuhn. At their dinner on July 5, 1937, Leader Kuhn said, "Our battle is the battle of all the hundred million Aryan (white gentile) citizens of these United States for the dissolution and prohibition of all parties and organizations not absolutely nationalistic, God-fearing and sworn to uphold and defend the United States as an independent and sovereign nation." (N. Y. Times, July 6, 1937.)

Beyond holding a summer camp in New York state, it is not to be supposed this organization is important except for the significant indication that it definitely "Can Happen Here."

It was possible to find more material upon another frankly "fascist" organization, the Silver-shirts, whose leader is William Dudley Pelley and whose publication *The New Liberation*, "Vital information for enlightened patriots," published monthly at Asheville, N. C., lends itself to rather interesting analysis. The organization appears to be nation-wide. Branches of the Silver Legion are to be found in Oregon and Washington.

"Last summer, when Red rioters made threats to engulf Seattle in the opening phases of soviet revolution, it was the vigilante forces of the Christian Silver-shirts of the Northwest, thousands strong and ready to fight the Jew-led forces of Communist seamen on their own ground, that made the striking

JOHN CREEDY believes that the fear of "radicalism" has done much to render useless the efforts of a sane and responsible labor movement. He here points out how, in the intensity of their fear, the people may be caught up in something much more frightful and destructive of their liberties than the so-called "radicalism" could ever be.

longshoremen think twice about resorting to violence to achieve their ends and kept the strike within the bounds of law and order." \*

If it were not for the fact that some people are taking this sort of thing seriously William Dudley Pelley would be no more than very amusing. In an article in April, 1937, "How brainy people are being fooled about Dictators," Chief Pelley explains as follows:

"A Dictatorship is a system wherein the strong will of a resolute leader dominates the workings of a democracy, a republic, or a constitutional monarchy, and lays down and insists upon the policies which shall be followed in enacting the legal measures peculiar to his tenure in public esteem. He dictates the *nature* of the policies, remember, no more than that, which the customary officers or departments of orderly government legalize and carry out. If officers or departments of usually orderly governments demurr, his power to enforce such dictates rests on an appeal to the whole people. If a majority approve, there is nothing more to be said, and he continues in his role. Such an appeal is known as a plebescite."

According to Leader Pelley, Roosevelt and Hitler are examples of this sort of dictatorship

but "apology must be made to Hitler for comparing him with Roosevelt, in that Hitler is honestly striving to build up a nation constructively and work for a strictly nationalistic program, while supine Roosevelt, fagged-out tool for the scheming Judaists, is achieving the effect of tearing down and disintegrating the political structure of his nation and working for its cultural and economic destruction that the only race predominating in the end shall be Jewish."

About labor, Leader Pelley uses the now-familiar argument of big business that

"he (labor) is being made a fall-guy and a sap by promoters of industrial turmoil from overseas, cleverly using the cloak of trade-unionism to bring in the rule of the so-called proletariat. . . . How many good Americans are aware that so appreciative is Moscow for the services John L. Lewis is rendering the cause of Jew-Communism that it is being publicized that after Soviet America is come in, Detroit will be renamed *Lewistown*. . . ."

On the masthead of the May 1937 issue (devoted mostly to the labor difficulties of that month) occurs this peculiar slogan. "History repeats itself: The Pro-Slavery Party has achieved a new existence and maybe these Fascists are but reborn Abolitionists!" Does this mean that the communist, or rather to use Leader Pelley's appellation, the Jew-Communist element is going to enslave the country and "these Fascists," the Christian Sil-

vershirts, are the instruments of, yes of course, the "New Liberation?"

Roy Zackary, national field marshal of the Silver Legion, writes on July 7, 1937, that he was "born and reared in the mountains some 50 miles west of Asheville. When the day finally comes that Americans must resort to physical combat to save this nation from its would-be despoilers, I know where there are good Anglo-Saxons who can shoot squirrel rifles like nobody's business."

### III.

There may be other frankly Fascist groups in the country, but these are the two that come particularly to my attention. Further than these there are certain organizations which are not openly fascist and which in many cases believe themselves liberal. They are characterized by a certain overt-ness in the expression of patriotism—commonly known as chauvinism. The first of the organizations is the Liberty League.

The Liberty League organized at the beginning of the New Deal the National Lawyers' Committee whose purpose was the examination of New Deal legislation to declare whether or not the legislation was constitutional. Among their activities was the declaration of the unconstitutionality of the Wagner Act—afterwards declared constitutional by the Supreme Court. Not only did the committee declare the act unconstitutional, but it offered to defend free of charge any corporation which through disregard of the act involved itself in litigation. Many important employers in consequence disregarded the law.

The dispute centered around two factors, or rather, two different and opposing viewpoints. The first viewpoint was as follows: in a democratic society workers have the right to associate together for improvement of their conditions, the right to bargain as one unit for the only thing they have to offer—their labor services. The second viewpoint was that in a society based upon private ownership of capital, the owner of the business has the right to manage it as he sees fit. The second of these two viewpoints is vigorously upheld by the Liberty League.

Fundamentally the right of laborers to organize, guaranteed by the Wagner Act, is the more democratic, for the second of the two alternatives means virtual autocracy—that is, the control of a relatively small class to govern industry as it sees fit and without democratic checks. The Liberty League not only opposed the measure and

\* *New Liberation*, May, 1937. "Revolution Tactics in Detroit Challenge to Silvershirts."



avored the autocratic control of the small class, but urged that employers *should disobey the law* once it was on the statute books.

In the Declaration of Independence is the statement that all men are

"endowed with certain unalienable rights . . . among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. . . . To secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter and abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

Looked at from a purely objective point of view we may wonder what the Liberty Leaguers think of this part of the Declaration of Independence since they seem to go dead against its spirit in opposing the democratic labor unions. For if the labor union seems to the laborers "most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness" and since *they* are the people, on what democratic grounds can the Liberty Leaguers base their objections?

Going on through the Declaration we come to that significant paragraph which had so much importance at the time of the Revolution, namely,

"He has kept among us in time of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislature. He has effected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their acts of pretended legislation: For quartering large bodies of troops among us: for protecting them by mock trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states: for depriving us in many cases of the right of trial by jury."

It may seem fantastic that such a document as the Declaration of Independence should be applicable today, but in certain respects at least the statements above would be applicable to the quartering of the National Guard in strike areas ostensibly "to keep order." We may note that the Governor has the right to call out the National Guard when he sees fit "without the consent of the legislature." And if the National Guard is not an "armed force" quartered in the district without the consent of the people, I personally would like to know what it is! I remember the New York Times account of the re-opening of one of the mills at Niles, Ohio. "The National Guard were seen to be driving back a group of about 200 striking workers, *with the aid of two low-flying airplanes.*"

But we must not press the point any further. I think in main outline the impression one gets of the National Guard, especially recently, is that it is used rather too freely in cases of industrial dispute.

"In politics, Liberty League liberty means fighting against government as a dangerous regulator or rival of private business enterprise. The effort is either to control government so that it shall not exercise this power, or, if government cannot be so controlled, to combat it and disobey it. In industry, Liberty League liberty likewise means controlling, corrupting or fighting against organized labor as an aspirant for a share in power over private industry, and trying to prevent government from being used as an agency to secure labor's liberties. being used as an agency to secure labor's liberties." \*

#### IV.

The next thing that comes to our attention is the organization known as the American Legion. It is immediately suspected because of its always vigorous patriotic programs. During the years 1936-1937 "Americanism" was continued as the major program of the American Legion. There is an extraordinarily interesting book published by the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion entitled "Isms: a Review of Alien Isms, Revolutionary Communism and their active Sympathizers in the United States." On page twelve of a book which devotes 266 pages to the examination of Communism and 20 pages to the examination of Fascism appears the comparison in two columns of "What the American Legion stands for" and "What Communism stands for."

After the usual "for God and Country" the American Legion stands for "Upholding and defending the constitution of the United States of America." It is interesting to note that as the direct opposite to this Communism stands for the "destruction of private property and inheritance." I ask the fair-minded reader, is one the antithesis of the other? Is it possible that the American Legion has overlooked the fact that the Constitution of the United States provides for a little more than the preservation of property rights and the maintenance of inheritance?

A little further down we find that the American Legion stands for the "maintenance of law and order." What about the police force! And if the police force is not effective, should we not be a

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\* George Soule. "Liberty League Liberty," Part III, *New Republic*. September 9, 1936.

little hesitant about entrusting "law and order" to this unknown body of ex-soldiers?

It is even faintly amusing in view of the stand the American Legion took recently in favoring an increase in armaments that it also stands for the "promotion of peace and goodwill on earth." A further interesting occurrence along this line was the way in which the American Legion silenced Senator Borah when he tried to speak on peace before the students of his own home state at the University of Idaho. The American Legion, according to the Nov. 11 *Christian Century*, protested the use of the University assembly hall so vigorously that the administration, although they were in favor of Senator Borah's being invited to speak, withdrew their permission and the speech was not delivered.

The German Fascists in Germany when talking about truth in education ask with Pontius Pilate "What is Truth!" and seem to answer for themselves "truth is what we declare it to be." Thus their educational system is admitted to be an instrument of propaganda instead of an instrument for teaching truth. The inference from the recent trouble Massachusetts had over the American Legion-sponsored Oaths of Allegiance to the Constitution which the teachers of Massachusetts were required to take, is that the American Legion, agreeing perfectly with Hitler, believes that education is merely an instrument of propaganda and that it is the American Legion's duty to see that the propaganda is of the "right sort!"

There has been much talk recently about the new liberalism in the American Legion. The Civil Liberties committee recently reported however what is really a typical case of American Legion red-baiting. Paul Batash, a naturalized Hungarian, offended them by using the word "system" in speaking of the present economic and political order and confirmed their suspicions by happening to put his finger on Soviet Russia when he was demonstrating a globe map of the world given free with a year's subscription to the magazine. (Mr. Batash sold subscriptions to the *Literary Digest*.) Later, at a meeting they invited him to attend solely for the purpose of getting more "goods" on him, he mentioned that a farmer-labor movement might help to change conditions, and that the people might force congress to change conditions. Next day Mr. Batash was arrested for criminal syndicalism and convicted by a jury of legionnaires to a five-year term in the state prison at Michigan City, where he now is.

Before we draw our conclusions from all this

material, it is necessary to mention but one more organization, typical of a great many more, and one with which Southerners are well acquainted, namely the Ku Klux Klan. Here follow some typical examples of what the K.K.K. and our worthy friend Mr. Hiram Evans believe: "... the law may be too slow and uncertain to save a menaced community, because of outside lawyers and the unscrupulous methods employed by them; then that community must exercise its inherent right to defend itself."

"It is ridiculous" [we learn elsewhere] "to talk about the American Negro as the 'poor downtrodden race' and the 'duties which we owe him.' The truth is that his position as a slave was better than anything he had ever known at home. He was generally well treated. In exceptional instances, he might have had a master who was as cruel as the chieftain of his tribe, but that did not often happen. Occasionally he may have had as rough a time as he was accustomed to at home, but this was seldom the case."

The annual report of the Southern Committee for People's Rights (Chapel Hill) lists for 1934 15 lynchings and for 1935 19 lynchings. A typical case: "A mob of 700 people, including women, lynched two Negro youths, Mitchell and Collins, 15 and 16-year-olds, in Columbus, Texas, Nov. 12, 1936. A young Episcopal minister, Reverend C. D. Marmion, attempted to deter the mob by making an appeal to them from the top of an automobile but was threatened with violence. *Officials condoned the mob action by calling it the 'will of the people'.*" We see here backing for the remark made by Norman Thomas that the thing that alarmed him even more than the actual violations of civil liberties, was the general indifference to the outrages in the community in which they occurred.

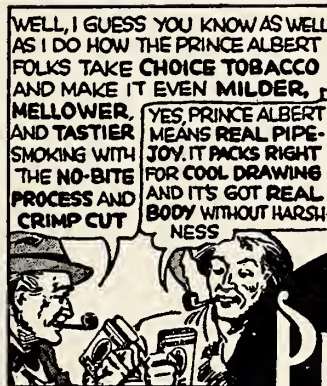
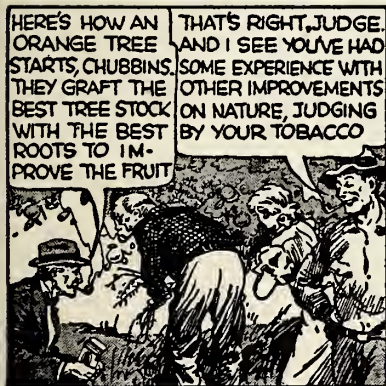
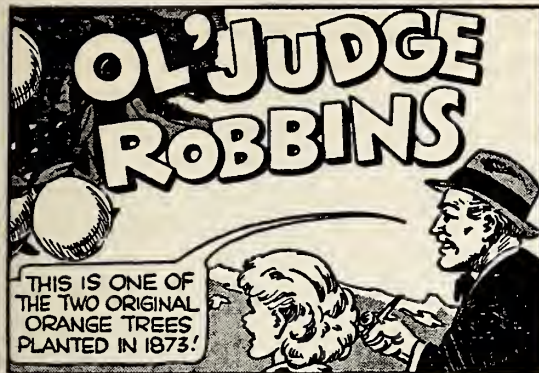
## V.

One of the most valuable books ever published in the United States is that by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd: *Middletown in Transition*.\* As a conclusion to this article I think it is appropriate to quote from the book as an authoritative analysis of modern American life.

"At the moment, Middletown looks equally askance at both fascism and communism. . . . But averse as Middletown is to any sort of dictatorial control, what its business leaders want even more than political democracy is what they regard as conditions essential to their resumption of money-making. . . . These men recognize the power of the

\* Harcourt Brace. New York. 1937.





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strong man, the man with power, and being successful in business is one long apprenticeship at adjusting to stronger men than oneself. They do not fear such a man, providing he is on their side.

"In conversations with business men in 1935, one gained a strong sense of their desire for a 'leader'—one of their own sort. Says one of these business men:

"'Individualism has made a sorry mess of things. The government in its try in the New Deal has made a mess of things. So, what? Hitler and Mussolini may be wrong, but *we've* been wrong, too, so far. What we need is a capable leader.' Increasingly these men see a choice between 'radicalism' and a something-that-will-put-down-radicalism. They think of the latter as an 'American,' a 'patriotic' movement, and of the struggle between the two forces as a struggle to 'save democracy.'"

While we may believe with some reason that the Silver Legion is hardly a very important part of American life (except of course to those in touch with it) we cannot deny the significance of the action of the Liberty League in urging big business men to disobey the laws of the land when it suits the interests of big business so to do. We cannot

deny, too, the significance of our friends in the American Legion who were so terribly upset when poor Mr. Batash pointed his finger at the map of Soviet Russia that they must needs immediately rush off to see that the younger generation does not come in touch with any isms but the "right" ism, Americanism. Still further we are somewhat shocked at the supine indifference with which human rights are regarded and the remarkable absence of comment in the press on the disappearance of American citizens (and they disappear right and left all the time) who are setting calmly about the lawful and socially useful business of organizing labor. We wonder what reception a Hitler would have, providing he was the right sort of a Hitler and exactly how easy or how difficult he would find it to establish a "totalitarian state."

And finally we have the picture of our business men, our leaders, the men around whom our civilization has been built, "... walking reluctantly backwards into the future, lest a worse thing befall them."



## Editors' Private Galley

### Explanation

It is ridiculous, in an institution proud of dispensing *Lux* and defending *Libertas*, to have to make an explanation for printing any bona fide exposition of opinion, even if the opinion seems to imply diametrical opposition to light and liberty. Yet we feel that the publication of an article in defence of Fascism calls for an explanation.

We hear only one side of the propaganda about Fascism. Of no other important international problem is this limitation so true. All respectable articulate Americans seem arrayed against it. Quite naturally we suspect that there is only one side. Yet we must remember the mistakes at Versailles in 1919. Only one side was articulate then; no one in America was interested in the possibility that there might be another side. Out of those mistakes and that apathy came Nazism. We must not take for granted the existence of only one side.

Liberalism has been driven out of fashion by the contempt of earnest conservatives and fiery radicals; right and left dismiss it as passionless and so impotent. The MAGAZINE, anti-Fascistic as it may be, is making a gesture of that despised liberalism. Nowadays passionate and irrational anti-Fascism is such a fad that exhibitionists, seeking the unconventional, call themselves Fascists. Neither side pauses to define its terms, so that the net result is shadow-boxing between beers. Intelligent and rational opponents of totalitarianism, race persecution, and militarism are actually handicapped by their own thoughtless supporters: the applause is so loud and so incessant that the speakers can't be heard.

If we in America are to maintain any consistency between the principles upon which we oppose Fascism and our actions in regard to it, we must allow the opposition a fair hearing, uninterrupted by Bronx cheers. We must go out of our way to discover good points on the other side. Our final stand upon the problem must be based upon, and modified by, a better understanding than we receive from a one-sided press.—W.P.H.

### As You Like It

The Religion-in-Life Conference has just ended. Judging from the list of speakers, not one of whom is a full-time minister, and from the na-

ture of the 44 questions printed on the back of the Conference program to serve as a stimuli in discussions, we venture a generalization: the Church, or such of it as is represented by this Conference, is attaining a social conscience. This Conference, we believe, represents a trend in religious work which has become more pronounced in the last few years, a movement from the purely personal aspects of religion towards its social aspects. We can see it more clearly if we compare this Conference, which attempts to link the individual with society and both with God, to the old-fashioned, hell fire type of revival concerned exclusively with individual morality. Both are efforts to interest people in religion, but in methods and desired results they are miles apart.

This movement has aroused in the minds of conservatives certain questions. Should the Church take an interest in social problems? Should not the Church confine itself to the problems of individuals? To these inquiries we can only reply, "Each to his own taste." Religion, it seems to us, is such an undefined and pliant thing that it can be made to serve any individual and any cause. The teachings of Christ seem incompatible with capitalism to some ministers. In their churches millionaires have to go through the eye of the needle. Other clergymen have no trouble in rationalizing their faith with their politics, and in general, the Church has supported the established order.

We, personally, are heartily in favor of a consideration of social problems by the Church. In fact, we hardly see how a sane minister can view an individual without considering his relationship with society and the social forces operating on that individual. We hope that the Church will fight for social causes. But to those students who may have been persuaded by the Religion-in-Life Conference that great social reforms can be effected by the Church, we offer a sobering word. You reformers will not have a monopoly on the Christian Religion. Your Church might come out in favor of Socialism or for freeing Tom Mooney as its national policy. There would still be many congregations and ministers within your Church opposed to those stands. Even the Democratic party has its Mavericks and its Glasses. And suppose you should drive all capitalists out of your Church? You couldn't drive them from religion and from God. Don't forget that God has been on everybody's side from the beginning of time.

—N.C.R.



## They Give Their All

(Continued from page eleven)

help, so what? The editor of the *Tar Heel* gets a salary."

This reasoning is quite logical and a lot more realistic than Dr. Graham's. It proceeds, however, from what I consider to be a false premise, namely, that because professionalism is unavoidable, the University should recognize its legality. I maintain that such an act would be incompatible with the whole purpose and spirit of any educational institution, especially of ours; and if students and alumni forced such a procedure on the administration, Dr. Graham, I think, would resign.

Recently I asked Mr. O. K. Cornwell of the Physical Education department if an athlete could be subsidized without the knowledge of his coach.

"I hardly think so," Mr. Cornwell said. A few moments later he added that under certain conditions the coach might remain ignorant, but that these cases ought to be rare. It is readily understandable that in most cases, not only does the coach know about the cases of subsidization, but he actually takes part in making the agreement with the athlete.

If Dr. Graham wants to stamp out subsidization, then, he can do it—and he can do it within the University's area of jurisdiction. Let him find a coach whom he can trust implicitly and who believes with him in pure, unadulterated amateurism. That coach will have none of subsidization. Therefore his team would be pure. It would also be such sorry excuses for a team that when it came up against the professional teams of our sister institutions it would be slaughtered. Grass would grow in the press boxes of Kenan stadium and there would be a less crowded condition in Mr. Bob Madry's office.

History ought to have taught us the rest. Alumni up in arms—partisans clamoring for a return to semi-professionalism or the abolition of inter-collegiate athletics. Then the return to subsidization and the big-time business. Virginia tried purity. Now she's back on the big-time wagon.

Dr. Graham can stop subsidization, but I don't think he will. In a way I'm a little glad he won't, for if he brought a coach to this University who saw eye to eye with him on standards of amateur purity, the slaughter of our innocent lambs playing for fun when our opponents' purchased ma-

terial socked them would cost Dr. Graham his job. It may be worth the price of semi-professional athletics to keep Dr. Graham. It's a strange tax to pay for a man of such high ideals.

While Dr. Graham defends the ideal intercollegiate athletic program, there are strong arguments in favor of the *status quo*. I have collected these:

(1) The Intercollegiate program provides inspiration and a share of financial support for intramural and pick-up games.

(2) Subsidies paid for athletic ability help good boys who might not otherwise get an education come to school.

Both of these arguments conflict with Dr. Graham's "ideal." In the ideal athletic set up, there would be democratic tiers of pick-up and then intramural game structures which would produce finally the varsity. In our structure, the varsity came before intramurals and still comes before them. The varsity puts on the show, brings in the customers and gets the "glory." Of course there is no doubt that the varsity's excellent performances produce inspiration and imitation. So does big-league baseball—but big-league baseball isn't sponsored by universities. Inspiration for intramural football could and eventually probably will come from professional football. This inspiration, then, is no legitimate excuse for intercollegiate athletics.

There is no doubt in most students' minds that our present varsity set-up helps many athletes raise enough money to come through school. This subsidization is, of course, directly contrary to Dr. Graham's "ideal." Furthermore, I wonder if the players themselves, since they are being paid something, are getting what their services are worth. The hours spent on the football field are periods of drudgery. Studies are sacrificed, innocent pleasure is foregone, and if you don't think there are plenty of injuries, ask Dr. Berryhill. Surely this is not part of what Dr. Graham meant when he spoke of "giving all for Alma Mater." Yet I don't know of a football player here who is receiving enough to provide for comfortable living in Chapel Hill. Most of them have to scrape, work, or borrow to get through. In such a highly skilled occupation, with such rigid requirements, sacrifices, and risks, to stick it out a student has to love his athletic job as well as the education to which he is trying to expose himself.

Meanwhile the conflict between Dr. Graham's

ideal of "pure" athletics and the coaches's recognition and acceptance of the *status quo* leads to regulations by Dr. Graham, to the violation of these rules by the coaches and to continual hypocrisy. The more rules, the more hypocrisy. And the athletic office seems determined to act according to its own philosophy, regardless of what it says to Dr. Graham. Success for Dr. Graham's ideal would mean disaster for our teams. Disaster for our teams would mean the return of what Dr. Graham had fought. That cycle is the alternative to hypocrisy—unless (traitor be he who says it!) we abolish intercollegiate athletics.

If this be treason, make the most of it. There were strong psychological and emotional reasons for hazing. It took a tragedy to force us to abolish this practice, and most of our sister institutions still have it. Hazing is justified by some with claims that it has educational values. So do a few justify war.

## VI.

If you will, keep your emotion in check for just a moment and let's try to find out what our practical losses would be if we discarded intercollegiate athletics.

(1) We would lose a source of fascinating entertainment and, incidentally, a source of considerable money. However it is not my impression that this University exists either to provide entertainment or to make money. Next time you drop by the Student Audit office in Graham Memorial, ask to see the Athletic Association's statement and look at the accrued surplus. It will interest you to find out how the association accumulated a sum of over \$50,000 over a period of years.

(2) We would have a large stadium on our hands. But it could be used for intra-mural championships, pageants, and graduation exercises.

(3) There would be anger and recrimination among the alumni and students. From both groups would have been taken away the perch upon which their sublimated desire to win, their demand for emotional superiority, had been accustomed to roost. Perhaps, faced with change, the student body might turn to participating in intercollegiate athletics itself, instead of remaining 95 per cent onlooker. Students pay compulsory athletic fees totalling over \$18,000 every year. This ought to supplement a University department of physical education fund enough to stage a well-

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equipped intra-mural program with more than one team representing a dormitory. It would be just too bad about the alumni. They would have to be content with loyalty instead of rivalry. The alumni are supposedly adults and as such should be able to find some more suitable vehicle for their egoes than their Alma Mater's varsity. For a state institution, technically capable of financing itself without pampering the alumni, it seems to me that this University does a lot of boot-licking. Eventually there will have to be an understanding as to whether the duly constituted authorities or the alumni determine the policies of the University. We might as well have a showdown. Certainly if the alumni have any unselfish love at all for their University as an educational institution, they will not turn against her because she has no football team. If they do turn against her, it is a good indication that we haven't got much of an educational institution anyway. The University should not depend heavily on fair weather friends.

There ought to be advantages in keeping our athletics at home:

(1) The University administration (provided it had survived the alumni) would be relieved of the nagging athletic problems and would have an opportunity to consider problems of a more fundamentally educational nature.

(2) Hypocrisy and corruption in intercollegiate athletics would dry up when the cause was removed. Whether or not a boy was a good athlete, whether or not he received \$1,000 a week, he would no longer be subject to suspicion and investigation.

(3) All coaches and athletic instructors could be put on regular University tenure and would be relieved of any pressure to win games. These men could devote their time working out an educational

development program that would help every student here build a stronger body for himself.

(4) Everybody could begin to play games for fun rather than for the victory for 20,000 fans.

These are not emotional arguments. Dr. Graham's arguments for his "ideal" are. Dr. Graham himself is far too emotional to pay attention to the logical.

The odds are tremendously against Dr. Graham's ideal's being realized here, because even if he succeeded at Chapel Hill, nothing short of a miracle transforming all other schools into our image could preserve it. The alumni might tolerate no team at all if they were given an explanation, but there is no excuse in their minds for a losing team.

Only one thing remains to be done—and that is to do something about it. I'm not quite sure what that something is. But I do seem to remember that the students of this institution of higher learning are famous for getting what they want from it. It is barely conceivable that they might be as successful in abolishing "this stench in the nostrils of decent men" as in getting professors' names on the schedule.

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## Current Literature

**FOREVER ULYSSES.** C. P. Rodocanachi. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.50. 315 pp.

Mr. W. H. D. Rouse's translation of the *Odyssey* begins, "This is the story of a man who was never at a loss." And that seems an excellent way to start an account of Ulysses and his zigzagging across the wine-dark seas. This Greek knew his way about in a world of enchantresses and singing sirens, of lotus-eaters and one-eyed giants; certainly he was never at a loss. The new novel, *Forever Ulysses*, is supposed to be about the same sort of Greek. It is intended to be a kind of modern *Odyssey*, an account of the wanderings of a new Ulysses in a world of enchanting opportunities and singing machines, of man-eaters and business giants; and this Ulysses is never at a loss either.

He is introduced as a "young male consciousness" crawling about the streets of a village on an island somewhere near Corfu; at the age of seven, a good ripe age for a Greek lad, he sets out to make his fortune. He makes it, all right. The wanderings of this modern Greek take him to Egypt, the Americas, Europe, and in the end back to the Greek island again; but he gets what he wants. For

Ulysses pursued the illusion of gold. The wonderful metal had been manifested to him only in the opulent gums of an old fellow-townsmen returned from America, for the fortunes of emigrant Greeks are always represented by the number of their gold teeth. When Ulysses spoke about it to his grandmother, she said:

"God grant that one day you come back with teeth like that!"

The pursuit of the illusion is a realistic, unsentimental chase. This Greek has no time for poetry and enchantresses; he becomes the leading munitions maker in the world but there is no Penelope waiting for him at the last.

Mr. C. P. Rodocanachi, the new Homer, has written something that he must have shaken up in his mind while he was employing his hands with a Martini: it is two parts novel, one part biography, and has for extra flavor a ripe olive of terse and faintly pertinent observation. He is concerned with revealing the new Greek spirit to the world through his hero, with showing how the descendants of Homer have made their marks today by their shrewdness and stubbornness; and he expects us to like the new Greeks and understand them. The modern Ulysses is a rapacious individualist completely without geniality, and a self-centered, albeit wily, human being: if this be the new Greek, Mr. Rodocanachi can keep him.

When Mr. R. gives up the idea of trying to write a novel and turns to remarks on the state of men and nations, he is more amusing. There are some observations about the French and the English which, as generalizations go, are well said; but their chief charm, I think, is that they are being said by a Greek this time. Americans come in for their share of epigrammatic tartness, too: we are, it seems, a race of vacant-faced idiots, cooped in ugly cities with our "superb" women,

waiting to be exploited by clever Greeks. Maybe so, Mr. Rodocanachi, but you must have been reading old copies of *The American Mercury*.  
—GEORGE H. FOSTER.

**UPPER MISSISSIPPI: A Wilderness Saga.** Walter Havighurst. Illustrated. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50. 258 pp.

Over the map of America spread the many rivers, eloquent symbols of the space and unity of the country. Beside these rivers American life and literature were cradled. Already one critic has pointed out, "Of Time and the Rivers" might easily have been the title for the new series of books in which American poets and novelists will recount our history via the river route. The series will be called "Rivers of America." Robert P. T. Coffin in his "Kennebec: Cradle of Americans" made the first of these studies. Walter Havighurst's "Upper Mississippi" is the second and there are to be twenty-two more.

In this account Mr. Havighurst has concerned himself with the coming of the Scandinavian folk to this country near the middle of the nineteenth century. A Norsky descendant himself, he has an evident affection for the story of his people and possesses first hand information about them. He knows their faces, the earth, the air, and the dream they have lived with. Using the vision of Cleng Peerson, the wanderer who led the first Norskies into the Middle West, as an integrating force, he has overshadowed an otherwise unorganized folk history with a compelling mood. It is a symphonic drama; the rhythm is that of flowing waters, the themes, all those that have made the Middle West.

The Scandinavian people, social in spirit, lovers of their own kind, found a great loneliness in America. Yet these pioneers, staunch, fearless, and industrious, soon took root in America where the environment, temperamental at all times, was most violent in its expressions. Settlers, as well as their animals, were frozen to death within a few feet of shelter; some perished in going from barn to house. The prairie homestead was constantly threatened by some of the "trolls," adverse weather, clouds of preying insects, too much or too little rain, and the fury of raging grass fires. It is a familiar story but always one that is intensely dramatic and forceful. The peopling of the basin country, like most pioneering, is a story of hardship; and its beauty is in the story of planting, rearing, and fruition.

Out of the tribulations of the Middle Border, demanding patience and determination, emerged a type. Men grew up who kept a distant goal in their minds. The second generation came too late to take part in the first drama and struggle of pioneering, but they were pioneers by instinct. Frederick Jackson Turner, Thure Kumlien, Charles Lindbergh, Hamlin Garland, and Vilhjalmur Stefansson are some of their names.

Immigrants as they were, the literature of the new World Scandinavians was all folk tales, their history only traditional sagas. Out of the warmth of the writer's spirit, these traditional songs and tales, some lingering importations, others



newly created on farms and in woods, and their strange beliefs blossom into rich and fragrant life. He records the noisy Norsky song "Oleana" and fragments of others that these people sang at community gatherings, whistled in the fields, or hummed along the river banks. With verve and intimate human understanding he briefly recalls the tall tales of Paul Bunyan and other "immortals in Mackinaws" who grew up in bunkhouses and on the skid road.

Mr. Coffin set a difficult pace when he wrote the first book of the series. Havighurst has met the challenge commendably. Whoever writes the story of the lower Mississippi will have a still greater task. If it measures up to the literary standard set by these two books, however, it will be a great piece of American literature.

—CLEMON WHITE.

**THE HURRICANE'S CHILDREN.** Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Inc. \$2.00. 175 pp.

Carl Carmer's natural gift for story telling is once more attested by this collection of American folk tales. Twice before has he acted as a kind of second Columbus in rediscovering for us the states of Alabama and New York. This time he touches briefly the whole field of American folklore with stories from "your neck of the woods."

The folklore of a country, aside from its other appeals, is always illuminating from a sociological angle. It was Mr. Carmer's intention, when he began collecting material, to compile a book of American fairy tales. However, he found no fairies, no wee folk; instead, he found a race of mythical giants who roared that they were sired by a hurricane and mothered by an earthquake. And it does seem natural that America should produce this lusty, boastful kind of mythology. The stories, being American, are tales of achievement, yea, very tall tales of impossible achievement. Where else would you find a farmer who almost laughed himself to death while sowing his corn because the sprouts came up so fast they tickled his feet? That same corn, which turned out to be pop corn, grew so fast that a hired man disappeared trying to climb one of the stalks to reach an ear, and it was so tall and so close to the sun that it popped on the stalk. Then there is the old sea captain who could tell the ship's exact position by tasting the sand on the sounding lead. One of the mates, tired of what he considered boasting, heaved the lead into the hold, which contained a great deal of Nantucket sand as ballast, and brought it to him. "Jumping Jehosaphat!" the captain shouted when he had tasted it. "We're wrecked right in the middle of my aunt Lizzie's garden!" Or would you be likely to find elsewhere a girl like Davey Crockett's daughter, who outdanced a suitor in a hoedown contest which lasted three days and three nights? Consider Ichabod Paddock, who bettered Jonah by playing pinochle with a red-headed green-eyed girl in the belly of a bewitched whale.

Many of the characters of these stories are well known heroes, such as Paul Bunyan and Babe, his blue ox; Annie Christmas, New Orleans's strong daughter; and John Henry with his two twelve-pound hammers; but they are all giants, giants who have sprung from this America. It is surprising that the perennially popular ghost plays such a small part in our country's folklore. Ocean-born Mary is the only ghost you will meet in these pages.

The book is not a scholarly foot-noted study, but it is

one which is, primarily, entertaining to read. Mr. Carmer does include a source bibliography of folk material. In her black and white decorations, Mrs. Carmer has caught quite creditably the spirit of the tales, and complements her husband's purpose to make the book pleasant and enjoyable.

—LYNN GAULT.

**I SPEAK FOR THE CHINESE.** Carl Crow. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$1.00. 82 pp.

One May morning in 1914, a telephone bell rang in the Tokyo office of the *Japan Advertiser*, a well-known American-owned daily paper. Carl Crow, the paper's business manager, and a veteran foreign correspondent for the United Press, answered the 'phone. The call was from the Russian Embassy in Tokyo. Would Mr. Crow call on the Ambassador that afternoon at 3 o'clock to confer with him personally concerning his subscription to the *Japan Advertiser*? Mr. Crow called at the appointed time, curious that an Ambassador should have made such a request, and was ushered into one of the Embassy's formal reception rooms. Left alone, he approached the table in the center of the room, at which there was set one chair, obviously intended for him. Carl Crow sat down, and his eyes fell upon a sheet of paper there on the table before him. He read the typewritten words: "The following 21 demands were presented yesterday by the government of Japan to the government of China." An experienced newspaper man, Mr. Crow realized that the document had been placed there for a purpose. Without waiting to read the rest, he put it away in his pocket. A few minutes later the Russian Ambassador entered, gave Mr. Crow some brief instructions about changing his address, escorted him to the door, and politely wished him good day. Carl Crow, American newspaper man in Tokyo, had been given a "scoop" (thanks to the Russian secret service department), the contents and implications of which have made history. By giving the world this news story, Carl Crow was actually helping to *make* history.

It is with the dramatic newssy above that he begins "I Speak for the Chinese." And from the time Carl Crow first went to the Far East in 1911 to "cover" for the United Press the tumbling of the Manchu Regime in China and the subsequent birth of a new Republic, he has been intimately associated with events which have helped fashion the modern histories of both China and Japan.

In respect to offering their readers material which is substantiated by the convincing authority of first-hand experience, both "I Speak for the Chinese" and "400 Million Customers" are worthy of consideration. Mr. Crow's books deserve the designation, "finds," which Harper and Brothers has given them, because the author distinguished himself by waiting until he *had something to say* before he wrote books on the Orient. His statements are the result of a life-time's experience and thought. (To foreign residents of long standing in the Orient, a standard joke are those migratory brethren who travel to China or Japan on a world-cruise steamer, spend a couple of weeks in a port city, and blithely return to their native land to write books on "What Is Really Happening in the Far East.")

"I Speak for the Chinese" is a misleading title. One expects the author to speak *as* a Chinese, with emphasis on the Chinese aspect of the present headline conflict. One might reword the title, "I, Carl Crow, speak as an interpreter for

Japan, in sympathy with China." If one were to resolve the 82 pages of his book into one sentence, Japan would certainly be the subject of that sentence, China certainly the object.

In as few as 82 pages, Mr. Crow gives his reader a grand sweep of Far Eastern history: from the opening of Japan to Western traders in 1853, to the present front-page Sino-Japanese War of 1937-8. One is grateful to the author for such an accurate, comprehensive and unusually brief record of a significant part of world history with which most of us are inexcusably unfamiliar. But Carl Crow had a larger purpose in writing "I Speak for the Chinese" than just giving his readers a short, well-digested history. His primary purpose is to explain the basic cause for the present Far Eastern situation as revealed to him in the light of history.

In 1853 when American Commodore Perry not too gently persuaded the Japanese to open their islands to foreign trade, the Mikado was a powerless, utterly unimportant individual. He was in exile, and the country was ruled by *Shoguns*, feudal lords, who were made strong by the support of *Samurai*, warrior nobles. These feudal lords, jealous of their power and continually fighting among themselves, nevertheless realized that they must establish some kind of central government in order to protect themselves against Western imperialism. In 1868 they found the solution. With great pomp and circumstance, these Shoguns and their Samurai re-enthroned the exiled Mikado at the capitol, Tokyo. He was to be their symbol of unity. But in drawing up a constitution, they provided that *only Samurai* could become Ministers of War and Navy, and that these two ministers were to have the exclusive privilege of direct access to the Emperor. "The King of England rules by the Grace of God. The Japanese Emperor is God himself. . . . Any act committed for the glory of the Emperor finds entire justification in the eyes of all his (Japanese) fellow countrymen." It was such a blind, religious allegiance to the Emperor which the Samurai carefully cultivated and ingrained in the people. Being soldiers and invested with such tremendous power over the nation, the Samurai (or what is known in the newspapers as "the military party in Japan") quite naturally plunge into conquest and adventures of aggression. Until the Japanese people can repudiate this Emperor worship artificially created for them by power-seeking militarists, until they can throw off the yoke of the Samurai, the Far East, and probably the world will be the theatre of Japanese conquest, says Carl Crow. Viewing the situation from that angle, he quite logically minimizes the economic reasons for Japan's present advances upon China.

It is known that Mr. Crow has an intense personal sympathy for China (as expressed, for example, in his recent article, "Farewell to Shanghai," in *Harpers*); yet "I Speak for the Chinese" is surprisingly orderly and dispassionate. The conclusion of the book is weakened by the author's expression of a bitterness against America and her impotence to help China in her plight, because he fails to follow up with any intelligent comments as to what America could or should do. Having asked the puzzling question, "after China what?" the book ends with the prediction of a mad sort of conquest of the world by Japan. Carl Crow has given his readers valuable insights into the causes of Far Eastern conflict, but it will take someone else to answer for the readers "What, and how, to do about it?" —DEWITT BARNETT.

## Cold Winter Nights Are Excellent Reading Nights

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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



*February, 1938*



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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH <i>Lane Barksdale and Rudy Faircloth</i>		FALSE BLUE—Verse ..... 13 <i>Josephina Niggli</i>
SONGS OF CENTRAL TEXAS—Verse ..... 2 <i>Clemon White</i>		STRAW HAT—A Story ..... 14 <i>Clemon White, initial letter by Margaret Munch</i>
THE GIRL ON THE BUS—A Story ..... 3 <i>Douglas Doak, initial letter by Margaret Munch</i>		EDITORS' PRIVATE GALLEY ..... 19
THE PRESIDENT PLAYS WITH MATCHES ..... 5 <i>Glenn Hutchinson</i>		POSTLUDE TO MANKIND—Verse ..... 22 <i>William Michaux</i>
OUR SELF-HELP TRAGEDY ..... 8 <i>Frank Massamino</i>		WHAT A GUY! ..... 23 <i>Anonymous</i>
A COUPLE OF BANTAM ROOSTERS ..... 11 <i>Ramsay Potts</i>		CURRENT LITERATURE ..... 25 "The Technique of Naturalism," by David Beaty. Reviews of <i>Hearken unto the Voice</i> and <i>The Third Hour</i> .

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## *Songs of Central Texas*

By Clemon White

Autumn sunset and the scarlet tendrils of pain  
Shatter a chill blue sky.

A dusty dove sits in somber solitude  
Above the channel, cracked and dry.  
Stretching into a tired, ebony smile  
Stand the leafless black-jacks, lean and black,  
Disfigured in the anguish of autumn's despair.  
The tired sedges sigh and skimming ducks  
Angle across the sky into the fields of dusk.  
The hillside farmer throws his pitchfork down  
And stalks away to his fire on the hearth.

Late spring comes bringing a daisy  
For the dark lapel of haughty Time.  
The Brazos belches a crimson flood  
While the idle mocker carols his delight.  
The Queen Anne's lace or fragrant lichen  
Covers the fields like belated snow.  
The buffalo clover stampedes,  
A blue horde gathered on the hillsides  
That somehow remind me of your breasts.  
Trees gambol to a minuet from the west winds  
While the old moon sets a lucent sail  
Against a blue-washed evening.  
Somehow I know that the spring will grow  
Homesick with me for these hills and streams,

That some day the three of us will return,  
The spring, my love, and I.

\* \* \* \* \*

The last sun rays have fallen on the scattered  
houses  
And pale yellow lights appear at the square-cut  
windows

Scowling at the dusky nose of prowling night  
While the west wind walks in the bluebonnets  
And grasses on the hill.

But there's never the sound of your footfall  
Nor a sign of you among the shadows.

The nights grow long!

The moon swings out over the squatting town  
And there are friends waiting for you and me  
With their thin voices calling out of the night  
As the dew drops drip from the bluebonnets  
And all the lights in the town are dying.

But there's never a whisper that is yours  
Nor a sigh from you among the shadows.

The nights grow lonely!



## The Girl on the Bus



AS JOE opened the door of the diner a gust of cold wind followed him in and the door blew shut with a bang. Some of the other bus drivers looked up and nodded, but Joe went past as if he hadn't seen them and found himself a place at the end of the row of stools at the counter. The waiter had to speak twice before Joe noticed him and mumbled his order. The other men at the counter looked at Joe speculatively. He was usually the most cheerful of the lot and had a word for everybody. But not until he had finished his meal did Joe speak. He turned to the man beside him but spoke as if talking to himself:

Damndest thing happened on the run tonight. When I got on the bus at Philly there was a little dame sitting in the front seat. When I started to take up tickets she didn't have hers out, so she asked me to go on, and I did the rest first and come back to her. She had the ticket out by now, but she just kept sitting there with it in her hand. I takes a look at her and sees the kid is blind. Pretty little thing she was, too, with big blue eyes and none of that swimmy look most of them have. Give me a sort of start at first.

I takes the ticket and thanks her and she sort of smiles and turns her head towards me. After we got out on the road I took a look in the mirror. She was sitting in the seat right back of mine all by herself. Pretty soon I heard somebody singing and I looked in the mirror again and it was her. Had a sort of sweet voice too, and she was singing some kind of a catchy tune about a girl and her sweetie.

At the first stop most of the passengers got out but the girl kept on sitting there. I sort of figured maybe she'd like to get out but was afraid she couldn't get around in a strange place. So I asks her if she'd like to get off. She says yes, so I helped her down the step. I motioned to one of the lady passengers, and she caught on that the

girl was blind. She came over and took the girl by the arm and I left them. The lady brought the girl back to the bus and helped her on. She takes the same seat right back of me.

We'd been riding a while when she starts singing again, but after a while she stops and then in a minute or two she edges up on her seat and starts talking to me. I knew it was against rules, but I knew she couldn't read the sign and I didn't want to tell her, so I let her go on. First off she asks me questions, like when we'll get to Pittsburgh, and do I think we'll be on time. Then she starts asking me about my job and do I like it and all. First thing I know I'm telling her about Mary and little Joe, and everything. Guess if it'd been anybody else I'd felt sort of foolish answering such questions, but somehow she seemed so interested and all that, I didn't mind.

It's getting late and most of the passengers are asleep, so after a while she leans back in her seat and goes to sleep too. It's a right long run to the next stop and the bus is quiet all the way. I take a look in the mirror every now and then. I can't see much on account of the bus being dark but I can just make her out, curled up in the seat and sleeping just as sweet.

When we pull into the station everybody wakes up. I ask the little girl does she want to get something to eat or some coffee. She says yes, so we get off and go in. I find her a place at the counter and call a waitress and start to leave. She asks me to sit down with her though. I said no but she insists, so I do.

When the order comes she seems to manage with the food okay so I figures maybe she'd been blind a right long time. When I starts to pay the bill she must have heard the money rattle 'cause she holds out her hand right quick like and says to wait a minute while she gives me hers. I tell her that's okay but she makes me take some money anyway.

We have a good long wait at this stop on account of having to make connections with another bus. The girl says she wants to get back on the bus so we do. I guess she sort of sensed that there

|| DOUGLAS DOAK, the first defender, among this year's contributors, of women's literary rights, is one of Phillips Russell's students. She demonstrates that college fiction is not ipso facto sui generis homicidal, suicidal, frustrated, Freudian, or bloody but unbowed. ||

weren't none of the other passengers on yet 'cause she starts talking about herself.

'I guess you think it's strange, anyone like me traveling on such a long trip alone,' she says. I mumbled something but she doesn't seem to notice and went on talking. 'You see I haven't got any folks. None of my own, that is. I've been in the blind school ever since I was a little thing. That's why there's no one to come with me.'

She stops, but somehow I had the feeling that she wanted to talk some more, so I asks her if she's going to visit anyone in Pittsburgh. Her face sort of lights up and she answers real quick, 'Well, in a way. You see I'm going to be married.' I don't know what to say then but she goes on. 'I met him last summer at a camp. He's got a good job out here in Pittsburgh and we're going to be married next week. He's a musician.'

'Well, that's mighty nice!' I says.

Some of the passengers are getting back on the bus by this time so we don't say any more right then. At the next stop though we get off the bus and walk up and down the platform again. Suddenly she turns her head towards me and stops dead still.

'Listen,' she says and hesitates for a minute and then goes on real fast, 'am I what folks would call pretty?'

I'm so surprised at first that I can't say anything. 'Sure you are,' I says. She don't say anything for a minute.

'I guess you'll think I'm awful crazy!' she says, 'but would you tell me how I look? Sort of describe me, you know.'

'Well,' I says, 'I'm not much of a hand at it, lady, but I'll try.'

I tells her about her pretty yellow hair and her

blue eyes, and how her skin is white and sort of smooth. I don't know just how I done it but anyway she seemed pleased enough. She smiles and gives a little sigh.

'Oh,' she says, 'I'm glad, glad I look that way. That's what he says too. Whenever he writes to me he tells me those things. He tells me about how he remembers the first time he saw me and the way I looked. You see, he's the only one who's ever told me those things except you and I thought maybe he was just being kind because, well, because he loved me.'

I tell you it sort of got me and I couldn't say a thing. We walked a little more and she just goes along smiling to herself, kind of. All the rest of the trip she sits in back of me and talks to me sometimes. Most of the time she talks about this sweetheart of hers and once she gets out his picture and shows it to me. He's a good looker. I tells her so and that tickles her too.

She's asleep when we get to Pittsburgh, so I wake her up just before we pull in. She doesn't say much but I can tell she's excited. When we get to the station she starts to get off, but I tell her to wait until the other passengers get off and I'll find her boy friend in the meantime. I think I can recognize him from the picture.

I get off first and start looking around for her friend. Pretty soon I spot him coming towards the bus. There is another fellow with him and he's got hold of his arm. As they get nearer it comes to me that her fellow is blind too. Anyway, I gets back on the bus and gets the girl. Just as we get out the two fellows come up. I see the friend sort of push her sweetheart a little. He takes a couple of steps towards her and puts his arms around her. Then I sort of got busy with the baggage.

*The little songs we sing  
about love and moonlight  
and roses and dancing  
leave us wondering  
whether the enchantment  
of fierce flesh-yearning  
has not been lost  
in the silly maze of symbols  
that mock us in our flight  
from the thing itself.*

—Almon Barbour.



# The President Plays with Matches

## *An Examination of Recent Developments in Foreign Policy*

IF WORDS were bullets the slaughter and carnage among America's peace advocates during the past few weeks would make the Japanese invasion of China look like a free-for-all fist fight on a grammar school playground. In the face of the present world crisis our pacifists have divided into two hostile camps and proceeded to lay down a barrage of words. The Collective Security forces, headed by the President, started the heavy shelling at Chicago on October 5; the Isolationists began to return the fire as soon as they had recovered from the first shock of the offensive.

According to most authorities on public opinion in this country, including Dr. George Gallup of the Institute of Public Opinion, about seventy-five per cent of the people were in the Isolationist camp when the hostilities began. The revelations of the Nye Committee, the growing disillusionment of Americans with participation in foreign wars, the activities of dozens of peace organizations and churches had developed an overwhelming sentiment that we were not going to fight anybody else's wars. When Roosevelt warned American citizens on October 5, 1935, "against transactions of any character with either of the belligerent nations except at their own risk," his statement met with great popular approval. This same policy was announced at the outbreak of war in China last fall; yet when Senator Smathers of New Jersey suggested on December 20 that all American forces and citizens be withdrawn from the war zone, Secretary Hull replied that citizens would not be asked to withdraw, and that the "lives, property and the legitimate activities of American nationals" would be protected.

The American government cannot "suddenly disavow its obligations and responsibilities," he declared. In spite of the fact that the President

had said early in the fall that any citizens who remained after the first warning would "do so at their own risk," Japan was warned in the Panay note that the United States would hold her to strict accountability for "any further attacks upon, or unlawful interference by Japanese authorities or forces with, American nationals' interests or property in China."

According to Secretary Hull, American investments in China, including missionary property, amount to \$197,000,000. When the fighting started there were 10,500 American civilians in China. Today there are about 6,000 civilians and the same number of soldiers, sailors and marines. Admiral Yarnell, Commander of the Asiatic Fleet, has some forty ships in the area, which he said would stay there as long as they were needed to protect American interests.

### II

Fearing that Roosevelt's policy of joining with other "peace loving" nations in an effort to "quarantine" the aggressor is really the road to war instead of peace, many American liberals have begun a concentrated fire upon that policy. "What do we have in China worth sending a million boys to Asia to fight for?" they ask.

Bruce Bliven wrote in the *New Republic* for January 5: "It is as though I were watching for the second time the early reels of a motion picture whose story ends in tragedy. I remember vividly the days before April, 1917, when a country that did not want to go to war was tricked and bullied and persuaded into doing so. That was a useless and unholy enterprise. Today I see signs that the same sort of pressure is being applied, for reasons which have as little merit, to push us into the Far Eastern struggle. I see a sudden tension where a few weeks ago there was none—a tension

|| GLENN HUTCHINSON, graduate student in economics and former newspaper reporter, seems to be preoccupied with wars and the rumors thereof. In December he wrote about the impact of the World War on the campus; this month he tells of the swing in national foreign policy away from isolation and toward collective security, and points out certain grimly amusing Rooseveltian inconsistencies. ||

wholly unjustified by any events of which I am aware. Old moorings have suddenly slipped. People are beginning to spout magnificent but meaningless phrases concerning 'our national honor.' The flag is being waved as though twenty years of world history had never taken place. . . This is where I came in. Must I experience the whole drama once again?"

"Hopeless idealist," "believer in scuttle and run policy," "impractical isolationist," retort the Collective Security crowd. "We must join with the ninety per cent of the peace loving people to stop the ten per cent who are threatening the peace of the world." They chant Roosevelt's words at Chicago: "If civilization is to survive, the principles of the Prince of Peace must be restored."

They figure the quickest way to get the world back to those principles is to appropriate \$800,000,000 for naval expansion on top of our regular budget of \$580,000,000. They are impatient with anyone who questions America's latest divine mission. Charles A. Beard's patriotism and reputation were sharply challenged on the Senate floor because he protested to the House Naval Affairs Committee that the President is following a "dangerous policy" by seeking the "maintenance of world peace by the force of American arms and diplomacy."

The same old appeals that sent us to Europe in '17 to save democracy are being dusted off and shouted about the nation. The same old distinction between military force to end war and military force that starts war is being played up. Theodore Draper in "The Case Against Isolation" (*Masses*, November 23) says: "There is the force of fascism which aims to start war. And there is the force of collective security which aims to deter war." Substitute "Prussian militarism" for "fascism" and "democracy" for "collective security" in that statement and you have the 1917 formula all over again. When I read such statements I think of that old ditty, "Same song, second verse."

It is amusing to see what a mingled horde has fallen in behind the Collective Security banner. With Earl Browder to the left of him, Alf Landon to the right of him, the President volleys and thunders. The D. A. R. and the Communist Party, by a strange twist of fate, find themselves in the same cheering squad, yelling their heads off for stopping the aggressor by a show of force. A few years ago Roosevelt and his big navy program was anathema to the comrades; they nearly

burst their spleen denouncing him as a tool of the bloody capitalists. Now, however, *The Daily Worker* cannot crowd enough words into its editorial columns to describe what a wonderful friend of the masses he and his big navy are. The presence of American marines on foreign soil used to fill them with such perturbation that they were "seeing things at night." Now they applaud vigorously when Secretary Hull declares the forces will stay in China to defend our interests.

And what of our militant student peace movement? For several years now I have whooped it up with the young idealists who were "never going to support this government in another war." The American Student Union, however, at its recent convention at Vassar, repudiated for the first time the cornerstone of the movement, the Oxford Oath. The young idealists burned their silk stockings, pledged support of "immediate steps to stop fascist aggression," and went back home to drum up support for Roosevelt's policy of bluffing the Japanese with a superior show of force.

### III

At the conference on "The Cause and Cure of War" at Washington, January 18-21, a thousand women, representing eleven peace organizations whose membership totals 7,000,000, adopted a resolution supporting "progressive sanctions which involve economic measures and even the use of military force." There would be nothing alarming in that action if we could accept the conclusion of Clarence Hathaway and others that the use of such measures absolutely will not lead to war. How anyone who has read history can suppose that three highly militarized and war-minded nations as powerful as Japan, Germany, and Italy will not fight if pushed to the wall by blockades is beyond me. That these nations will resort to war rather than accept the status quo ought to be as obvious as daylight by now. The notion is current that Japan has "feet of clay," and that a good show of force will send her militarists back to the rice fields. The same notion was current in 1914 about Germany. "The war can't possibly last six months," "A blockade will bring Germany to her knees overnight," people were saying. Germany went to her knees all right—but she carried a great armful of the world's civilization and manhood down with her, and got back up with Hitler on her shoulders!

But, the Collective Security group protests, we



are not going to war. We are merely going to send our navy over to enforce sanctions that will bring peace. "Just a minute," says Major-General William C. Rivers, U. S. Army, retired, who was for eleven years in charge of our forces in the Philippines. "The proposal for a distant blockade of Japan by combining the American and British fleets with a view to operating from Panama westward and to the Straits of Malacca, at Singapore, would be in effect a declaration of war against Japan; she would have no alternative to striking at once at all the interests of the two blockading powers in reach of the Japanese fleet." Declaring that the two fleets could not maintain such a blockade successfully, he reminds us that "the United States possesses no territory in China, while France and Britain control large areas of territory which they took from the Chinese by force."

Why has Great Britain suddenly become so interested in having the United States help her preserve peace and democracy? Six years ago when Japan's attacks on China did not seriously threaten Britain's vast Far Eastern Empire, Secretary of State Stimson suggested to Sir John Simon, at that time British foreign minister, that a firm and united stand on the part of the two governments could halt Japan in her tracks. Yet Great Britain was coldly indifferent. Today, when every Japanese advance is a direct blow at all that Britain won in her two opium wars and has accumulated through years of imperialistic adventure, John Bull is beside himself in his eagerness to get American naval coöperation. Roosevelt's acceptance of the invitation to send ships to take part in maneuvers coincident with the opening of the new British naval base at Singapore on February 14 was not done in the spirit of St. Valentine's day.

Britain rejoices that we are waking up to our "moral responsibilities" and are willing to use the fleet in backing up our acceptance of them. And why not? Once we are committed to military action of any nature against Japan, no matter how peaceful our intentions, we will have to go through with the grim bluffing game to the bitter end if our hand is called. What would be nicer for England than for us to be holding the Far Eastern sack when she has to call her navy back to the Mediterranean? Before you get excited about joining with England in this latest crusade read Quincy Howe's book, *England Expects Every American Do His Duty*. It ought to have a sobering effect on your enthusiasm.

#### IV

I have to laugh when I think of these two great "peace loving" nations joining hands again to save the world for democracy. England, the peace lover! After four centuries of bloody conquest, ruthless suppression and merciless exploitation she has raised the Union Jack over one quarter of the earth's land surface and one quarter of its population. And now she wants peace. Who wouldn't? England, the advocate of democracy, while thirty dusky natives for every English colonist live under her despotic rule.

America, the peace lover! We got our three and one half million square miles of land by essentially the same method Japan is using in China: by fighting for it and breaking any of our treaties that happened to get in our way. Helen Hunt Jackson's book, *A Century of Dishonor*, will make you feel that America hasn't exactly clean hands and a pure heart. Recall how the earlier Roosevelt swindled Colombia out of the Panama Canal Zone and boasted that "I took the canal zone and let Congress debate." Remember how the U. S. Marines killed 2,000 Haitians in 1915 while setting up American economic dictatorship in the island, and used the famous "water cure" on Filipinos in 1899. Top this off with four centuries of English history, and then have a good hearty laugh next time the President says that "the present reign of terror and international lawlessness began a few years ago," and that we must get back to the time when everybody lived up to "signed treaties" and the "principles of the Prince of Peace."

If I had never read history I might fall for such editorials as the following excerpted from the Greensboro *Daily News* of February 11. "... In the midst of these considerations stands Great Britain, as the second great surviving democracy, a nation of our own blood, of our own traditions and background, of what must be largely our own viewpoint, of common ideology and with common problems. It is our considered opinion that if democracy is to be saved—and we still have faith that it will be—that salvation rests in a common front of the two nations most directly involved; an Anglo-American front in understanding if not in formal declaration." We "saved the world for democracy" in 1917. We also fought "a war to end all war" at the same time. If we are going to have to repeat the past twenty years of American history so that we can really learn

(Continued on page twenty)

## Our Self-Help Tragedy

### *The Story of a Cruel Humanitarianism*

RECENTLY a campus visitor asked why Carolina did not follow the lead of private schools and limit the number of financially needy men admitted to college. "Why fool yourselves any longer? The impoverished student's problem—wasted money, wasted time, wasted energy—is your problem too."

Most of us are not likely to argue the point. Certainly some poor-boy students are welcome here and can be given aid. But what about those unavoidably left to shift for themselves?

Down to the edge of Chapel Hill, past fraternity houses with pledges industriously puttering about the lawns, we may go, until we reach a section bordering the Negro district, where no trace of college atmosphere remains. Here the "lawn" is a strip of sterile ground where decaying fruit-rinds, bits of rubbage, dogs, paper-cups, and pieces of broken glass lie fraternally side by side. We enter a gray building, one with many little box-like rooms and a hall where mingle the odors peculiar to each. In here, a few years ago, a Negro family lived. Now a white family maintains it by renting three of its vacant rooms to "poorer" students.

One of these roomers has decided to leave school quietly at the end of the quarter. With him will go no pleasant memories of his academic work or of the other advantages which he came to college to get. Instead, he will leave school with a bitterness born of seeing the lives of wealthier classmates in contrast to his own, and with little more besides an accumulation of debts which may burden him for years. He is at his wit's end. Knowing that his personal failure is due entirely to financial distress, he speaks with hardly blamable bitterness:

"My family started my college fund with \$200,

and I had \$300 that I had earned during summer vacations before I came here. Although I knew my \$500 would not last very long, I thought that if I could find reasonable living quarters I could get by until I found employment. As soon as I arrived in town I went to the placement bureau, but there were no jobs. Opportunities for work were limited, I was told, and about a thousand other fellows—a third of the entire student body—already had filed applications.

"Several weeks passed and my \$500 dwindled steadily. Again I went to the self-help bureau; but getting no encouragement there, I tried privately to land a job. I found a line of applicants for every suspicion of an opening! Then I moved here—into even cheaper quarters. During the winter months I earned my board by getting up at daylight to build fires. In the spring I waited on tables; and occasionally I found odd-jobs washing windows or raking lawns. Mostly, however, I spent my time looking for more work. Meanwhile, tuition bills came around regularly and with my earnings amounting to little or nothing, and my original capital almost gone, I got pretty desperate."

So this student went again to the employment bureau. Still nothing was available. He applied for a loan, but that source long before had been exhausted for the term. Finally, swallowing his pride, he borrowed enough money from friends to carry him through the term. Thus he has hung on, worried, disconsolate, drained of mental vigor. His efforts at self-support, his worry, the anguish over his failure to succeed, all have served to rob his brief life in college of most of its value.

There must be dragging around this campus today at least 400 students who are living similar lives. Half of them have scarcely enough to eat!

FRANK MASSAMINO, one generation removed from Naples, has been chautauqua pianist, Arrow shirt salesman, and machinist. With one dog for present capital, he is planning to be an airedale breeder; and as he also hopes to write dog stories, he has come to the University to study journalism. Of self-help problems he has had personal experience.



Our placement bureau realizes how inadequate are the means to aid all of them. Recently a count was made of the amount each applicant needed to earn. The tabulation revealed the total need of all amounted to \$220,632.11. This year, it is estimated, all the jobs available will yield only \$60,000! Obviously, adequate aid cannot be given to more than one-third of the applicants.

The self-help bureau must, therefore, to work efficiently, limit its placements to students who average a "C" grade or better. Because there are still not enough jobs to go around, the group must again be narrowed down. Aid can be given only to those showing the greatest need coupled with the best average grades.

## II

But consider, even, the lot of the average needy student our placement bureau is able to aid. Here, the case of one boy is representative. At first, although he was given some work by the employment office, he found older ones, upperclassmen, holding down most of the steady jobs. "It made me feel," he says, "as though I were a Chapel Hill 'mutt' trying to break into pedigreed canine society. Once in a while I was tossed a piece of meat, but I always felt that it came by mistake, overlooked among the bones. But I thought that the tid-bits would come my way later on, and for a while it looked as if I were right. In my sophomore year I was given regular employment. Immediately I said goodbye to my worries. On the side I earned a little extra, and the following summer I was paid to drive an elderly couple around the mountains of western North Carolina.

"So I came back for the next term with a small surplus. But jobs were scarce. My surplus melted away like an icicle in Hell. I wasn't living in a dormitory; but to economize further, I moved into one of those second-floor, main street 'apartments'—one with an alley entrance and an alley view. There were few ways to make ends meet. Once I collected coat hangers and sold them to cleaning establishments at thirty cents a hundred. Then I got part time employment and one meal a day at a sandwich shop. Finally, a call came from the self-help office. It meant a regular job. Again I said goodbye to my worries.

"But before long," he continues, "new worries cropped up—academic ones. Remember, working students are expected to maintain good grades—easier said than done. We have to get up early to do chores. After a hasty and scanty breakfast

there is work to be done at the dining tables, then a full morning of classes. The afternoon should be reserved for study, but most of us are more anxious to earn than to learn. At least I was. I had afternoon duties, and, later, work at the sandwich shop to do. By the time night came around I was too tired to study. I just flopped into bed to dream of the next weary round."

Look into the problems of students like this one and gauge the result of their sacrifices. Here is one who finds he cannot concentrate on his studies because the necessity to earn has overcome the desire to learn; there is one who supplements his assigned duties with additional jobs in the evenings as an average hourly wage of fifteen cents. Here is the boy who will crack under the strain and stand a good chance of being sent to Raleigh; another losing sleep at night and catching up on it in class—his sacrifices and efforts entirely wasted. If the self-help student has accumulated debts they impose their figures between every line of text that he reads. He soon loses interest and pleasure in his studies. Financial worries retard his progress in school until, knowing well why he cannot keep up with his classmates, he becomes discouraged and embittered. The only effect college life is apt to have on him is a disastrous one. While he is at work, or seeking work, he is kept from forming valuable associations at the dining tables, in the dormitories, or on the athletic fields. The fellowship of college life can hardly exist in the narrowness into which he is forced.

## III

The number of needy students at Carolina has increased in recent years until it is now over 1,200—almost half as great as that of the entire Harvard undergraduate body. The reason is two-fold: consciously and unconsciously the University has attracted the poor to her halls. Consciously, because she has built up attractive scholarship and loan funds for just that purpose. Unconsciously, because no red-blooded young person can resist sharing the cultural eminence she enjoys in the eyes of the nation and in the educational life of the south.

Yet, to say that the University is responsible for attracting the poor boy is only in part accurate. To be sure, in the past she encouraged enrollment by pointing out employment opportunities and her eagerness to aid needy students who were willing to work. But by the beginning of



1930 she had curtailed this practice, and yet the number of needy students increased. One reason for this is the typically American conviction that "every mother's son is born with an inalienable right to a bachelor's degree, regardless of his ability to pay for it—regardless, even, of his capacity to earn it."

In an attempt to understand this attitude, it is appropriate to turn to the statute governing admission to the University. By the Constitution adopted in 1868 the General Assembly was granted the power to make such laws as necessary to govern admissions of the poor to the University. But at the same time the Constitution directed the assembly to "*provide that the benefits of the University, as far as practicable, be extended to the youth of the State free of expense for tuition.*" At first legislators stuck to the letter of the Constitution. Later they ventured a law requiring those unable to pay tuition fees "to give their notes" with the understanding that they should pay the balance in full as they became able. For needy persons of good moral character who could produce two signatories and the necessary high school credits free tuition was still possible—with a string attached to it. The laws were improving—the thought of having to pay later kept some poor boys from seeking a higher education; but still there was not an adequate barrier to those of undistinguished abilities without adequate means of support. The new statute only served to allow needy students to saddle themselves with debts at the onset of their college careers.

Clear-thinkers view this statute as monumental proof of the profound insight our State's early legislators did *not* have. Whatever philosophy lies behind it may be traced to the doctrines of educational equality which became accepted in Andrew Jackson's time. Followers of Jackson were raw, undisciplined, leveling. They represented a new era of "plain" people of the frontiers. As such, once in political power, they became champions of the "humbler members of society"—then an increasingly articulate and powerful majority. Barriers to equality in education were let down, laws were passed to ensure later generations they would remain down, and state universities became equally open to all. Taxpayers began footing the bills that kept the good, bad, and indifferent children of the poor in school. Pre-Jacksonians had advocated a plan whereby higher education of a liberal nature would be given

to rich and poor alike, but limited on the basis of "virtue and talents;" later leaders saw fit to offer higher education to all sorts of people, regardless of talents. "Free" education became the people's rights, and state legislators passed laws necessary to protect those rights.

#### IV

Thus many factors have insured that poor boys of undistinguished abilities should constantly be coming to Carolina in the hope of acquiring financial aid and a liberal education. One such student, the son of a millwright, and lacking even the minimum cultural and intellectual background, told of having entered the College of Arts and Sciences. From his first week in school he was constantly burdened by financial and scholastic worries. For two years he worked, crammed, and sweated. Finally he realized his unsuitability to a cultural education and enrolled in a vocational school; but not until he had wasted many employment opportunities and financial aids which might have been used to assist a needy student better adapted for the liberal arts discipline.

"How are we to solve this very human problem?"

"By one method, only—enrollment limitation." The man who said this is a member of the faculty—one who has seen at close range the harmful influences at work on the needy student. "It may be impolitic to say this," he continued, "but not every needy student should be eligible for admission any more than every man should be eligible for every club. Too many have sought a cultural background when a vocational one would be more to their advantage. When they can be convinced of that . . . we shall have struck at the heart of the problem."

These are not the views of an alarmist. They are shared alike by deans and employment officials. Out of their views may materialize a remedy. The able and "over-the-average" needy student should be aided in his desire for a liberal education. But the one of mediocre talents should be denied entrance. It makes, perhaps, for an aristocracy within a democracy in education, but as a proponent of the plan pointed out several years ago, "as long as Nature is capricious enough to endow one child with uncommon ability while denying the gift to the next, there can be no unrestricted democracy in education."



## A Couple of Bantam Roosters

SUTTER and I had been hovering over the draw sheet all week like two bees over a clover bud, ready to battle as soon as we saw our names bracketed against each other in the finals. This tennis tournament was an annual invitational event, played in two divisions, the men's and the junior's. For three years several of the top-ranking players in the U. S. had competed, and as each year passed the interest of Memphis and the surrounding territory increased. Tennis as a feature sports attraction was taking its place alongside football and baseball.

The big names were absent from the tournament this year, but there were enough high ranking collegians and southern players to hold the interest of the galleries. Young Ernie Sutter was one of the favorites. He had a style of play modelled after that of his oldest brother, Clifford, who was at that time the third ranking player in the country; and the newspapers were writing Ernie up as a better prospect than his brother. I was coming in for my share of the praise too. Being a home town boy made it all the better for me. They called me "a future Tilden," "an amazingly strong-hitter," "the hope of the South," and numerous other things that made me think I was ready to tackle a couple of elephants. Sutter felt just about the same way, only he knew he could down four elephants. I was just the least bit dubious about more than two.

My house wasn't built to hold two sixteen-year-old conquerors, but it did for a whole week. Ernie and I slept in the same room, and every night we would begin at supper to tell each other about some trick or stratagem we were going to use. My younger brother stuck it out the first night but spent the rest of the week in town with a friend. He decided we needed more room to demonstrate our forehands and overhead smashes.

But with all our self-confidence we had some ability. Sutter beat his older brother, Eddie, in the men's division of the tournament and I carried Wilmer Hines, who was the No. 1 player, to a

close three-set match. In the junior division we had things our own way, and by the end of the week Sutter had his chest stuck out six inches and I was carrying five rackets about under my arm. The town was, of course, all excited about the big match between the "two greatest young players the South had ever produced."

### II

Sutter and I packed our tennis clothes at home before going to the club to dress. He carefully placed in his grip one pair of socks, one polo shirt, and one pair of knickers, then turned to me with a smile, "I know it's going to be three out of five sets, but I figure I'll win three straight, so there's no use to carry along any extra clothes."

I smiled back sweetly and asked him if he remembered what had happened the last time we played.

Two years before we had met for the first time in the finals of the Southern Boys Championship in Birmingham. It was my first big tournament and also his. My father had brought me down from Memphis; Sutter had come up from New Orleans with a friend of Dad's, a Colonel McClintock. We had been like two bantam roosters all that week, eyeing each other with wariness and suspicion. My father had to leave the day before our final match. His business needed him at home, so he left me there under Col. McClintock's care. I moved up to the Colonel's suite in the hotel the night before our match and found out I was to sleep in the same bed with Sutter. Neither of us liked it but each was afraid of a cutting remark from the other if he objected. The Colonel cut off the light in our room that night and shut the door on the darkness. After a moment or two of silence Sutter rolled over and nudged me with his elbow.

"Say, I've just figured out how I'm going to beat you six-love, six-love tomorrow. I'm going to play your backhand and come to the net, and you won't have a chance."

He waited for a reply, but I said nothing, so

RAMSAY POTTS has been riding forth to the tennis wars and coming back with cups since he was fourteen. That sort of thing can be unduly inflationary for a teen-age ego; but Mr. Potts, as he tells in this article, learned humility early.

he turned back over in bed, satisfied that he had the match safely won.

The next day I beat him 6-1, 6-1, by lobbing over his head every time he rolled his chubby little body into the net. He was silenced for the rest of that day.

He remembered that match but it didn't shake his jaunty manner.

"Well, I guess you're right. It may go four sets. I'll carry along a change of clothes just in case you get lucky." He packed another pair of socks, another shirt, and an extra pair of knickers. I did the same.

We went into the living room and turned on the radio. I got out a deck of cards and began playing solitaire. Sutter took out a book, turned a few pages and then put it down. "Well, it's getting close to two-thirty, let's go on over to the club." I was glad he had suggested it first. I hadn't wanted to appear anxious to go. My mother came out to wish us good luck. "I know you both can't win so I'll have to wish Ernie success this time. It's his turn, Ramsay. You won the last match."

I couldn't believe my ears. My own mother had wished me defeat, and at the hands of my arch enemy. I glared at her and then at that cocky Sutter saying, "Thank you, Mrs. Potts. I hope the best man wins," as if there were no doubt about his being the best man. I thought to myself, "That's what great men have to contend with. Even their families turn against them." I knew now that I would let them drag me off the court before I admitted defeat.

I dressed very slowly for the match, trying to concentrate on some system by which to play. Over in the next row of lockers I could hear Sutter's brother, "Just play your usual game, and you've got him. Keep your head and remember what I told you about those lobs." Well, I thought, at least I don't need anybody to tell me how to play. I can stand on my own feet. After I got dressed I debated for several minutes about the advisability of wearing my flannel coat. It was very hot, about 92 degrees, and I didn't need any more than the light sweater I was wearing, but I finally decided I owed it to the gallery to look my very best. Sutter had evidently decided the same thing because he had on a coat just like mine.

I was a little surprised that there weren't more people in the stands. Somehow I had expected several thousand. There didn't seem to be more than two hundred, but I decided they would prob-

ably be out a little later. People never like to come on time to important sports attractions.

### III

The match opened cautiously. I was being careful to stroke the ball off the correct foot so that the gallery could see how perfect my form was. Sutter seemed scared and was making a lot of errors. We hadn't played long before I had won the first set 7-5, and had a 4-3 lead on the second. Things were going just as I knew they would. Sutter couldn't beat me, no matter how hard he tried. He just wasn't good enough. But while I was thinking about what I was going to say to the reporters after the match, Sutter was winning the second set 6-4, and going ahead in the third. I tried desperately to do something about it, but before I could begin to play, the umpire called "6-0, Sutter leads two sets to one, there will be a ten-minute intermission."

I went into the locker room feeling very numb and slightly scared. Good lord, what would I do if he beat me? It was bad enough to have him win two sets, but I couldn't expect any mercy if he actually won the match. Life wouldn't be worth living if I had to bear his constantly reminding me of "our match."

The cold shower helped a little. My determination was returning. I couldn't expect to win if I didn't play. After all, he was fairly good. I went back out to the court with my mind made up to forget the crowd and play tennis. Sutter was already there, swishing his racket through the air as if he were anxious to begin. "Your serve, Potts," he said. "Let's get started so we can finish this thing off." I wanted to smash that grin from his face with my racket. I hated him more than ever.

The fourth set was a nightmare. He was stroking every ball with confidence and he seemed to be waiting for every shot I returned. I was so scared now that all I could do was send up weak lobs. He put them away with disdain, knocking them into the corner just as a matter of course. The score was 4-0 in his favor within ten minutes after we started the fourth set. There was nothing I could do. Every shot I tried went wrong. My God, he had won 13 straight games against me, "the hope of the South!"

I was desperate now. So I began hitting the ball recklessly. The change of pace so upset him that I won four games straight. I could see a frown on his face, now that the score was 4-all. If I could only win this set I would have an excel-



lent chance. All I had to do was win two more games. So I started playing carefully again, taking my time to place the ball just where I wanted it. But he always seemed to be there to head it off and return it out of my reach. What could I do? A single error was dangerous! I couldn't afford to take chances.

He won those two games while I was thinking. The umpire announced, "Sutter wins, 5-7, 6-4, 6-0, 6-4." I walked slowly to the net and shook hands without looking straight at him, and then turned around and went into the clubhouse, leaving my coat and extra rackets lying by the umpire's chair.

#### IV

My family congratulated Ernie at dinner that night. Too heartily, I thought. They were callous to my sufferings. To have to sit and listen while Sutter expounded his views on the umpire's enunciation, linesmen's decisions, and how tightly rackets should be strung, was like being held over a fire and slowly roasted. I could feel my skin burning. Thank heavens it couldn't last very long. We had dates to go to the Country Club dance, and so the painful roasting stopped for a time while we dressed.

On our way into town to pick up the girls, Sutter let me know how poorly he had played. "If I had played my usual game you wouldn't have gotten the first set. But I don't begrudge it to you. Three straight is good enough, I guess." I made up my mind not to answer. There was nothing I could say that would help any. The world was too cruel. Maybe my date Elizabeth would sympathize.

She did turn out to be a wonderful help. After we got the two girls Sutter became more voluble. "Thirteen is a fine number. I'll look up in my statistics book the number of times a tennis player has won that many straight from an opponent. If I hadn't softened a bit it would have been fifteen straight." I was roasting again; the fire was slowly burning my soul to ashes. Elizabeth moved over closer to me and took my right hand off the wheel.

"Don't pay any attention to him," I whispered. "Just let him talk. He's nothing but a windbag." She nodded assent.

I felt like a great martyr. I could give my life now for some big cause. She was the finest girl on earth, there was no doubt about it. Even defeat has its reward.

## *False Blue*

By Josephina Niggli

*At one time, señor, I was very rich.  
I was possessed of a wife, a rooster, and twelve  
hens.*

*But now, señor,  
I own nothing but the rooster.*

*I had a friend who was true to me  
Until he saw my wife.*

*Luisa was beautiful  
Only in the eyes of men.  
Her hair was a cloud of night  
Unbound by stars.  
Her lips were a maid's kiss,  
Her nose a thin straight line,  
Her skin was a magnolia blossom  
Dipped in Spanish wine*

*But her eyes, señor,  
Her eyes were bluer than Lake Chalco at mid-day,  
Bluer than the sky against the soft pink evening  
sun,  
Bluer than blue, her eyes.*

*My friend came and saw my wife,  
Saw also my twelve hens,  
So in the night he stole them away,  
Leaving only a black band on the rooster  
To show he was in mourning.*

*But as for me, señor,  
I laughed,  
Because I was going to kill the hens;  
And as for my wife and her blue eyes,  
Bluer than blue,  
Vaya,  
They were false blue.*

## Straw Hat



IT MUST have been one-fifteen when Connie Baker rounded the south corner of the vast Lone Star Iron Works. Anyway the lunch hour was over and the men had gone back to their work. It was a large building that housed the foundry, filled with windows of translucent glass.

Except for the dilapidated buildings of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, there was a level, unobscured plain to the south that ended several miles away where smoke stacks marked the port of Houston against the horizon.

Poking his head into the small office adjoining the foundry proper, he saw that the office force had not yet returned or all of them had been called elsewhere. Connie was tired and worried—more worried than tired, but he walked around to the wide opening into the foundry. A breeze coming up from the coast softened the harsh rays of the Texas sun that wrapped fiery fingers around his neck. The hat he wore had been the fashion on college campuses the winter before but its short brim afforded little shade for the back of his neck. The moment he stepped into the doorway, a fog of heat struck him in the face, parching his lean, thin nostrils.

Recovering from the hot draft, he stared across several floors at a squatty little man with a sailor straw pulled forward on a cabbage head. On South Main he would have attracted very little attention, but here he looked as if he didn't belong. Yet there was something in the sharp eyes, socketed deeply behind metal-rimmed glasses, that did make him part of the picture. There was an attachment between the man and the things about him mirrored now in his glasses. The heavy head fitted into broad, chunky shoulders. Sea-coal and black heap-sand covered everything about in thin, dull black layers but the little man's white duck pants seemed spotless and untinged.

He looked directly at Connie, then passed along the floor to another molder, a heavy Dutchman hovering over a drag and packing riddled sand on the arms of a wheel pattern. While following the movements of the man, Connie caught sight of another figure methodically moving from molder to molder. There was an air of conscious authority about this fellow as he carefully examined mold after mold and scribbled notations on a clip board. He was bald and his voice crisp. Young Baker decided this must be the foreman.

A huge negro in carrara finish, naked to the waist, interrupted further study of the supposed foreman. The black, Connie thought, looked much more like a sheared gorilla ought to look than he did a negroid specimen. A battered tin cup was clutched in the massive hand as he eased up to the cooler by the door. Sweat trickled in long, gray drops over the wrinkled folds of black skin and stood in puddles at the edge of the rolled pants top.

"Where is the shop foreman?" asked Connie as the negro came near.

"Mistah Elmer? Dar he is, rat ovah dar, de man wid de ball head." It was like a deep throated groan echoing out of his father's cistern. Satisfied that he had answered all Connie's questions, the negro hastily scanned him from head to foot and walked away, dragging his big body along to a pile of heap-sand where he began cutting the mixture into a wooden bin, raising his shovel slowly but regularly. Then seeing "Mistah Elmer" angle across the next floor to the shop entrance of the office, Connie hurried over to the outside door.

It was the same old story there. Connie Baker smiled his best smile and earnestly declared he was in immediate need of a job. He was experienced as a molder-helper. For three whole summers he had been employed in the molding department of one of the best foundries in the country; that was before he had graduated from college. The foreman gave him less than an in-

CLEMON WHITE, dramatic art fellow from Texas, called on his own experience in writing this story of steel mill workers. Like Connie Baker, he worked four summers as a molder-helper. Unlike Connie, he has also taught school and written plays, one of which was produced at the Texas Centennial in 1936.



terested glance and started out at the rear door. Connie was almost desperate. What could he do to convince the man, to make his assistance seem beneficial and necessary? He thought of the dozen other employers he had visited that morning and now how tired he was after months of failure, June and July wasted and the end of August coming soon.

"Mr. Elmer, I'll work hard for you." He trailed off into a nervous mumble and he felt his tall, fragile frame in tremors of disappointment. What else was there to say though? It was just the same thing over again. Perhaps everybody had conspired against him; fantastic, of course, but he could almost see their pasty faces huddled together as they rehearsed what they would say to him when he entered their office doors.

"Well, give me your name and address and I'll call you if I need anybody. Not much business now. Times not like they use to be." Connie, with mock gratefulness, scrawled his name on a piece of paper and handed it to Mr. Elmer.

He stalked from the office, stumbled wearily out into the street and headed west toward the city. There before him, stretched out long against the skyline, was the city that had denied him every request he had ever made of it. Four years before he had come there to school but met only rebuff, even from his wealthy uncle. Thinking on these things he ran almost into the little old man with the sailor straw. He had come out of the shops and was going in the same direction. He seemed in no hurry, however.

"Any luck?" There was something sympathetic and understanding about the way he put his question. Connie felt that was the way his father would have said it.

"No, not a bit." Nervously he fumbled in his pockets for a cigarette and found an empty package.

"Molder?" There was a subdued ripple in his voice, as if he were slightly happy about the world and everything in it.

Connie wiped his perspiring face with a dirty handkerchief. "No, just a molder-helper. I haven't had enough experience to be a molder yet, not a first class one. I spent three summers in a foundry and I guess I could make grate bars."

"You didn't have much of a chance back there. All their helpers are burr heads. They don't hire white men except where they have to."

"Yeah, yeah, I noticed all the helpers seemed

to be negroes." They had come to a cross street. "Which way up town?"

"I'm going that way." The other man led the way across the street and took a trail past a string of shanties. There was nothing to distinguish the long rows on either side as individual homes except messily painted numbers above the door facings. About as much character to them as the lamp posts on Main. He started to say something but waited. The two walked along in silence, the little man staring straight ahead at the path between the Johnson grass strips. A gust of south wind sent the street into a flurry. Yellowed newspapers, ripped paper sacks, shuffled straws from horse dung floated onto front porches. Pickaninies ran ahead of them amid the flying rubbish, rolling discarded automobile tires. A stringy little fellow with a pinched face guided a hub-iron from a wagon with a twisted wire.

"How long you been looking for a job?" the old man asked.

"Two and a half months now and it seems like two and a half years, by God it does," the boy said thickly, slowly, as he licked his dry, dusty lips and avoided a little negro girl playing with a doodle-bug in the sand. "Just as soon as I got my sheep skin from college I started out hunting jobs. I bummed from Dallas to Atlanta trying to get on writing for radio. Took my scrap book along to show them the clippings about what I'd done. Now I'd take a job on a scavenger wagon in Pulltite if I could get it."

Here the trail narrowed and Connie moved over to the inside to give the old man the right-of-way.

"Get back over there, son. I can't hear good out of that ear."

Connie wasn't sure whether he resented the tone of the command or not. It might have been a command and it might have been a request. Anyway he was surprised that the fellow was still interested in hearing him squawk about his troubles so he monopolized the trail while the little man hurtled clumps of grass and weeds to keep up.

"Are there any more iron foundries around here?" Connie asked as they mounted a railroad crossing. "I've got to have a job. I won't beg."

"Why, yes, I was just going to one. The Percy Tool Company is around the corner here."

They turned at the corner. There stood a shotgun building, made of galvanized material, cringing between railroad tracks and a fork of Buffalo Bayou. The street was as high as the top of the



tool company. He almost ran down the incline and waited at the bottom for the old man. Together they entered through the chipping room where men were cleaning up the castings for the machine shop. This place was much smaller than the Lone Star shops. His friend pointed out the foreman and Connie walked over, straightened out his long arm to the other man, and introduced himself. There was hope in his face. But the foreman looked troubled when the boy asked for a place in the shop. He pursed his thin lips and wrinkled his long face, stretching it out longer by pulling his chin between thumb and forefinger.

"Well, son, give me your name and address and I'll sure get in touch with you if we need anybody. Times are hard now. Not like they use to be." At least there was regret reflected in that lean, puzzled face. The dirty hand tremored slightly as he wiped streaks through the black dust at his thin mouth and long jaw.

"Look here, I'm hunting a job too, but whether or not you can help me, give this boy one," the old man said. His voice was passionate and urgent and left Connie stupefied a little.

The foreman only shook his head. Neither one had a great deal to say until they were at the doors of another shop. This place seemed progressively less imposing than the others. Standing in the side door by the tracks, Connie could see the whole set-up; there was not a single electric crane in the whole shop. Men were lifting weights by means of chains strung on pulley wheels.

"There, kid, is the man to see. The one bending over the mold on the last floor."

Connie started over, then turned to the other. "But you're looking for a job too. You get first chance this time."

He shook his head and Connie walked with forced lightness down the aisle flanked with molding floors. Memories of an aisle he had walked a thousand times and more, getting kerosene to clean patterns with, carrying cores to fit molds, going to the clock to punch out for the day, and a hundred other things flitted through his mind as he came up to the mold over which the foreman leaned heavily. He waited for the man to look up and it seemed a long time before he did. A bitter, scowling look clouded his brutally coarse and ugly face so that Connie felt weak at its proximity.

"What the hell do you want?" the man growled.

The medley of discordant noises, sickening

smells from the man's sweaty clothes, half burned coal, and fumes of sulphur, together with his memory of days of trudging in and out doors, all stirred up in him a blinding revulsion. He wanted to utterly destroy this spirit of callousness and inconsiderateness, the embodiment of all the ugliness, the misery, and hopelessness he had known. He blurted out defiantly:

"I want a job!"

"Well, I ain't got no jobs," muttered the foreman, thickening each word with viciousness.

Before him Connie Baker could see only a malformed cipher to be erased from the board of worthy entities, a figure, a symbol, a sum of the world's woes, the computed reason why hungry people stroll the streets, live in dirty attics and tenements while their ill conceived spawn hungrily hover over garbage cans in the alley.

"God-damn you —"

The big foreman straightened up. Connie trembled from head to foot and suddenly felt powerless. The foreman raised a clubby fist but the little man was between them and pushed the boy quickly out of the way. The shop head stood by his mold undecided. Connie looked back from the door and saw him bend over his work again. The boy's mind was muddled but he felt a little thankful and apologetic to his friend.

They walked along a street to the viaduct. The older man went over to the concrete railing and looked down into the bayou. From the bridge south and east stretched a long, low flat standing high in grasses with the bayou waters wandering lazily off to the southeast. Here and there were tumbled shanties squatting on the banks and in the distance the port. Something about the open land out there, cows feeding contentedly, and the willows growing out of the water's edge brought gray and sudden nostalgia to him. Things had been like that back home on the farm.

The old man was still looking straight down into the waters. The water ran low because it was August, a dry August, an unusual August for the Gulf Coast. In the center of the stream, perhaps fifty feet below them, a heap of limestone rocks rose to the surface. As if entranced by an image in the water, he continued to gaze after Connie came and stood by him. Slowly, deliberately weighing his words, he said, without looking up:

"Deep, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it's a long way down there," Connie agreed.

Turning away, he laughed as if he recalled sud-



denly some wholly humorous incident.

"A man jumped over here after his hat the other day."

Connie was a little appalled as he glanced back into the waters shadowed by the bridge.

"Did it kill him?"

The words had slipped quickly out of his mouth but they sounded almost ridiculous now. The little man simply shrugged his shoulders and looked up and down the street. Connie wondered though. He wanted to ask why a man would jump off the bridge after a hat. Maybe it was a sailor straw and the wind blew it over. Or he could have—well, it might be a complicated story. He strolled down the viaduct to watch a frowsy-headed whore who hung her head out at the window on the second floor of a tumbling old house. The structure was at the end of the bridge and leaned dangerously toward the bayou. Presently the old man came up with him and stopped.

"You want to go to another foundry?"

"Yeah, we might as well. I've got to have a job of some kind before long. I guess it's the same way with you."

"I'd like to have a job," the older one said solemnly. He took off his hat and ran his hand through a pile of white hair. "But I guess I'm too old to get a job. I'm a tramp molder now. You know what a tramp molder is?"

"Oh, yes," Connie said. "I use to see them every once in a while when I worked up in East Texas. They'd come into the shops and the men would make up a collection for them."

"That's the way I get along now. It's a mighty sorry way to live and I've never got use to it. I did my part though when I had a job, before I got down and out. For twenty-five years I worked in Birmingham. Times were good then. It's hard to save up money and then when you do it goes fast if you don't have some kind of an income. Ever since about this time last year I've been tramping around asking for donations from brother molders." He sighed conclusively and leaned against the bridge wall. "I can't get used to it. No, I guess I never will."

"And you've really tried to get a job?"

"Everywhere I've gone. I always try first to get a job, then I ask for help. I'm fifty-four years old and I can still do a good day's work. They all say I'm too old though. Too old. You're young and can't get a job because they think you haven't had enough experience yet. I'm too old and have had too much. I use to be a mighty good piece of

machinery back in old Birmingham."

"Yessir, I guess you're right."

"But don't you give up, son. When a man gives up he's done for. Yes, he's done for then." But there was no bitterness in the way he said it.

Something in the old man had fired his lagging resolution. Nothing in particular that he had said but just an overflow from his soul of frustration did it. Together they rambled on by the falling tenement house. He smiled up at the drooping whore but she was too tired and wasted to flash him the trade-mark smile. An old man with rheumy eyes and palsied body sat on a chair against the wall of the down stairs porch, huddling his decaying frame over a walking stick. Three anemic, dirty, and ricket-ridden children fought silently over a delicacy and paid no heed to the old one's weary remonstrations. Someday all of that would be wiped out. It was the old dream, the adolescent dream, the college boy's dream expounded in bull sessions in 314. His face was glowing though with the radiant images those old memories brought him.

They turned half a block up from the viaduct and walked along the railroad tracks paralleling those on the other side of the bayou. A hundred yards or more down the tracks, the old man stopped.

"Had anything to eat today, son?" he asked almost casually.

"Why, no, I haven't. What time is it? I really hadn't thought much about it." He ran a nervous forefinger along his jaw. He was hungry and knew he was. Once he got a job he would eat steaks at least twice a day to make up for his losses, rare T-bones too with French fried potatoes and hot rolls with . . .

"Must be about three o'clock. You see that place down there? That's the Reynolds Iron Works. Go in there and tell them you want to see Mr. Clark. When you see him tell him what you want and don't be afraid to tell him. He's a good man."

"But aren't you going too? I thought you wanted a job."

"No, you go ahead. It's young fellows like you that need the jobs. Old left-overs like me ought not to be in the way. But you do that—see Clark, and here's fifty cents to buy you a good meal for yourself." He took a fifty cent piece from his pocket and proffered it to Connie. There was earnestness in his gesture.

"But, look here," the boy stammered, "I don't



want your money—that's yours and you need it worse than I do."

"Take it, son." He was determined.

"I can't take your money, Mister. I'm looking for a job but I'll manage somehow. I always have. You keep it."

The little man stiffened and there was a new, unpredictable strength in him. He was on top of the road bed and Connie was balanced on the cross ties. Clenching his teeth, the old man almost hissed his words.

"Take this fifty cents. I've got a hundred dollars in my pockets, right here in my right pocket it is." He slid his hand down the side of the pants leg and patted the pocket by way of emphasis.

"Well, sir. If you've got a hundred dollars I guess maybe I could—at least I wouldn't feel so bad about taking the fifty cents," Connie concluded as the little man passed the piece into his hand. He pocketed the money, thanked the old man and started away.

"Give 'em hell, son." He turned about and went back the way they had come, stepping a little sprightly, Connie thought, as he moved along the cinder bed.

The Reynolds place was a gloomy old shop, steeped in bayou dampness, reeking with pungent odors, and cramped with useless piles of junk. Groping his way along an aisle, he came up to a gouty fellow ponderously packing facing sand around a beaten pattern in a wooden flask.

"Where will I find Mr. Clark?" he asked.

Before the man could answer a voice near him answered. It had youth and warmth in it. Its owner was measuring iron strips in a dark corner.

"Here I am." He came into the light. He was thirty and well kept.

Connie followed him back to a rudely improvised office off the side of the building. Inside they could look out into the shop through a glass panel. Quickly he explained his want, putting himself into what he said. He saw there was promise in the man's expression. Clark looked out the window and his eyes fell on a young fellow propped on his rammer.

"I may give you that fellow's job out there. Come back tomorrow morning, seven o'clock."

It was the nearest thing to a job that had come his way the whole summer. He wanted to run outside and yell the news to the waiting world. Instead he walked as slowly out of the place as he felt he could, then set off briskly down the tracks. He was not quite sure where he would go now. As he crossed the street and stepped onto

the sidewalk he thought of the old man. He wondered about his name now. He had never thought to ask when they were together.

Looking ahead toward the viaduct, he saw a crowd gathered. More were coming. All of them were leaning over the bridge curb, all except the rheumy-eyed old fellow from the porch. He danced round and round beating out his excitement on the walk with the cane. When Connie hurried up the fellow met him, still tapping with his cane, and mumbling excitedly in his high, weary voice.

"A man just jumped over here after his hat!" It sounded like a voice from a long way off. The man belonged to the voice instead of the voice belonging to the man.

Connie answered him hastily. "That's two in the last week, isn't it?" He missed the other's remark as he rushed away to the edge of the bridge. Several men held a body between them as they climbed the opposite embankment. He could see the white duck pants, wet and torn at one leg. He looked for the hat; it must have floated away. Now he could see the snow white hair, wet and glistening, and the metal-rimmed glasses were still clinging to his ears and over the nose. But the back of the head, Connie could see as they brought him nearer, was bashed in. A hatless fellow in a cheap business suit was directing the others. They stretched him out on the walk. Women backed away into huddles to talk about how it happened. The men stood together talking about what should be done. An ambulance was coming.

Trying to think of some way of assisting in establishing an identity for his late friend, Connie pushed his way up to the man who had delegated to himself the right to preside. He caught the fellow's drooping coat and told him he knew this man.

"Who is he?" the man demanded.

"I don't know. He never did tell me and I didn't ask him."

Connie's answers caused a ripple of surprise. He told them sketchily about their meeting and coming to the bridge, that he was a tramp molder, and that he declared he had a hundred dollars on him, in his right pocket. Already the men were searching. The ambulance was coming around the corner. The man in charge reached deeply into the right pocket and drew something out. It was a thin coin. He held it tightly in his fingers and squinted to read the inscription.

"Luxury Tax. One mill. State of Alabama."



## Editors' Private Galley

### *Who Has the Power?*

The recent jurisdictional dispute between the Student Council and the Publications Union Board over the proposed radio station again raises the question, who has the power in our student government?

It will be recalled that the Publications Union Board argued that the establishment of the studio was simply the addition of a new publication; that changing and creating publications in the past had been at the discretion of the Board; and that, under its constitutional authority, it could finance the present project from its surplus and put it in operation without a student vote. The Board said it would, however, call for a test vote of 800 to determine whether the extent of campus interest justified the expense.

The Student Council, believing that such an expenditure of student money should not be made without at least a majority of students voting, set the required number at 1500. P. U. Board Chairman Stuart Rabb then charged the Council with setting a dangerous precedent that would tie the financial hands of the Board, and denied that it could set the number of votes. When he admitted, however, that the Council could pass on the number set by the P. U. Board, the issue became so clouded that some naïve students, including ourselves, believed the whole tangle had been unravelled. It will only be a matter of time, we thought, before the P. U. Board will raise the ante high enough to suit the Council.

The Council finally settled the dispute, for the time being at least, by agreeing to call for a test vote of 800 the last of February. But the problem of maintaining the radio studio, which is to be done by student fees, has not been settled, and the question arises as to whether the Board will be raising the fees if it adds thirty cents a year to the \$6.00 it now collects from each student. Any addition to a student fee, according to a rule the Council laid down last year, necessitates a majority student vote.

Circumstances make this question subject to delicate interpretation. Last year the P. U. Board, acting on its own initiative, reduced its fee from \$6.90 to \$6.00; but it termed this reduction "a refund," which it bestowed out of the kindness of its heart. It could go back to the old fee, it

maintains, or it could add the thirty cents a year for the radio studio, which would be within the limit of the old fee, without "actually" raising fees, and hence without a student vote. This matter has not been settled, and it is conceivable that the Board might spend \$4,000 on construction of a studio and then be denied by a student vote, or lack of a participating majority in a vote called by the Council, the very necessary fees for its operation.

What difference does the interpretation of a few words make? Why all the squabbling? We asked ourselves these questions, too; but that was before we realized we were not particularly interested in a radio studio, one way or another. To one heartily in favor of, or violently opposed to, the project, the little matter of setting a number required to vote makes a lot of difference, for it may mean the failure or success of the plan. It should make a difference to one only interested in the orderly democratic process of student government. It is all very well to argue that reason can decide these things, and that precedent is a bugaboo upon which common sense is hamstrung. But what appears common sense to one interested group (and you may be in that group next time) is the sheerest folly to its opponents. Who is to decide what is reason?

The Student Council might be the judge, and there are many who consider that it should have supreme authority. But at present no one, not even the Council members themselves, knows how much authority it has. The Council is recognized to have jurisdiction in cases arising under the honor code, but recently, in response to a definite need, the Council has served in a legislative capacity. With only nine members it is too small a body to represent three thousand individual opinions. Enlargement of the Council, as President Bob Magill suggests, would help. Establishment of a campus legislature, which Dean Bradshaw advocates and which was voted down last year by the student body, would be a good thing if there were enough issues and enough student interest to keep it alive. Popular referendum on each issue is, in theory at least, the most democratic process; but the campus is too lethargic, as is shown by past experience, to make it a practical method of settling any but the most important questions. What we need is a written constitution defining jurisdiction, distributing power, and circumscribing, in black and white, that subservient word, "reason."

—N.C.R.

# The President Plays with Matches

(Continued from page seven)

the lesson this time, I beg to be excused. I think I grasped the main points at the first reading.

## V

I realize that in a world such as ours absolute isolation is a pipe dream, and that the United States cannot sever her trade relations with all the countries of the world. I do believe, however, that with the stakes so high, we can afford to do a little experimenting in isolating ourselves from particular danger spots. Roosevelt himself said late in 1936, "We are not isolationist except in so far as we seek to isolate ourselves completely from war." The enforcing of the neutrality law would cost us something, of course, but compared to the cost of preparing for and prosecuting a war it is nothing. Our exports to both China and Japan in 1935 amounted to less than ten per cent of our total exports, while exports to China alone totaled less than two per cent, or \$38,000,000. When you stop to think that the six new 35,000 ton battleships in Roosevelt's program will cost more than \$60,000,000 each, nearly twice as much as our sales to China for an entire year, you get an idea of how we are protesting at a gnat and swallowing a couple of camels.

In his Chautauqua speech in 1936 the President said, "Long before I returned to Washington as President of the United States I had made up my mind that . . . the United States could best serve the cause of a peaceful humanity by setting an example." Instead of setting an example, however, he is merely following the other nations in a suicidal armament race. He is straining rather than easing the tensions that are hurrying the world to the brink of disaster. Said the Tokyo *Asahi* recently: "There is no reason for American expansion at this moment, when no country is challenging or preparing to challenge the United States. It is unthinkable that any American nationals, wherever they live, are exposed to such danger as necessitates the enormous estimate of \$800,000,000 for defense." In addition, the Vinson bill will obligate Japan "to enlarge her building program." A New York *Times* dispatch from Tokyo on January 16 declared: "The visit of United States cruisers to Singapore on February 14 perturbs the Japanese press, which, since the fighting began, closely watches the Anglo-American relations. The event is interpreted as reveal-

ing the hardening of the American attitude toward the Far Eastern situation."

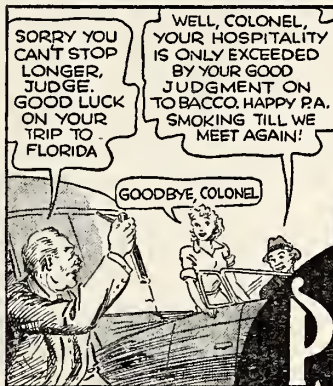
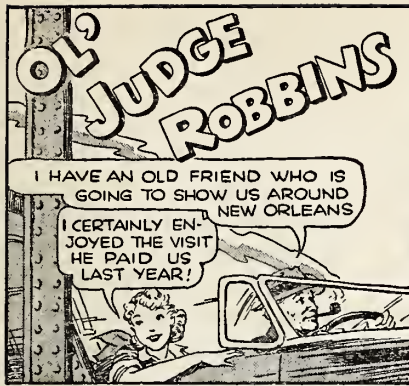
The President also said at Chautauqua, "I can at least make certain that no act of the United States helps to produce or to promote war." Within a week after his proposal in the regular budget for two new 35,000 ton battleships, Italy announced it would build two 35,000 ton battleships, France said it would build two, and Russia said it would build shipyards capable of building 35,000 ton ships. Instead of seeking to break up the dance of death around the vicious circle of mounting armaments, he is merely speeding up the tempo of the dancers.

## VI

Before we get excited about preserving democracy nine thousand miles from home, we might inquire what is happening to it closer by. The President shed no tears over the threat to Spanish democracy. In fact Congress and the administration violated the Madrid treaty of 1902 and every recognized principle of international law by putting an embargo on munitions to Spain—while continuing to recognize the Loyalist government. How much democracy is there in a chief executive's cracking the whip over Congress to defeat the Ludlow amendment because it would have shorn him of some of the dictatorial power he seems bent on exercising in the Far East? The amendment would have required that before this nation embarks on a foreign war, the people should vote on the issue. It clearly stated that a referendum would not be required in case of an invasion. Roosevelt found this "incompatible with the representative form of government" because it "would cripple any president in his conduct of our foreign relations." By pressure from the administration, fifty-five Congressmen who had signed the petition to take the bill out of committee were persuaded to vote against the bill's even being considered. If eleven of these had stood firm the bill would have been brought on the floor and probably have been passed.

What can this mean if not that Roosevelt wants a free hand to wave a big stick in the Far East and to decide as events arise whether or not he will crack it down on an "aggressor" nation? What can it mean if not that war or the threat of war is





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the fundamental assumption of his foreign policy?

We can stay out of war, he declared at Chau-tauqua, if we make certain that "the small decisions of each day do not lead toward war," and if, at the same time, the people "possess the courage to say 'no' to those who selfishly or unwisely would let us go to war." I would not suggest for a moment that Roosevelt would take us to war from a selfish viewpoint. But I recall that all of Wilson's idealism and faith in preparedness did not keep us out in '17. It is my opinion that the President's "decisions of each day" are leading us toward war now, and that it is high time the American people should exercise collective pressure to demand that he not only walk with care but keep the "big stick" where he won't be tempted to use it in a foreign war.

## VII

In the midst of all the talk about billions for defense we ought to make sure that our policy is one of defense. Representative Boileau of Wisconsin introduced a bill three years ago defining the military policy of the United States as de-

fense of this country, Alaska, Hawaii, the Panama Canal and our Caribbean possessions. Why has pressure from militarists at Washington kept this bill from even being discussed? Why have not the suggestions of Major-General Smedley D. Butler that our forces be withdrawn from foreign soil been given any consideration whatever? Why does not the administration follow a policy, suggested by Major-General Johnson Hagood, of being sure that "the navy is used only to defend the United States and not to defend other countries?"

I feel sorry for the Chinese. My heart goes out to our missionaries and Standard Oil agents in China. The present war is a ghastly and a horrible spectacle. But a far more ghastly spectacle to me would be for America to blunder into another "war to end war" under the banner of Collective Security.

"When it comes to lighting matches in a powder mine I am an advocate of good hearty cowardice," declared Bruce Bliven. Everybody agrees that Asia is a powder mine. Will the American people cheer while Roosevelt plays with matches?



## Postlude to Mankind

Last night it rained—pearl heavy summer rain  
That hitherto would trance me with June-magic,  
Speaking to depths in me with a great voice.  
But this time with the rain there came no message;  
This time I grasped no meaning past its drabness.  
I went into my hut, fell on my bed,  
And wept myself to sleep with baby tears;  
Then waked today to face the same stark fact:  
I am the last remaining man on earth.

Why I must write these words I do not know,  
Or why I must do anything but die.  
I only know each moment drives me on  
To fill the next with something, thus to keep  
That specter of sheer madness from entwining  
Its tentacles—or am I now insane?  
Yes, now insane, perhaps; else why should one  
Write words whose very birth becomes their death?  
—But let me make my record and forget.

How then has this thing happened—how and  
when?

At that I pause to smile and gaze far out  
Over the bleakness of this gelded earth  
As if the answer lies there; but I glean  
Only that bleakness, and can scarce recall  
The Armageddon where man lost to fate.  
Yet I must try to think.

I felt it coming,  
And went about fear-stricken with the nightmare,  
And anxious too lest I should bare that fear  
To scornful indurated eyes around me.  
I knew, because I studied my own times  
With greedy zeal, seeking to grasp the whole  
Of life and thus to teach myself to live.  
(And I taught others too; and there were many  
Who saw my ardor and, thinking themselves  
The sole criteria of right and wrong,  
Shunned me as cranky; and there were a few  
Who saw my way and deemed it worthy: these  
Sought me as some sought Christ and Socrates.)  
The days were innocent enough at first,  
Even when the early armaments were bristling:

For every state was frightened at the tension  
And wanted only self-security.  
Thus for a while they waited in false peace.  
Then presently the restless fronts advanced  
(As if by magic and through no one's fault)  
And little blameless combat-sparks were struck.  
That was the time when fear would let me stay  
No longer: I had studied war, and knew  
That now inexorable laws were kindling  
A final fire to leave no living fuel.  
Clear-headed flight would save my group and me,  
I knew, and told them; but they would not hear:  
What was a battle here and there? So I,  
Sensing the fatal fury's mute forewarning  
Like trembling leaves before a storm, left those  
Who saw my wisdom everywhere but here.  
I fled into this hill-place, far from man,  
Found a deep cave and hid myself in it,  
Afraid lest any trace should bring the war-fiend,  
Afraid to face the sun until I knew  
Man's doom was wrought. There is no way to tell  
How long I watched my fire's vague shadow-  
dances,  
Wild as a hunted animal that knows  
There is no further flight. I ventured out  
Three days ago; and instantly I knew  
It was as I had thought: man was no more.  
Somehow I built myself a hut and planted  
The seed I brought; and now—now I am here.  
(And now all men are gone, I am no man:  
There is no name for me to call myself.)

Sure there is more to tell; but this thin veil  
My courage holds between the past and me  
Must not be parted save for furtive glances,  
Lest fear-born madness, lurking in that past,  
Return with memory to ruin me.

Often I wondered in my dreamy days  
What loneliness would be if there were none  
To interrupt its magic: it would be  
A wondrous perfect, painless thing, I thought.  
Well, it is here now; and its pain is more  
Than any anguish wrought by man on man.

|| WILLIAM MICHAUX, *eight of whose sonnets have been published in the MAGAZINE since last May, is an honors candidate in English and an occasional cartoonist for the Buccaneer.* ||



Just then a shadow darted past my feet,  
And looking up, I saw a single thrush.  
(It seemed that he was gaunter than most  
thrushes.)

As he passed southward, he reminded me  
That there are cities standing still, perhaps,  
Where I might go and find a better place  
To drag this drear existence to its end.

And somewhere I might find a woman, mangled  
But living yet, and nurse her back to health  
(Though all are gone, let me have one last dream),  
And so begin again this daedal saga  
That all but ceased. Yet ere the dream is spun  
To walking men upon the earth again,  
It crumbles, and my will to dream it crumbles.  
Not without pain and wistfulness I leave it,  
But as a sailor in a lifeboat, watching  
The ship go down in flames that he once loved.

I know, beyond all dreaming, I would not  
Recreate the unfathomable creature.  
No, there are other visions, rising red  
From the unhealing wounds of memory,  
That gulf this fancy (if there were a woman).  
Too vivid is the vision . . . of a hand  
Upraised—a father's hand against his son . . .  
The voices in the streets, disharmony  
In chorus, chorus of futility . . .  
A solo overstrained with emptiness—  
"So glad to meet you, come again sometime" . . .  
The drudges, thinking somehow dripping sweat  
Might melt to earth the hardness of the stone . . .  
Each man-mote was a monad in the mass  
Against which each was pitted singly: each  
Was born to strain his eyes across the chasm  
Where stood his brother, searching for his face  
And muttering wistful words along the brink—  
A wanderer forever and alone.

## Anonymous

# What a Guy !

## *Thomas Wolfe in a China Shop, and Other Places*

The ringing door-bell halted the progress of seven glasses to seven lips. Half-finished tomato juice was returned to plates on the dinner cloth. He had come after all.

A great human hulk squeezed his way through the French doors into the dining room. I found myself saying "how do you do" to Thomas Wolfe, whose every published word I had almost memorized.

After introductions had been made, Mr. Wolfe, in awkward confusion, took his place at the table. In jerky but voluble sentences he made excuses for his late coming. "I-I-I'm terribly sorry—very sorry I-I-I'm late, bu-bu-but a very good friend of mi-mi-mine stopped by the hotel when I was getting ready to leave. Sh-sh-she's a very good friend wh-wh-who is kind enough to let me occupy her lo-lodge in Tenne-Tennessee next week. I—I—I just couldn't get away until, until we made the final plans."

Accepting his excuse, we told him that we realized how busy he must be during his first visit to Asheville since the publication of *Look Homeward Angel*, and explained that we thought he had probably forgotten his engagement with us, so we had decided to go ahead with dinner. Soon our guest seemed very much at home.

All through dinner my eyes were focused on Tom Wolfe. It was impossible to sit opposite him, or even sit in the same room with him, without feeling the mesmeric quality of his personality. His electric brown eyes blazed out into the room, drawing all other eyes into their beam. His long and curly black hair, so neatly combed at the outset, soon became wild from the repeated running of his fingers through it as he talked.

He talked of how "wonderful" it was to be home again after being away from his mountains so long. He emphasized how "wonderfully" the local people had treated him, though his stay had

|| THE AUTHOR, who tells about an evening with Tom Wolfe, beer, and the Big Apple, withholds her name for reasons which would not faze the man whose first novel shocked Asheville so dreadfully. ||

not really been a vacation. In vital words, so many of them gushing at one time that they were almost unintelligible, he expressed genuine appreciation for the reception accorded him—a reception from those who had once severely condemned the local boy for his story of Asheville and its people.

He ate impulsively and much. A man of enormous proportions, he showed elephantine dexterity in the use of knife and fork. But the delicate teacup looked almost ridiculous in the grasp of his large hand. It was impossible for him to lift the cup by its handle.

After dinner, when asked about his writing, he became more fluent than ever. Words . . . thousands of them seemed to rush to his mind at once, and his tongue was incapable of handling them. With less stuttering, but with a disquieted look in his eyes, he told what a difficult job writing was for him.

"I am so full that I have to write. And so many words flow on the paper. I write from eleven in the morning until five in the afternoon, but it takes me that long again to cut down the words.

"Now I have a friend who writes books, a man by the name of Ernest Hemingway—you may have heard of him—he writes books. Well, Ernest has trouble finding enough words to write. When he finishes a manuscript it's always too short.

"But go-go-gosh! I have to write. I—I—I just couldn't do anything else."

## II

When dinner was over, Tom Wolfe repeatedly thanked his hostess for "one of the finest times I've ever had."

"I—I—I really hate to leave. It's been so wonderful. Bu-bu-but two ladies from Fayetteville drove here this afternoon to see me about a plot they have and they'll be waiting for me at the hotel now. I really don't care about that sort of thing, but they were so nice to come to see me that I'm afraid I'll have to go."

As my husband and I had an engagement on the other side of town, we offered to take Mr. Wolfe to his hotel. He didn't want to "put us to all that trouble." We assured him it would be none. As a matter of fact, we had anticipated a few minutes alone with him.

In the car, we asked him whether, if he could escape early from the Fayetteville ladies, he would like to come with us for the rest of the evening. We explained that we were joining some friends

at a sort of cabaret dancing place, that we expected to have a beer or so, and that he might enjoy relaxing for a change.

At this suggestion Tom (only first names were being used) exploded. It was the best thing he had heard in years. This was his last night in Asheville for a long while, and although everyone had been "wonderful" to him, at times he had felt a little stuffy. He was tired of being ohed and ahed at.

"Bu-bu-but do you think y-y-you can get me away from the ladies without hurting their feelings?"

We got him away gracefully, and he was very grateful, saying that the women were "lush" ones with the great American novel all but written.

At the dancing place Tom Wolfe got what he wanted—a chance to be Tom Smith. A few persons gaped at him, but that is to be expected when six feet five inches of man walks into a place. The members of our party accepted him as one of them and went on about their dancing. He asked question after question about the Big Apple—how and where had it started, how many steps were there, did I do the Big Apple? I asked him to try the dance, but he was diffident.

"I—I—I'd have to have many more beers before I—I—I could do that."

And he had many more beers. Many, many more. When our glasses would be half empty, he would order another round. And he insisted on paying for them, explaining that he had just sold a story to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

"When that h-h-happens I—I—I have reason to celebrate."

We stayed there drinking beer until only two other parties remained. When the waiters began to mop up, Tom suggested that we find another night spot. He really did want a celebration. My husband and I were slightly groggy from the beer, but Tom, who had drunk much more, was as fresh and as eager as he had been at ten o'clock. His capacity for brew was limitless.

Unsuccessful in finding another place open, we decided to call it a night. After Tom had eaten three barbecues and drunk another beer, we took him to his hotel.

With his characteristic boyish enthusiasm, Tom expressed sincere gratitude for what we had done for him. Almost tearfully we said goodbye.

Shifting from second to high gear, my husband sighed, "What a guy!"



# Current Literature

## *The Technique of Naturalism*

By David Beaty

THE glib young prophet who takes upon himself as a sort of divine Mission to inform the World of a new movement in literature is certain sooner or later to be asked some such question as this: "The report of this seven-day wonder is ever upon your lips. Naturalism—naturalism—what do you mean, naturalism? What are its virtues, its vices, its characteristic manifestations both as to content and to form? How precisely does one define that term?"—a disconcerting question indeed for a poor enthusiast—rather as though someone had slammed on the brakes at full speed and flung him headlong into the wind-shield.

His first impulse is to turn upon the tormenting questioner with "For that matter, precisely what do you mean by romanticism?" But, if he is wise, he checks that impulse; the odds against him are too great. Scholarship has armed the romanticist well; there is an entire orthodoxy behind him upon which he may rely, whereas the poor naturalist has no such resources, no treatises, no scholarly definitions, at his command. The naturalists' examples have not yet had time to grow old and respectable. They wait, as it were, in the outermost courts of Parnassus, where anyone may go in, unrestrained by any sense of justice, and throw as many tomatoes as he will. The questioner, in short, may be as witty, as impudent, as cruel, as destructive, and as ignorant, by the lord! as he chooses; no communal shame will rise up to confound him.

The sympathetic student of naturalism is apt to find, furthermore, that his examples are all but unknown, particularly in America, so that it is impossible for him to make his arguments effective, or often even intelligible, by referring to this work or that as does the romanticist: "*vide* Wordsworth,

*vide* Byron, *vide* Shelley." One is expected to know those people; they belong to the common cultural heritage. One may be a specialist in the metrical romances of the Middle Ages, for example, but that does not excuse one from knowing what the name, Carlyle, signifies. To add the supreme insult to this long catalogue of injuries, the poor enthusiast often gets the feeling that his opponent is proud of his ignorance; that it is, in short, infinitely to his credit that he has kept his head spotlessly innocent of such abominable heresies. It is a situation rich in humor, for less than a hundred years ago the romanticists were in precisely the same plight; to-day they sit securely in their niches, and their admirers speak with the words of Jeffreys.

Nevertheless the question is a fruitful one. Modestly disclaiming from the start the god-like impeccability of scholarship, with all its terror-inspiring machinery of foot-note, bibliography, etc., let us bravely push our little launch off the shore in the hope that a friendly gale will finally blow us into some old port or other.

### II

One is met at the very start by such a deafening roar of prejudices, preconceptions, violent antagonisms and seemingly deliberate misconceptions that one would surely not be blamed for abandoning the attempt altogether and bending all one's energies to getting safely back to shore as quickly as possible. These run the entire gamut from the vulgar errors of the uninformed to the more intelligent, and hence far more dangerous, sophistries of critics and scholars. The most common of these errors is the opinion that naturalism concerns itself solely with the most degraded, the most bestial aspects of life. The romanticist, how

DAVID BEATY set off a little literary bomb this fall when he identified *Gone with the Wind* with certain aspects of the naturalistic technique. Campus literati protested they saw nothing in common between Mrs. Mitchell and the authors they understood to be naturalists. They challenged Mr. Beaty to define his term. The first part of his definition, "*The Technique of Naturalism*," appears this month, to be followed in the next issue by "*Philosophical Backgrounds for Naturalism*."

often we are told, saw only the stars; the naturalist keeps his eyes glued upon the carcass in the gutter. Now if one bases one's impression of the movement upon certain examples which have appeared in America in the last decade, notably the elegant contributions of such as Mr. Erskine Caldwell and Mr. William Faulkner, that observation is not without justice. But we have earlier expressed our opinion that, with Goethe, the muses moved from England to the continent; whether or not the 19th century, certainly the 20th belongs to the continent of Europe. The modern novel begins with Flaubert and Tolstoy; the short-story with Chekhov and de Maupassant, the drama with Ibsen, and modern verse with Baudelaire and Verlaine. The same is true, with perhaps graver reservations, of music, painting, philosophy and science. Quite naturally, the seeds flowered where they fell. It is, in short, to France, to Italy, to Russia, and above all to Germany that we must look for our masters, upon whose work to base our generalizations. England's contributions have been distinguished but quite minor; and America's are, some of them—we most heartily agree—utterly abominable.

This fact is perhaps the seat of the trouble, the reason an intelligent view of naturalism has been so long in coming. The books of Germany and France do not reach us quickly or impress us, accustomed as we are to so great a dependency on England, as they should; our own examples have not always been admirable. Furthermore, there is, as Ludwig Lewisohn says, a path leading from *Tom Jones* to *The Forsyte Saga*. There is none leading from *Tom Jones* to *A Fool in Christ* or *The Magic Mountain*. To enter this kingdom, one must, in truth, be born anew.

Most of the prejudices belong to the realm of popular opinions, which the slightest bit of evidence is sufficient to refute; but certain of the criticism and scholarship on this subject presents fallacies for more treacherous. Examine any respectable treatise on the novel, for example. Carl H. Grabo's *Technique of the Novel* will serve our purpose as well as any. This author's chapter on naturalism is far above the average in intelligence. He has not allowed prejudices to blind him. He has read carefully, and he carefully substantiates his statements. There is much in his chapter which is obviously true, and valuable as such; much, on the other hand, which cannot be denied outright. And yet something is basically wrong, perhaps the absence of that "sympathy which breeds under-

standing." The results, like a crazy building laid on unsound foundations, are somehow entirely out of line. He begins with the invention of a new term, *actualism*, for the very naughty purpose, we are inclined to suspect, of divorcing the movement from its antecedents and making it appear a rootless thing. [Ludwig Lewisohn very properly began a discussion of the subject with Homer.] Mr. Grabo devotes a great deal of time to novelists of the third, fourth, and fifth rank. He professes to have passed many pleasant evenings with that Titan, Christophe, but nothing more. Proust merits only a few pages. Hauptmann and Schnitzler are, of course, excluded, and not a word, not one, of Thomas Mann. One races madly back to the front to discover when the thing was published. 1928. Inexplicable! It is as though one wrote a treatise on romantic verse and somehow quite overlooked Wordsworth. The whole thing leaves one in a state of indescribable bewilderment. We shall refer to it now and anon as a convenient storehouse of common opinions on our subject.

### III

The common tone of all these opinions would seem to indicate that naturalism is generally thought of as a philosophy, much less frequently as a literary method at all—as stemming from something like the pessimism of Schopenhauer, or from Nietzsche or Sigmund Freud. To regard naturalism solely as a philosophy is to place it in the realm of the moralist, the scientist, which is wholly unjustifiable. To discover this neat philosophic formula is not so easy as it sounds, for naturalists vary among themselves as widely in temperament and viewpoint as they do in nationality. But all of them have a typical method, and it is this method, which we call naturalism, that we must set ourselves to determine.

The question is complicated by the fact that naturalism has changed very greatly since the time of Ibsen and Zola; that it falls into two generations—a pioneer, and a later one which has so developed, enriched, and surpassed those earlier examples that what one says of the earlier is apt to be wholly untrue of the later, and vice versa. Here is a distinction of the first importance to observe. Ibsen, Zola, Shaw and, to a lesser extent perhaps, Tolstoy were enlighteners, grandchildren of Voltaire. They were, it is true, also much more than that, but the stamina of their art was undoubtedly social criticism. They came into the

(Continued on page twenty-nine)



## *Telling the Story of the Prophet Jeremiah, Franz Werfel Interprets the Place of the Liberal in the World of Today*

HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE. Franz Werfel. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.00. 780 pp.

Revealing Jeremiah the Hebrew prophet through the eyes of a discerning, sympathetic modern character, Franz Werfel turns once again to his own people and their Book for an interpretation of a liberal's place in the world of today.

Werfel is a poet, dramatist, novelist—and an Austrian Jew, born in Prague, educated at Leipzig and a resident of Vienna. First recognized for his poetry, he is perhaps most famous for the novel, *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, and his more recent dramatic spectacle, *The Eternal Road*.

In *Hearken unto the Voice* he joins the three talents and demonstrates his lyricism in poetic passages of rare beauty, his dramatic instinct in compelling scenes, and his story-building ability in the structure of his novel.

Clayton Reeves sat looking out over the Dead Sea, while his friends discussed that strange sensation of *déjà vu*, of suddenly experiencing the sensation of living through some scene enacted many years ago, and while they spoke of "akasha," that mysterious quality of places long saturated with history, of "centres of the world" which retain the chronicles of all which has happened. Perhaps it was this feeling that overcame Reeves as he stood on the site of the Temple at Jerusalem. For Reeves' father was a Jew named Paderborner, and the past of his race called to him as he stood. He glanced at his watch and noted it was twenty-three minutes to six. Everything grew misty . . .

Jeremiah the Prophet stood in the gallery of the Temple looking at a broad band of leather about his wrist, where his mother had sewn a strip of sacred parchment.

And so begins the story of Jeremiah, who hearkened to the voice of God and made of his prophecies a scourge to the Children of Israel. Of Jeremiah who foretold calamity to King Josiah and who followed his king and his people into Egyptian captivity. Of Jeremiah who was beaten and flung into the dungeon when he warned King Jehoiakim of the wrath of Jehovah and who followed the piteous son of his king into Babylonian captivity. Not until the Temple was burned down and not one stone of Jerusalem left upon another

did Jeremiah find the answer which he was seeking. Wandering in the ruins of the Temple, he came upon a bit of stone from the Holy of Holies and upon it was graven "—that thy days may be long—" And he understood that Israel would survive the enemies from without, would survive her own stiff-necked flaunting of evilness, would come into the promises of the Lord. He looked at the leather band he still wore upon his arm—

And it was Clayton Reeves standing on the site of the Temple. "Jeremiah was a sensitive man," thought Reeves, "who was implacably opposed to his world and his age."

And so was Reeves. "It would, indeed, be one of his future tasks to show that greatness is consistent only with running counter to the world and never with acceptance of it; that the eternally defeated are the eternally victorious; and that the voice is more real than the clamour that seeks to drown it."

For the actual story of Jeremiah and the Kings of Israel one might just as easily go to the Book of Chronicles, the Book of Kings and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. But Franz Werfel has added a world of magnificent color and movement and spectacle in his description of wars and of religious ceremonies, of the worship of the Dead in Egypt and the worship of the Stars in Babylon. He has added great dramatic moments such as the appearance of Jeremiah in the Holy of Holies, the death of the heathen maiden Zenua on the day of her wedding to Jeremiah, the execution of Zedekiah's two sons and the sudden blinding of the king himself, the prophet's demand that Israel free all the slaves as set forth in the Book of the Laws.

On the debit side there are thinness of characterization, monotonous repetition in the visions of Jeremiah, and the inclusion of long passages of description that retard all action.

What moves the reader most significantly is the inevitable parallel to be drawn between the times of Jeremiah and the modern age. Like Thomas Mann in his magnificent *Joseph and His Brothers*, Franz Werfel has turned to the pages of history for enlightenment on the problems of the contemporary world. Like Jeremiah he no doubt finds himself running "counter to the world and never with acceptance of it." Like the Children

of Israel his people today are perhaps "the eternally defeated but the eternally victorious." And is there not a striking similarity in the courage of the Lutheran prophets of Germany in their stand against Hitler and the courage of the Prophet Jeremiah who "obeyed none other than the voice of God, which spoke to him and within him?"

—WALTER SPEARMAN.

### *Sophisticated Idealism*

THE THIRD HOUR. Geoffrey Household. The Atlantic Monthly Press. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50. 451 pp.

If you have grown a little weary of dutifully masticating and digesting the works of the established and the mighty—the somber realists and the humorless defeatists, the anemic esthetes and the grimy proletarians—here is a first novel in which you can revel and escape and even dream a little, and yet not feel too guilty.

For Geoffrey Household's romance and idealism are informed with a delightful sophistication and a Gallic shrewdness, he is a quite respectable stylist, and he attends the Problems of Life and the World, not too seriously, perhaps, but at least with thought-provoking originality.

Beginning in Mexico with an enlightened guerrilla warrior's meditations upon Progress and ending in London with a Jewish prayer, *The Third Hour* has an enthralling sweep of geography, ideas, and characters. Mexico, Spain, Valparaiso, Bucharest, Argentina, Vienna, Finland, New York, and London—over three continents love and wine and plot and dream the dozen picaresque idealists—picaresque by the world's standards, idealists without at first being aware of it.

Among the visionary picaroons are Albert Whitehead, a clerk who wondered why his friends called him a perfect internationalist when all he knew about foreigners was that they were just like everybody else; Manuel Vargas, who stole a hundred thousand pounds from the Bank of Mexico and then had no use for it—until his vision came; Irma van Reichensund, an Austrian countess who, because she had loved her dead Jewish husband too deeply, tried to hide her beauty and passions under the uniform of a Nazi organizer; Gregory Vassilieff, Russian ex-cavalry officer who routed a Fascist parade with a hypodermic needle; Mark Ottery, who could quote Scripture for everybody's

purpose except the Lord's; and Toby Manning, who sold toys and thought of Europe as his mistress.

The central characters belong to the post-war generation of the disillusioned and the over-refined; but they have too much physical vitality and spiritual resiliency to lose interest in the "tale told by an idiot," or to cease looking for some method of realizing for their fellows the significance they as individuals have heard through the "sound and fury." Finally they are drawn together by the belief that they have found a method. It was the monasteries which guarded the torch of civilization through the Dark Ages. They will found a monastic order, composed of natural aristocrats from all ranks, which will preserve and exert nobility, in its broadest sense, in the Dark Ages at hand. Rabelais' Abbaye de Thélemé will be their model; but they will be "Thelemites without luxury, Franciscans without chastity," yet "with the gentleness of Francis."

Their vision has the simple ingenuousness and the inevitable rationality of every large ideal. The most moving force of *The Third Hour*, the quality about it which leaves the sensitive reader inspired but deeply melancholy, is the implication that the vision will necessarily be dissolved by twentieth century reality. There seems to be no foothold for a Christ, a Saint Francis, in a Europe where only quack idealists preaching hatred and barbarous national pride can gain converts.

*The Third Hour* is more—or less—than the story of a vision. The author has the romancer's flair for the picturesque and dramatic in characterization; and one has sometimes the feeling that he is using the history of the vision, and of the gold that is to help realize it, as a screen upon which to project figures similar to the adventurers of John Buchan, but more highly individualized, closer to reality, and considerably more fascinating.

In Mr. Household's arsenal as a first-class novelist of adventure, one of the finest and most accurate of his weapons is his style, characterized by an epigrammatic lucidity and an omnipresent but somehow unobtrusive irony. It is this style which gives his first novel the flavor of one of the old wines he and his worldly-wise gallants are so fond of lingering over. *The Third Hour* is for connoisseurs of romantic comedy even more than it is for idealists. A queer combination of appeals, but let us hope he mixes it for us often again.

—WM. P. HUDSON.



## The Technique of Naturalism

(Continued from page twenty-six)

world at a time when life was stagnant; when convention and popular opinion in the hands of the great herd masses exerted a far more repressive and stifling influence on the soul of man than any absolute monarch had ever dreamed of. It became their mission, then, as true Voltairean "knights of the Holy Ghost," to campaign for sanity, honesty and justice, to fight against hypocrisy and repression in the interest of a fresher and more wholesome social atmosphere.

It is as typical that Zola should have mixed himself in the Dreyfus affair as that Voltaire should have come to the aid of Jean Calas. Ibsen's plays treat such subjects as the stifling repressions of marriage, the corruption of the "pillars of society," the selfish hypocrisies of the clergy, the conventional attitude on every hand, which cloaks corruption, blind stupidity, and utter selfishness under the names of idealism and decency. His plays have a definite purpose, a definite didactic point, an immediate and direct social message to convey. And who can doubt that the impulse of the enlightener is a wholesome one? that he clears the air and makes for a saner, fresher, and more honest outlook? Equally undeniable, however, is the fact that the enlightener's art is apt to be a rigid and very limited one. He gives us sanity instead of poetry, intelligence instead of passion, and rationalistic debate rather than tragedy arising out of the clash of human destinies. Time has more than justified the doubts of Mr. Lewisohn and others as to the final validity of Ibsen's art.

The gap between the elder and later generations is spanned in the work of Gerhardt Hauptmann. His first play, in the older tradition, deals with the horrors of an insidious alcoholism. He wrote also, in this vein, *The Weavers*, by which he is largely known in this country. With that he emancipated himself from the mood of the enlightener and gave to the modern theater its Macbeth, its Falstaff, its Tess, its Hamlet, and to modern literature its interpretation of the Messiah, figures projected with an insight and a sympathy which rank them easily with the noblest works of mankind, and bathed, moreover, in the light of the rich German spirit, warm, simple, poetic, wholesome and earth-rooted, of Bach and of Dürer.

With Hauptmann, naturalism emerges from the narrower confines of the enlightenment into the larger atmosphere of the universal, to treat with

poetry, passion and a most rich and most human sympathy and understanding the immemorial themes of all great art—man, his tragedy, his destiny, life and death, struggles and aspirations, his attempt, lastly, to reconcile himself with God. From Hauptmann follow Romain Rolland, John Galsworthy, Somerset Maugham, Gabriel D'Annunzio, Marcel Proust, Arthur Schnitzler and, above all, Thomas Mann. It is upon the work of these men, naturalism in its maturity, that any generalizations worth the making must be based.

### IV

The aim and the method of these later naturalists are very different from those of the earlier. Mr. Grabo quotes Zola to the effect that "As the scientist is the examining magistrate of nature, so is the novelist the examining magistrate of men and their passions." The artist then, in Zola's opinion, is to judge mankind, to assert the difference between good and bad. Shaw and Ibsen write as though they were setting out to prove an hypothesis, to twist life into serving as an illustration for their theories. Shaw, indeed, is notorious for making puppets of his people to express his opinions, and even Ibsen occasionally takes the stage, as in the person of Relling, to drive the didactic point of his fables home. The plays of these people are expressly designed to point out the difference between good and evil, to show the way to honesty and justice, to cry out from the rooftops against hypocrisy and repression. These writers are not interested in man and man's life as such. Quite the contrary, their interest is definitely utilitarian: they wish to better the world. *The Wild Duck* teaches us something: that idealism is often a mask for the basest egotism, and that we would be far better off in the end if we accepted reality as it is and let rigidly alone the high-sounding rhetoric of those "Meddlers who come dunning us, in our poverty, with the claim of the Ideal." The people in the play are interesting and moving, but it is obvious that they were called into being to act out the theme. Hauptmann's *Michael Kramer*, on the other hand, teaches us nothing at all, in this sense. Here we have simply a picture of man suffering, crying out after some meaning in this "tale told by an idiot." Kramer himself is the theme of the play. Any lessons we learn from it we get indirectly, by implication, through the overtones of the pieces, as it were. It offers no pat solution of life, ending literally and figuratively on a question mark.

This turning away of the later groups from the

preaching of the former is perhaps one of disillusionment; it certainly represents a broader intellectual horizon. It would be well if a play of Ibsen or Shaw could reform the world; but for all the efforts of all the literary reformers since time out of mind, the world remains incorrigibly naughty, unameliorated in a single essential. Injustices and human suffering persist, merely changing their dress to suit the fashion of the times. In Hauptmann's *Fool in Christ*, we see, in the persons of his own ministers, the very Pharisees whose kind Our Lord came to harry from the face of the earth for all time cry out their horror of the Son of God. Now Hauptmann is not interested, as Shaw or Voltaire would undoubtedly have been, in denouncing a perverted brand of Christianity. He is content to juxtapose the true and the false, developing both with equal sympathy and understanding, and, by showing the mystic in all his power and in all his weakness against the troubled and uncomprehending ministers, not of God, but of society, to lead us on to drawing our own conclusions from the larger pathos of that ironical situation. He does not even tell us that Emanuel Quint is the Messiah; we gather that he is, "come in the poor fool's cloak to see how far His seed sown by God, the seed of the kingdom, had ripened."

V

That aloofness is typical of Hauptmann. It is one of the most important characteristics of naturalism in general. The naturalist feels he is not to castigate men as bad or good—that is to fail to understand them; or to use experience as an illustration of a theory—that is to lose all of its tragic beauty. Imagine the cold fury with which Eugene O'Neill, for example, would have rendered the elder Vockerats in *Lonely Lives*, for example, or the two households which bring about the tragedy of Rose Bernd, or the divided household of the Kramers. Yet Hauptmann presents them, not only with understanding, but actually with tenderness. These plays breathe the spirit of those great words of the Christ, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do'—the spiritual message that to divide people into the rigid categories of good and bad is to miss everything; for the human tragedy arises out of the conflict of essential natures which are not wilfully, but of necessity opposed, and it is often our fate, as it is that of the Vockerats and the Kramers, to destroy what we most love, simply because we are so and they are quite otherwise. It is not for Hauptmann to judge them; it is for him, as artist, to repre-

sent them, to make them live for us.

Even more enigmatic in this respect is Thomas Mann. It is typical of him to develop two conflicting forces such as the humanist and the Catholic, the pagan and the Christian in *The Magic Mountain*, which he never once dreams of attempting to resolve. In his short-story, *Tristan*, he has taken for his hero, in the person of Detlev Spinell, a figure whom he cannot but despise, who could at most arouse in him an ironical sort of pity—the aesthete. This gentleman as his life's work has produced a single novel "of medium length with a perfectly bewildering drawing on the jacket, printed on a sort of filter paper. Each letter of the type looked like a Gothic Cathedral. Fräulein Von Osterloh had read it once in a spare quarter of an hour and found it 'very cultured,' which was her circumlocution for inhumanly boresome. Its scenes were laid in fashionable salons, in luxurious boudoirs full of choice *objets d'art*, old furniture, gobelins, rare porcelains, priceless stuffs of all sorts and kinds. On the description of these was expended the most loving care; as you read, you constantly saw Herr Spinell with distended nostrils saying 'How beautiful! My God! Look, how beautiful!'" Spinell comes to the sanatorium at Einfried, not because of poor health, but "for a

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feeling for style," because the straight lines of its pure Empire furinshings "with their cold, austere simplicity and reserved strength" are "more morally elevating." He never looks a woman straight in the face, but always glances sideways so that the first impression of beauty may not be destroyed. Surely never was the idealist, the effete sentimentalist, ever caricatured with more cruel insight. Yet Mann makes of him a powerful, and admirable figure. For poor Detlev meets at the sanatorium the dying Gabriele Eckhop, married to a typical German business man. Detlev sees her, of course, as Isolde, crushed beneath the personality of a materialist King Mark. At the height of his absurdity, when he must needs cap all his follies by writing the husband a ridiculously libelous and abusive letter, this "pitiable object" is none the less, paradoxically enough, a terrible and ominous figure, for he is armed with the power of the intelligible Word. It is true, as he says, that he has seen her beauty and the truth of the situation and "lifted it to the level of an experience." The poor husband who can only roar "My heart is in the right place!" is a craven and a fool to him. Thomas Mann has wrung from the figure of Detlev Spinell everything it has to offer—its absurdity as well as its power. He presents it to us "without comment, blame, or passing of judgment," as though he were saying, "Here is Detlev Spinell: meditate upon him."

## VI

The outstanding characteristic of naturalism, then, is an uncompromising objectivity toward characters and materials, an attitude which Thomas Mann describes as "both sympathetic and detached." It is not for the naturalist to praise or blame, much less to pretend to the sublime folly of solving universal riddles. Rather it is for him "to come upon some fragment of reality and understand it," and in the light of his understanding to make it live for us. He is to present man suffering, not to produce some tight little solution for suffering, but to lift for us the formless, hence meaningless, mass of life "to the level of an experience." He tends to accept the human situation as he finds it, as it actually exists, and to present the story of man in all its comic and tragic aspects. Very typical is Arthur Schnitzler, who seems to have no conclusions whatsoever to offer us. He ponders, in a spirit not unlike Hamlet's, the charming and living people whom he has created.

Thomas Mann's attitude in this respect is some-

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times characterized as ironical. *The Magic Mountain* and, even more so, Hauptmann's *Fool in Christ* are in truth masterpieces of irony, but in no sense in which an English reader, recalling Swift, is apt to understand that term. Rather they are ironical in the sense that *Don Quixote* is, in that they present a "harmony of opposites" which can never be resolved, whose very harmony lies in the fact that they are precisely that: irresolvable opposites. But never must the naturalistic irony be understood to exclude tenderness, poetry, sympathy and understanding. Consider Hauptmann's "man with the crown of thorns," his disciples who, comprehending nothing of the nature of the mystic, can only cry out for an earthly kingdom; his ministers who are profoundly shocked that any son of man should call himself the Son of God; the sudden slamming of doors all over the "Christian" world when to the question "Who's there?" comes the answer "Christ!"

I would not be understood to swing to the opposite extreme and claim for naturalism the objectivity of science, for no art, in that sense, can ever be objective, can ever lose that subjective, personal and emotional character which makes for poetry. But rather the naturalist presents his materials in a manner which imitates the way life presented them to him. His form is inspired by the free musical form, the natural rhythms, of life itself. His people see with their own eyes, speak with their own words, act out their own stories in accordance with their characters. He will sacrifice their rich diversity neither to the artifices of form nor to the limitations of any Shavian, Dickensian, or what-have-you "anterior ethical assumption." Nor do I mean that the naturalist has merely "photographed" them. His sympathies are involved, and we sense them. His view of life must of necessity color every word he writes, but it is suggested rather than flung into our face. His meaning lies in the larger implications of his fable, to express which it was shaped. Beneath that appearance of unarranged reality, by means of his superior craftsmanship, he leads us precisely to the end he has in view, though we scarcely know how.

With these qualifications, then, the naturalist's basic attitude is to be characterized as objective. These books are to be reflected upon, my children. They are the works of the largest intellects and open infinite horizons. Utterly unlike a good plain Shavian sermon, they are as mysterious as life itself.

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March, 1938



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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH <i>Frank Bowne</i>		MOON SONG—Verse ..... 16 <i>William Michaux</i>
CAROLINA'S GREATEST POLITICAL CAMPAIGN ..... 2 <i>Joe Sugarman</i>		CAROLINA IN RETROSPECT ..... 17 <i>Randy Reece</i>
RESOLUTION—Verse ..... 6 <i>William Michaux</i>		GOAT-HERDER'S SONG—Verse ..... 21 <i>Josephina Niggli</i>
A GUIDE TO TOURISTS ..... 7 <i>John Creedy</i>		EDITORS' PRIVATE GALLEY ..... 22
NEW BLOOD FOR FOLK DRAMA ..... 10 <i>Sam Green</i>		TOMORROW IS A SONG—Verse ..... 22 <i>Clemon White</i>
THE FARM: 1918—A Story ..... 13 <i>Noel Houston</i>		CURRENT LITERATURE ..... 23 "Philosophical Background of Naturalism," by David Beaty. Reviews of <i>Mark Twain</i> , <i>Oxford</i> <i>Limited</i> , <i>Defoe</i> , <i>My Ears Are Bent</i> .

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# Carolina's Greatest Political Campaign

*In 1933 the "Grains of Sand" Were Still Very Black*

**T**HE ASTONISHING victory of Haywood Weeks over Hamilton Hobgood for the presidency of the student body in April, 1932, smashed the previously successful All-Campus Party into splinter political groups, each determined to rise as master from the ashes of the party's funeral pyre. So eager to start afresh were the baffled machine politicians, that they unprecedentedly mixed politics with the usual spring-time diversions of the May Frolic, the Junior-Seniors and the Southern Conference track meet. This premature start led to the longest, bitterest and most complicated struggle for political supremacy in Carolina's history.

The natural leaders in the melee were those All-Campus politicians who had forsaken Hobgood and made Weeks' election a stunning reality. Of these, Alex Webb, successor to the astute Jim Kenan of the S. A. E.'s, and Tom Rose known as the "Mamma" of the Sigma Chis, got the jump on their rivals. By May, under the cover of the leadership of John Manning, Phi Kappa Sigma's boss, they united nine of the All-Campus houses which had bolted Hobgood by one of the many "indissoluble, in-

violate pacts" to be signed and re-signed for the next year. In addition to the three houses named, the nonent included: the Phi Gamma Deltas, the

Theta Chis, the Kappa Sigs, the A. T. O.'s, the Dekes and the Pi Kappa Phis. While the rest of the All-Campus Party speculated about running the K. A., Tom Watkins, for president, the nine successful revolvers contented themselves through the summer with the knowledge that in union there was strength. A candidate could be chosen later.

The following fall the group shattered the last remains of a still respectably-sized All-Campus Party. It accepted the requests for admission of the Sigma Nus and K. A.'s, who had been rather innocently left supporting Hobgood, and the Zeta Psis, who had remained out of politics altogether the previous year. Thus Rose and Webb encircled Hobgood's most loyal fraternity supporters, the Betas, Pikas and Phi Delta

Thetas with a strong political ring, much like that which France once forged about Germany. And like the ringed in Europe, the ringed in Carolina rose. But not in October, 1932. Then the isolated houses did nothing but helplessly and furiously

## Personae Politicorum--1933

**TOM "MAMMA" ROSE**—Sigma Chi representative, rebuilder of All-Campus party, now newspaper publisher in Wadesboro.

**ALEX "SNAKE" WEBB**—S. A. E. leader, secretary and co-founder of University Party, now on staff at Roosevelt Hospital, New York, N. Y.

**HERB TAYLOR**—Phi Gam factotum, chairman of University Party, now practicing law in Tarboro, N. C.

**CHARLIE ROSE**—Beta Theta Pi boss, editor *Daily Tar Heel*, sponsor of Shoemaker's candidacy, now lawyer in Fayetteville.

**CLAIBORN "BENNY" CARR**—Candidate of S. A. E.'s for the *Tar Heel*, now learning textiles in New York, N. Y.

**DON SHOEMAKER**—Rose's choice for successor, Pika, now editorial writer *Asheville Citizen-Times*.

**HARPER BARNES**—University Party presidential nominee, Pi Kappa Phi, now lawyer in Graham, N. C.

**LINDY CATE**—All-Campus Party candidate for president of student body, Sigma Chi, now lawyer in Greensboro, N. C.

JOE SUGARMAN, vice-president and later president of Phi Beta Kappa, Golden Fleece man, 1934-35 editor of the MAGAZINE, and a persona politicorum of his day, presents here the second article in his continuation of the Carolina political history begun two years ago by Taylor Bledsoe.



listen for news of the new alliance. They heard plenty.

Two-hundred pound Tom Rose, who looked more like a ward heeler than any Carolina politician of his time, and the S. A. E.'s, who acted more like a well-controlled ward than any other house, both had highly specific goals when they led the formation of the new party (which, incidentally, still called itself to itself the All-Campus Party). Rose was determined to make the Sigma Chis' Lindy Cate president of the student body; the S. A. E.'s and more particularly the now-departed but still powerful Jim Kenan, were equally resolved that their Claiborn "Benny" Carr should be editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*.

Within the group the first clash came over Cate. He was one of those likeable fellows who come up out of nowhere in the spring of their junior year with a raft of titles and no particular experience. Despite the fact that he had been on the Student and Interfraternity councils and was president of the Senior class, Cate was hardly well known. It has often been said he would rather have stuck to his violin than get mixed up in "Mamma" Rose's dreams of grandeur, and subsequent events proved Lindy right. Nevertheless, when the steering committee met for the first time to select a presidential candidate Cate was the unquestioned favorite.

Overnight his fortunes changed. None too impressed with Cate and even less pleased with the prospect of Tom Rose dominating the party, Alex Webb, whom even his best friends called "Snake," slithered over the campus, looking for a rival candidate to the colorless Cate. Down in Everett dormitory, where, though a Pi Kappa Phi, and though he had not run for office for two years, he had a tremendous non-fraternity following, Webb found his man. He was Harper Barnes.

Like Barkis, Barnes was willing. He had long ago eyed the presidency, had been urged to run by friends the year before, but had waited for a more favorable moment. The present year had seemed just that, but the Pi Kappa Phis had placed an almost insurmountable object in the road. Despite the prospect that Barnes might become president of the student body, the fraternity was more anxious to run Graham McLeod, an initiated member (which Barnes was not) for president of the senior class. They had instructed their representative Jack Pool, then just starting out in politics, to work for McLeod. As the presi-

dency of the student body would be decided before that of the senior class, Barnes' candidacy had been reduced to wishful thinking.

Webb, however, traded on Pool's personal preference for Barnes to McLeod and had him tell the Pi Kappa Phis quite truthfully that McLeod stood almost no chance of getting the senior class nomination. Even then the fraternity only grudgingly agreed to having one of its own named for the highest campus office. There was nothing grudging about the party's attitude, however. A first-year law man, who had served twice on the Student Council, Barnes' popularity clinched matters with the party's steering committee. One ballot and Barnes was the official candidate.

Alex Webb's neat maneuver won more than a strong head of the ticket for the party. It resulted in a fierce personal feud with Tom Rose, whose manufactured candidate had been so swiftly swept aside. And Rose's bitterness spread when the party, again unwilling to give him direct leadership, elected the Phi Gams' Herb Taylor over Cate for chairman of the steering committee. The strong arm of the revolt against Hobgood and long recognized as a ruthless enemy, Rose would bear watching, thought Webb and his friends.

For the present, however, "Mamma" accepted his rebuffs. In fact, as fraternity and non-fraternity representatives within the steering committee began to name the rest of the ticket, he took what was for him a back seat. On the outside, however, he grumbled, often to the isolated three houses, that the inexperienced leadership of the party would lead it to disaster. As events developed, when "the inexperienced leadership" didn't fulfill his prediction, Rose took a hand in making his prophecy come true.

He was a sharp enough politician, however, to see what many of his colleagues refused to see—that the naming of Benny Carr for editor of the *Tar Heel* might have serious results. Within the party, there had even been some sentiment for running the isolated Pikas' Don Shoemaker, but the S. A. E.'s had been adamant. It was Carr or else—and Webb's house was powerful enough to frighten the rest by a threat of withdrawal. Powerful enough, too, to name to the editorship a man whose only qualifications for the job had been desultory reporting and enthusiastic if undistinguished sports writing. Carr was the only unmistakably counterfeit coin on the ticket, and he caused a mint of trouble.

Although Carr's nomination was forced by the S. A. E.'s, there are additional explanations. Don Shoemaker's very superiority in qualifications worked against him, chiefly because Charlie Rose, the present editor, and Jack Dungan, his predecessor, had been training Shoemaker for the editorship since his arrival at Carolina. Their desire to build a Dungan dynasty deprived all other staff members of even the training requisite for the editor-in-chief. This resentment against what one of the staff called "a milk-fed candidate" and the old desire to thwart even a trace of the domineering Dungan helped to account for the party's indifference to Shoemaker's obviously splendid qualifications.

Politically, as Tom Rose pointed out, it might give the isolated three fraternities a weapon. But since they had been quiescent and since Shoemaker was not personally well known, even Barnes and the other Carr-dissenters felt safe. The Betas, Pikas and Phi Delta Thetas, whom Barnes privately referred to as "the Unholy Three," tried to stir up opposition on the campus on the strength of Carr's nomination. All they got was the support of the Chi Phis' John Wilkinson, whose gift for old-time spell-binding oratory had once promised a brilliant political career, and that of Hobgood and his non-fraternity supporters. To Alex Webb it was not even a threat.

One reason that Webb could pooh-pooh Rose's warning was the equal lack of experienced politicians within the Unholy Three. Long guided by Jack Dungan, they seemed now lost without him. Only Ed French of the Pikas and Charlie Rose of the Betas had seen active previous service, and neither had been leading political representatives. Nevertheless, bucking against their encirclement, the Unholy Three by one of those unholy accidents in campus politics suddenly gave the party a bad scare.

In the eyes of Bobbie Mason, the editor of the *Buccaneer*, Shoemaker was not the only qualified candidate ignored by the party. Despite the fact that his own fraternity, the A. T. O.'s, were pillars of the party, Mason openly backed Karl Sprinkle, a Pika, to succeed him. His dissatisfaction with the party's nomination of Pete Ivey led him to Charlie Rose, editor of the *Tar Heel* and unofficial chairman of the Unholy Three. Between them they hatched one of the most remarkable political strokes in a campaign which was to tax the ingenuity of campus politicians to a new high.

One morning late in January readers of the

*Tar Heel* noticed a two-column box at the foot of the first page, headed "The Buccaneer's Proposal." Mildly surprised that the *Buccaneer* should propose anything, they were even more surprised when they read the proposal. It was hardly a modest one. Editor Mason broadly advocated that henceforth editors of student publications be chosen by staff, rather than campus-wide, election. His reason was simple: only the staff was qualified to judge the merits of candidates. His purpose was equally simple: such a change would eliminate politics from editorship contests. With that began a battle which has not yet ended at Carolina.

Webb, Taylor and Barnes were too good politicians not to see a masterly and dangerous political stroke in Mason's apparently innocent proposal. He might write openly of eliminating politics from elections for editors, but they knew why the proposal had been made at just this time. Since back in October, when Shoemaker and Sprinkle had been passed over by the party, the Unholy Three had been successfully concentrating on serving up the staff nominations for these men. Shoemaker would probably have gotten the *Tar Heel's* no matter what, but Sprinkle's had been the result of pressure from editor Mason. In a word, then, if the *Buccaneer* proposal were adopted by the student body at a special election as suggested, the Unholy Three would be certain of at least two editorships and maybe more.

The enraged party leaders blundered immediately by signing their names to protesting open forum letters in the paper, which gave away their reasons for attack. Rose worked the *Tar Heel* staff hard on features, news stories, etc., illustrating the merits of the proposal. The faculty was invoked to praise it, examples were found at other schools, and leading students, i.e. Unholy Three politicians, gave their support. The party fought back with pious talk of campus democracy and the danger of excessive politics in small groups. It even considered hushing things up with an offer of a place on the ticket for Sprinkle. The campus wondered what it was all about and prepared to watch the proposal go to the Student Council.

And then the lid blew off a much more serious threat within the party itself. In the middle of February, when the slate had been chosen, except for a few vice-presidencies and secretaryships, the Sigma Nus, possibly at the suggestion of the Sigma Chis, with whom they were old friends, demanded the reopening of nominations. Their purpose was to run John O'Neill for senior student



councilman; O'Neill would surely be president of Phi Beta Kappa in the spring, and his fraternity brothers tacitly but effectively realized that this office coupled with a major campus post would make him eligible for Golden Fleece. And Fleece, a natural asset to any fraternity, was an old Sigma Nu habit, as the records show.

Earl Beale had already been chosen as a desirable non-fraternity man by the steering committee. But John Leake, the Sigma Nus' hard-boiled, old school political manager insisted that he be set aside. Sensing the trouble he had been waiting and hoping for since Cate's defeat, Tom Rose vigorously supported the Sigma Nus and helped to whip the Zeta Psis and the lethargic K. A.'s to Leake's side. Rose's championing O'Neill was enough to force Webb to oppose the change, while Herb Taylor, John Manning and several other leaders insisted that the promise to Beale be kept. A stalemate, technically over an office, actually over control of the party, resulted.

Rose broke the deadlock with a terrific smash. Curtly and boastfully, he told Herb Taylor that "all bets were off." He was leading the Sigma Chis, Zeta Psis and Sigma Nus, three of the largest, most powerful houses in the group, out of the party—and into the long-hopeful waiting arms of the Unholy Three. When Chairman Taylor, averring "we'll go to the polls, no matter who pulls out," told Candidate Barnes about the break, Barnes, with characteristic originality, inscribed the names of the bolting fraternities on his bedroom wall, "for frontlets between his eyes."

Barnes quickly had to add more names to his list. When news of the split reached the campus, the smaller fraternities knew their day had come. If it was to be a finish-fight between two large fraternity-dominated parties, the little houses would be valuable additions to the party line-ups—and for more than the usual bale of executive committeeships. To his original six houses, Rose, with a whole fresh slate of offices to be filled, swiftly won over the S. P. E.'s, the Delta Psis, the Phi Sigma Kappas, the Chi Psis, and the Theta Kappa Nus. Not long after the Sigma Deltas and the Chi Omegas joined up, the latter chiefly because the original party had nominated a Pi Phi for editorship of the *MAGAZINE*. Since the Unholy Three, now the nucleus of a strong new party, was the heir to the old All-Campus Party, that name was appropriated by the new group.

With three large holes to be plugged, the opposition group went to work. First, it conceived

the name University Party, destined to be a victorious name for many student generations to come. Then it scrambled with the All-Campus politicians for the smaller fraternities and emerged with the Zeta Beta Taus, the Delta Tau Deltas, the Phi Alphas and the Sigma Phi Sigmas. Alex Webb, Herb Taylor and Vass Shepherd of the Dekes continued to be the political leaders with Joe Gant of the A. T. O.'s and Bob Novins, who had brought the T. E. P.'s in early in the fall, rising, respectively, in organizational and oratorical prominence.

As the star of the All-Campus Party, which immediately headed its ticket with Cate for president and Shoemaker for editor of the *Tar Heel*, rose, a bitter fight developed for two houses which were still on the fence. With his bag of offices and tricks Tom Rose lumbered into the K. A. house and tried to persuade them to bolt the University Party. The indifferent K. A.'s, for whom bolting was probably too much effort, referred him to Billy Binder, the political manager. Rose went to work on him. Seated over a hot dog at Harry's, Tom, who had just pulled out of the University Party and scrapped the written agreement of the previous spring, played his strongest card.

"We'll sign an iron-clad agreement, Billy," he said, "and then that'll bind everyone together for the whole campaign." Binder finally agreed, but it is not known whether he signed one of Rose's form contracts.

In all this crossing and double-crossing there was one man to whom an agreement unmistakably meant something. He was Nat Townsend of the Kappa Sigs, whom the University Party had named for President of the Senior Class. His fraternity, impressed by the rising strength of the All-Campus Party, began to talk of withdrawing from the University Party. Although Townsend probably knew that he would stand little chance against the All-Campus candidate, the basketball hero, Vergil Weathers, he steadfastly refused to sanction bolting. When the question came before the house, he laid his fraternity pin on the table, willing to withdraw from the chapter rather than have its pledge broken. This dramatic and sincere gesture held the Kappa Sigs fast to the University Party.

Just as small fraternities were enjoying newfound political importance, so non-fraternity leaders were riding the wave, going down the line to the highest bidder. To the All-Campus Party came many of Hobgood's workers of the previous

year, notably Dan Kelly, a relic of the days when Swain Hall had had tremendous power, and Forney "Red" Rankin, a typical dormitory political hopper with a small but noisy and loyal following. To match them the University Party had Dave McCachren, basketball captain and one of the most popular men of his day, and Lee Greer, a power in the very politically-minded Y. M. C. A. for vice-president of the student body. Tom Rose shrewdly ran against Greer another "Y" power, Benton Bray.

By the first of March, both parties had virtually completed their tickets. In the University Party the S. A. E.'s grabbed at another editorship by naming Alex Andrews for the *Yackety-Yack*; ironically Andrews, as fully qualified for this job as Shoemaker had been for the *Tar Heel*, had been withdrawn in the fall in favor of the Sigma Nus' Morrie Long, who was almost as unqualified as Benny Carr. Long, of course, ran against him on the All-Campus ticket. In the same way, the Pikas had two editorial aspirants, Shoemaker and Sprinkle. In addition to Bray, the strongest candidates added to the All-Campus ticket were E. C. Daniel for the *MAGAZINE*, Bob Drane and Phil Hammer for the P. U. Board, and Ed Lanier for the debate council. Lanier had promised to run on the University Party ticket, if at all, but he eventually yielded to the strong urging of Tom Rose and Billy McKee, president of the Y. M. C. A. Rose, however, failed to win over the

Lambda Chi Alphas, and their important political leader, Sparks Griffin, who proved to be a University Party power.

The fraternities had now split evenly between the two parties, fifteen on each side. The major battles loomed up as contests between Barnes and Cate for the presidency, Carr and Shoemaker for the *Tar Heel*, Daniel and Mary Frances Parker for the *MAGAZINE*, and Ivey and Sprinkle for the *Buccaneer*. However, once the campaigning started, no single candidate failed to realize he was in the scrap of his life.

All this feverish activity had up to this time been confined to meeting rooms of the parties and isolated conference spots. The body politic, which would decide the fate of the evenly-matched machines, as yet knew little of the particulars. Old-fashioned politics at Carolina operated on the peculiar myth that candidates should remain as secret as possible until the day of nomination. This year, however, the enthusiasm of both groups cast this tradition aside, and by the second week of March handbills and leaflets began to litter dormitory rooms. Politicians sent their freshman workers out to rustle the opposition's literature from under a door with a coathanger, to tear down their handbills, to begin the long declamation of the party's superiority. Candidates began to swing through the dormitories, self-consciously to stand in front of Sutton's, and even more self-consciously to eat at Swain Hall. The campaign was on.

*(To be continued next month)*

## Resolution

*When the old music returns, fraught with voices  
Of unforgettable yesternights, and through  
The boundless gamut of reverie rushes  
Like browned leaves on a stormwind, what to do?  
To listen motionless, and having heard  
The myriad dissonances in conflict  
Reach resolution, search the final word  
To catch the fleet harmony at its quick?  
No. Out of nothing nothing can be grown  
Save longing for what has been. No. It is  
To contemplate and segregate one tone,  
Reserving the whole for the synthesis,  
Feigning a stopgap for peace. . . . What to do?  
It is to wait until the old turns new.*

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.



# A Guide to Tourists

## *"Points of Interest" among the Point-to-Pointers*

"... all this so that overfed and cosmetic scented women with their paunch-bellied husbands could drive through the 'grandeur of the Southern Appalachians,' apply their hydraulic brakes, fling open their automobile doors, say 'ah,' and be gone to other points of 'interest.'"

So wrote Lane Barksdale, devotee of the wild and wooded wilderness.

I cannot lay claim as yet to being a "paunch-bellied husband" (that no doubt will come in time) but I am one of those inquisitive tourists who say "ah" at all points of "interest." I have seen these points of "interest" from the creeping sand dunes on the Oregon coast to the elephantine mosquitoes of New Jersey. I make no apology for being a tourist. I make no apology whatever for saying "ah." I guarantee that all the "ahs" I ever said were genuine. I am one of the millions of tourists who, the summer long, travel backwards and forwards across the continent; who love the open road, the feeling of freedom—the feeling of not being tied to earth by anything, even the appreciation of nature.

It is not that we tourists do not appreciate the things we see. In our way we do. But the ordinary city-bred knows next to nothing about the outdoors, and therefore his capacity for deep appreciation is usually limited to the simple exclamation "ah."

About the only tourist that really matters is the kind, of whom there are literally thousands, who go away from home with nothing to speak of in the way of plans but an all-consuming desire to see things. Often the difference between a good or a bad road, an open or a shady one will make a tourist decide to turn north or south. More often they travel day by day, learning of new points of interest as they go along. They are not in any special hurry and will stop and buy popcorn, feed a roadside bear or examine antiques any time Junior or the missus shows any more than ordin-

ary enthusiasm—or whenever they get tired of driving.

### II

From the Public Camp Ground for Tourists near Smokemont, North Carolina, a middling fair cross-section of camping tourist life can be observed. When we reached it before dawn one July day, we followed the mud ruts, which answered the purpose of a road, up the side of a field. It was steep going and the slippery rain-soaked clay made it distinctly hilarious driving. Half way up the hill the wheels of the car began slipping and the car itself began skidding slowly but steadily backwards. In the dark, about 3 o'clock in the morning, this was, to say the least, a novel experience; and we reached the bottom of the hill to the accompaniment of a full-throated and pointed protest from the family at large.

However, later on in the morning we succeeded in making the camp and putting up our equipment. And on succeeding nights we were able to laugh at the attempts of others.

### III

For the sake of clarity and fun, though not in any way for the sake of being dictatorial or dogmatic, I have divided the representative campers at the top of that muddy hill into four, or maybe five, classes. It should be definitely understood that these are general classes. I refuse to defend any of them.

First, there are of course always families. Nobody travels much alone and families seem the order of the day. The people in Pittsburgh, when they opened their tourist camp in the middle of the city opposite the "cathedral of learning," expected to have cars stagger in "bursting with puppets, babies sucking lollipops, and fishing poles." The neatly packed, tidy if effervescent tourist families which did come, I understand, took away some of the pleasure of "going to see the tourists."

|| JOHN CREEDY, staff nominee for the editorship of the MAGAZINE, returns from his recent political and sociological tangent, to write about those modern Caunterbury Pilgrims, the people who throng scenic highways, natural parks, and tourist camps. ||

Speaking of families, you always know when you meet one hailing from the Keystone State. Any Pennsylvania-German family camping in any part of the United States seems to have an almost invariable make-up. The father is always tall, thin *and* retiring. It seems they don't get fat until they are much older and have many more quart measures of beer behind them. The mother, though, seems always to have been fat. She is as domineering as she is large and absolutely runs the show. There is, however, one exception to the completeness with which the Pennsylvania-German mother runs her household. That one exception is the only son. I have known Pennsylvania-German families to have more than one son, but I understand the event is a rare one. Anyway, when there is a son, nothing in the wide world is good enough for him.

I woke up late one morning and heard this inexpressible's mother talking to my mother:

"And then she died. Yes, it was so sad. She was so young and so pretty and a great friend of mine. We went to school together. Oh, but guess what *he* did. No, I'll have to tell you, you'll never guess. After about a year he married one of the girls who had been his wife's bridesmaid at his first wedding. We all thought it was so sweet. Yes, she was a friend of mine too. Yes, I remember . . ."

I went back to sleep. I know them. Long personal life histories are always told on first acquaintance. I remember the year before we were camping up nearer Smokemont and a family came in for a few hours because one of the girls (there are always plenty of girls) was not feeling very well. We all gathered round solicitously (as tourists do) and we were informed with great gusto that poor Genevieve had been born a month or so before her time and during all her 21 years had "always been sickly, poor dear."

Of course this isn't fair to families in general. They are not all Pennsylvania-Germans. But then they are not all spectacular.

A quiet couple, well advanced in their fifties came into camp one evening. They had just learned of the delights of camping and had been surprised to find that for young or old, camping was still the best of fun. It turned out that Mrs. Cook was the wife of a man of the cloth, a bishop. As they sat with us at the campfire that evening we heard what was perhaps the best tale of the whole trip.

The Reverend Mr. Cook had always had a de-

sire to get away in the summer and forget his Christian duties for at least a little time. But as Mrs. Cook said, "nobody treats preacher folks like humans," and he found it very difficult. One summer he dressed up in the oldest clothes he had, sweaters with sleeves out at the elbows, uncreased khaki pants and an old collarless shirt. No one, in short, would ever have imagined that a dignified Episcopal minister, much less a bishop, could be hiding in such clothing. But he forgot one thing. He left his gold-rimmed spectacles hanging around his neck by the customary clerical black band, "and," said Mrs. Cook rather hopelessly, "you can always tell a preacher from the way he puts his glasses on."

#### IV

Perhaps no tourist is so popular around the evening campfire as the veteran camper. He can always turn a dull evening into one of first class entertainment. A traveling salesman and his wife entertained us with this story.

"I was going down to Mexico City once," Mr. Camden said with the energy of a man who has told the tale many times and enjoys himself more each time he tells it, "back in the days when there wasn't much of a road and the undertaking was quite dangerous from every point of view. The road insisted on running along the side of a mountain with a wall of sheer rock on one side and a hair-raising drop of 3,000 feet on the other. That wasn't bad in itself, but the stupid part about this road was that it didn't have any turnouts for some thirty miles at a time. I figured that if we ever met anyone, I'd give him fifty dollars to back to the next turnout or take fifty dollars to back my way. Well, sir, we rounded one sharp corner and practically ran full tilt into a horse and wagon. We managed to stop in time and I got out (almost slipped over the edge doing it) to argue with the man. I was worried too because I could hardly ask him to back his horse all of ten miles to the next turnout. But when I got to him he had already begun to unharness his horse. He couldn't talk English and I couldn't talk Spanish, so I let him do what he wanted to do and pretty soon he had the horse standing there unharnessed. Well, sir, first he took the horse and by a process of squeezing and pushing that nearly sent my wife into hysterics (she thought he was going to push the car over the edge with her in it) finally shoved the critter through between the car and the rock wall. Then he fished a rope out of the cart, attached one end to a tree, looped it securely round the cart, and



tied the other end to the horse. Then carefully and slowly he began pushing the cart over the edge until I thought that only the intervention of heaven could keep the cart, horse and tree from falling into the stream 3,000 feet below. Finally, however, with much grunting, he managed to edge the thing back on the road behind the car. The transaction completed, he calmly hitched up the horse and drove off as if it were all part of the day's work. Our frantic gestures of gratitude were entirely ignored."

V

It is unusual for a city-bred, with the exclusiveness born of city callousness, properly to appreciate the complete lack of restraint characteristic of a group of utter strangers when the night has fallen on a mountain tourist camp and the campfires begin to flicker. It is a time for tall stories. The bronzed little man who laughed a little while ago when some greenhorn tried to pull a fish story, laughed because his stories were always *really* big. Sitting on one side of the blazing pine logs is a Pennsylvania-German electrical engineer talking to the employee of a Florida cigar factory: "Well, the depression hit us all right," he says, "but by and large we had enough to eat and that is something to be thankful for, I guess. I wouldn't have this old world any other way." Then there are two people vacationing from the mills in Ohio. They ask us why we stay in one spot three weeks at a time. (We did once.) We say we stay because we have a good time. What do we do? Why, that's easy; we hike, fish, drive through the mountains. Mostly though we hike. "You mean," said the wife of the mechanic incredulously, "you mean you *walk*. Don't you get awfully tired?"

The energetic, if-we-didn't-live-the-world-couldn't-go-on couple from California are terrifically worried about a comet. He is a professor of physics at the University of California; she is a teacher of botany in a Berkeley high school. "There it is," one of them says, explaining with scientific accuracy, "about two degrees northeast of Misa and of about the 4th degree magnitude."

The fellow who looked, from the state of his equipment, as if he were a professional camper (it is not fair to be a professional camper. All campers have to be amateurs and humble or they are not received in the best society) chimed in at this point with a customs story. "When I was traveling

from Canada during prohibition days," he began, and ended, "Doctor's prescription too, but they took it anyway." This man was one of a group of four who had driven up in a huge caravan-trailer. They had a radio, a black servant, lots and lots and lots of liquor and a collection of the worst accents ever heard. It was father's opinion that the only gentleman among them was the servant.

VI

The last general type is the group. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, YMCA, Boy's Clubs and what have you. They are uniformly awful. They always come late, stop in the center of camp and disgorge droves of inquisitive faces, raucous voices, hair-raising bugles and general all-around cussedness. The girls are perhaps the worst. They have a passion for song.

Any Friday night one wants to one can stop by the nearest Scout meeting and hear "Old MacDonald had a Farm" sung slightly off-tune (my sister insists *very* off-tune). It seems to lovers of peace and quiet then that the clusters of girls (why do girls go around in clusters?) who insist on walking from one end of camp to the other lifting their youthful voices in song are, to say the least, inappropriate. That they should do it from morning till night—I still believe they ate in relays so they could keep up an endless stream of "golden song"—is pure and simple sadism.

But some of them are nice. There was a little nine-year-old who was getting water at the spring. The intermittent summer lightning was playing on the mountains and the moon had not yet risen. Suddenly she said: "There!" as the lightning flashed, "God's going to hang out the moon—he's just struck a match."

VII

If you think you need the cultural opportunities Europe has to offer, by all means spend the summer looking up Stratford-on-Avon and burrowing with many exclamations of forced delight among the commonplaces of England and France. Be sure to keep the local papers well supplied with articles on how beautifully the trains run on time in Fascist Germany and how one has to tip everybody in Communist Russia. But if you are just an ordinary citizen in search of a good time and lots of hilarious laughter, and don't want to spend too much money, there's the car and there are the kiddies and it's "California here we come!"

## New Blood for Folk Drama

### "Sharecropper" Gives a Leftist Food for Thought

THEY were sitting in Harry's discussing the dramatic situation in general. I sat down with them. The playwright was talking:

"Man's struggle against fate is a thousand times more dramatic than any social problem. The Greeks had the right idea. They wrote the best drama, and it was miles away from the social struggle."

"That's just where you're wrong. Man's fate is inextricably bound up with social problems. Life is entirely social, remember." (Malraux wrote a book called *Man's Fate*, and it was about revolution in China, I remembered.)

"That's freshman talk! Drivel!"

"But you can't write about people without understanding society. It's in society that people do everything you write about."

"I'm no economist."

"That's just the trouble; you're not much of anything except a master of plot and dialogue. You have no real knowledge as food for thought. You're isolated from the world. You write about things you don't really understand."

"Excuse me!" The playwright, irritated, rose and made his exit.

The argument obviously remained unsettled. But it did hit on some of the major issues about which writers in general and playwrights in particular are concerned, and it does throw some light on the specific situation here at Carolina. Now the specific situation here is marked by two significant peculiarities. And in considering the more general problems already posed it is necessary to consider these individual problems also. Recognition of the interrelation between the specific and the general is the first requirement for understanding any given situation. Our thesis, then, is that there is a general underlying reason for the existence of certain peculiarities which profoundly affect the state of the drama at Carolina. First, what are these peculiarities, and then what general factor lies behind them?

The majority of playwrights here are isolated from trends in the theatre throughout the rest of the world. They remain unaffected by the work of men like Archibald MacLeish, Clifford Odets, Arthur Schnitzler, Ernst Toller, T. S. Eliot, and a host of others having the most varied philosophies but having in common a desire for genuine and careful experimentation. In the contemporary theatre only Paul Green and Maxwell Anderson seem really to have gained the attention of the student dramatists. And yet what they produce does not in the slightest show the influence of these men, two of the most important dramatists in the American theatre. "Sharecropper" is the one notable exception. The criticism has often been made that there is no experimentation in the experimentals. So far this year the criticism is only too valid. *Carolina Play-Books* indicate that in the past there has been more experimentation with ideas but still little experimentation with form and technique. Much of this no doubt is due to the fact that inadequate equipment and insufficient time are not conducive to the careful work experimentals demand. It is no secret that the Playmakers are seriously hampered financially where schools like Yale and Stanford have large resources on which to draw. And not strangely this factor creates an inertia against entering new fields of the drama. Our playwrights seem content to go slowly along where under more favorable conditions they might show more energy.

Not only is there an isolation from literary and dramatic developments in the world at large; there is an isolation of the drama from non-dramatic literary developments on our own campus. Our playwrights rarely seem to appear in the college magazine as playwrights. Literary criticism in the *MAGAZINE* deals with little outside the novel and not at all with the drama. And when one remembers that Chapel Hill is one of the nation's dramatic centers one wonders why there is no dramatic criticism beyond *Tar Heel* reviews on

SAM GREEN thinks that the Playmakers are neglecting one of the most important ramifications of folk drama—plays dealing honestly and unsentimentally with contemporary social problems. His "Marxist" criticism is challenging without being sophomoric.



the morning after a major production. Experimentals are not critically reviewed at all. Only the open forum comments of the audience at the plays compensate in slight measure for the lack of adequate dramatic criticism. It must be remembered that experimenting with theory is as important as the practice that follows from such theorizing. Yet among the Playmakers the more theoretical side of the drama has been left way behind.

We said that there must be an underlying reason for all this. There is. The fundamental principle, "write about what you know," if it is to have any working value, precludes superficial knowledge and points to an expansion of the area of one's knowledge. When our playwrights restricted themselves for the most part to the folk play, they failed to realize that folk drama derives its dramatic power and importance from its sociological significance. A mistaken conception seems to have arisen that a typical folk situation added to the right measure of dialect to make everything seem real produced a folk play. This has led to surface treatment of the entire folk theme, with the result that the folk play has become for many a standing joke. Local audiences have become tired of folk drama at a time when we have just begun to realize its possibilities. Now it happens that those on the campus who have used folk material for writing in other forms than the drama have not failed to grasp the sociology of the situation. The result is a wide gap between the two. And in view of the distinguished research and leadership of the sociology department here, it is a little hard to understand why student playwrights have neglected what is literally a golden opportunity. Somewhere there is a distinct lack of coöperation. And I am afraid it stems from a lack of interest and initiative on the part of the playwrights. Beyond this there is a further gap between playwriting and other student literary attempts. Contrary to the playwrights, other students have in varying degrees kept step with developments in the rest of the world. Anyone picking up the CAROLINA MAGAZINE can see the influence of any number of schools and styles of writing, from stream of consciousness to the cryptic style of a Hemingway. It has been argued that this conscious attempt at imitation is unhealthy, that it produces poor writing lacking in real originality. But under any circumstances only the writer with real ability will profit from contact with the great literary streams of his time. About such men lacking this stimulating contact Gray

wrote his "Elegy." The continuity of peoples, and indeed of all history, is no more amazing than the continuity of literary development. The great writer will mark whatever he has borrowed from someone else with his own peculiar stamp. In the realm of criticism it is sufficient to mention as an example of national and international influence David Beaty's articles on naturalism. The foregoing explanation, I think, accounts for the attitude of the playwright in the incident related at the beginning of the article. However, an exception to this general attitude has been mentioned. A more detailed consideration of this exception will lead us to a discussion of some of the general literary problems already stated.

## II.

Fred Howard's "Sharecropper" originated two years ago as a one-acter entitled "New Nigger." It was produced on an experimental program and since then has gone on tour for two seasons. This year the author worked it up into a long five-scene play that ran three successful night performances and one matinee. The *Tar Heel* ran an editorial in which it pointed out that the subject was controversial; that in itself was something new for student drama this year. The *Tar Heel* editorial further elaborated on the general milieu of social conflict surrounding the play, and then ended, on something of a prophetic note, with hopes for reconciliation. The play ended similarly, and that was perhaps its weakest point or its strongest, depending on the solution the individual thinks correct for the problem presented by the play. Actually the stage set didn't permit any other ending. But there were those in the audience who were tensely awaiting the spurts of fire from Bunk's gun (which testifies to Mr. Howard's ability to convey an emotion to his audience). The final curtain brought spontaneous applause. One thing was established by the end of opening night, Fred Howard's ability to write plays. If we examine closely what the author did in his play, we may begin to understand the problem of our friend who dreamed of Man's Fate and the Greeks, a problem that confronts all writers today. We cannot conclude the argument, for that will continue as long as critics like George Jean Nathan and Joseph Wood Krutch both have considerable followings. But we will add a little to one side or the other, probably (and here we give ourselves away) to the side of Mr. Krutch.

Mr. Nathan, I think, would not have liked the play. Half-way through the first scene he would

have begun to yawn and then to look around at the audience. He might have gazed on the gazers and listeners for a few moments; but he would soon have found the ushers infinitely more interesting, and for this last I could not blame him. Mr. Krutch would not by any means have ignored the ushers, but with that blessed combination of the liberal and the stoic he would have turned to the stage—and found his reward. The point is that Mr. Nathan promptly pulls in his neck when meeting anything that remotely resembles a social problem, the one exception to this being sex, which is at any rate a problem. Our friend of the first scene (whom in the future we will identify as the Greek) has this antipathy to anything social in common with the critic who always comes late. Now this antipathy to anything social soon becomes a hatred for reality which we can identify with life; and with one thing leading to another, the end may be a sad one. Mr. Howard and Mr. Krutch, having at least no personal interest in suicide, prefer reality. The trouble with Mr. Nathan and the Greek is that they mistake everything real for social propaganda, and I'm afraid they don't realize the fun they're missing.

"Sharecropper" is a number of things; but one thing it is not, propaganda. Generally we find it hard to distinguish between propaganda and art. The reason is that our definition of art, instead of being inclusive, is too specific and exclusive, whereas the converse is true of our definition for propaganda. Actually we tend to call everything propaganda which presents a particular conclusion, pro or con, about any controversial subject. All which is not propaganda and has the form of one of the arts we call art; but we have already included much of art in our definition of propaganda. Art as the creative representation of reality may present a particular conclusion because objectively that conclusion is correct. Art can be objective because it has as its purpose to portray and explain; propaganda cannot because its purpose is to convert. From these definitions it can be seen that finally all depends on the honesty and accuracy of the artist. "Sharecropper" is good art and good theatre, in the last analysis, because of the intellectual honesty of its author. Mr. Howard did not take the Negro and farm tenant question, draw his own conclusion about it, and then write the plot and characters around that conclusion. He gave

an accurate and realistic portrayal of the situation and thus allowed the underlying meanings and interrelations to work their way to the surface. The correctness of the conclusion one drew from the play depended on the depth of one's understanding of the realistic situation presented. The inclusion of the three basic relations of the problem—the relation of the Negro to the landlord, the relation of the Negro to the poor white tenant, the relation of the poor white tenant to the landlord—produced the effect of a total portrait rather than that of a partial photograph. Correctly the playwright had the poor whites, who as Bunk states in the last scene are in the same boat with the Negroes, participate with the landlords in the lynching of Big John. Just as effectively was the submissive Henry contrasted with the individualistic rebel, Big John; and we saw the futility of both their positions. In between lay the indecisive, irresolute Bunk, whose problem was resolved in the last moments of the play. Bunk's friend, the son of a landlord, comes to realize the injustice of the society in which he lives, and ironically dies in attempting to find a peaceful solution. Of the protagonists only Bunk is left alive, Bunk whose development throughout the play symbolizes the rise of "New Nigger." The conclusion, as you can see, has taken care of itself. To put it crudely, it worked its way out. It was there and the playwright saw it; in presenting this picture to us as the picture presented itself to him, he made us see it.

### III.

It now becomes obvious that the whole problem of propaganda versus art falls away. Correctly stated the problem is one of art's being an accurate, realistic, objective interpretation of a subject or a subjective interpretation with all the personal prejudices that are thus allowed to enter. Unfortunately for our Greek friend, subjective art has been replaced by objective art. Mann and Joyce, rather than Lawrence or Wilde, are the dominant literary figures of our time. In the theatre the purely psychological has given way to the sociological and the psycho-sociological. The trend is away from the ivory tower. And however pleasant the tower may be, if the best dramatic themes happen to be predominantly social in character, there is little the aesthete can do but write, unknown and unsung, for his own satisfaction, a futile occupation at best.



## The Farm: 1918

ALL DAY the guns rumbled at Fort Sill in the low purple mountains to the north, but the harvest hands did not stop to look toward the mountains; nor did they often look up at the aeroplanes circling in the sky.

Across the wheat stubble rattled a buggy. The boy who held the reins in one hand and shaded his eyes with the other as he leaned back to watch the aeroplanes was I. My part in the harvest was to bring two jugs of water to the field every hour; but soon I would do a man's work. Harvest hands were becoming scarce.

Only that morning as the crew assembled Carl Snodgrass had galloped up, harness dangling from the mare. 'Pay me off, Ove,' he had said to Grandpa. 'They've drawn my number.' He had galloped off again, shouting: 'I'll see you all in Paris.' And so, Grandpa had promised that beginning next day I could drive a grain wagon and that Aunt Lizzie would bring the water to the hands.

*I saluted the recruiting officer. 'I've come to do my part, sir.' 'Are you old enough?' 'I do a man's work in the harvest field—drive a grain wagon.' 'Well, if you drive a grain wagon I guess you can drive an ammunition wagon in France.' 'My Uncle Wade is Over There and I believe the two of us together could kill a lot of men. Or I could fly an aeroplane, sir. I know how to work the joy stick and I've seen an aeroplane flying from as close as you and me.' 'Sign this man up, Sergeant.' 'And Lottie?' 'Lottie can be a nurse.'*

I did know what it was like to hold the stick of an aeroplane. Just a month previously I had been helping Uncle Floyd (he ran the thresher and had only a thumb on his right hand and was married to Aunt Ruth) tinker with a Ford in his country garage, a mile north of Grandpa's farm. We noticed an army biplane landing in the Hankins' pasture and hurried over there.

As we came up, we saw two aviators standing beside the biplane. One of them had a Kodak. He said: 'We figured somebody would come over. Will you take our picture?' Uncle Floyd took their picture as they leaned against the fuselage,

their arms around one another's shoulders, smoking cigarets and laughing. They were sailing soon for France, they said.

They boosted me into the cockpit to show me how to waggle the tail with stick and rudder bar. The aeroplane was all wood and wires and linen. Then one of them helped me down. The other turned the propeller. Shouting 'Switch off!' and 'Contact!' they started the engine. Our hats sailed and rolled with the tumbleweeds across the pasture. The biplane sped straight north toward Post Field in the Wichita Mountains.

And then, returning from Lawton one spring day, Grandpa and Grandma and I noticed a one-seater pursuit aeroplane wheeling above our automobile. As Grandpa turned the Overland into the farmyard, the aeroplane swooped toward us. The spinning circle of the propeller loomed within twenty feet of our windshield. We could see the goggled aviator leaning out and grinning in our faces. With a roar the aeroplane rose into the sky again. Grandpa was so flustered that he stomped hard on the accelerator and the Overland splintered into the poultry shed.

'Crazy galoot, trying to kill us!' shouted Grandpa. 'I'll write the Commandant! The government'll pay for this! Fine way to treat Americans!' But Grandma, sitting very erect, calmly reminded him that the aviator probably was practicing to dive on Germans and that we should do our part, small though it was. I agreed with Grandma. Grandpa fumed about the bent fenders and broken headlamps but he never wrote the letter.

### II

Aunt Lizzie was hanging the noon dishrags to dry and Grandma was in the kitchen already beginning supper when I pulled old Scoot up by the cistern block. Aunt Lizzie held the jugs beneath the spout while I turned the crank. I told her about the grain wagon.

'I'm sure growing fast,' I said. 'I guess pretty soon I'll be old enough to enlist and go over with Uncle Wade.'

|| NOEL HOUSTON is a graduate student in dramatic arts and editor of this year's "Bud," published by Phillips Russell's creative writing class. "The Farm: 1918" has been submitted in the current Atlantic Monthly short story contest. ||

Aunt Lizzie jerked the jug from the spout and looked at me with startled eyes. 'You should thank God you are only eleven,' she said. Her lips trembled. 'Why are you so bloodthirsty, dear? Don't you know war means pain, crippling, death?'

I blurted out: 'Aunt Lizzie, the way you keep talking, I don't think you are patriotic. Don't you want to kill the Huns and the Kaiser? You know they'll be over here if we don't. Just let 'em come—I'll show 'em.'

Aunt Lizzie sighed. 'You don't know what war means—if you were ever torn and maimed you'd know how terrible war is. I pray every night that it will be over at least before you are old enough to go.'

I glared at her. 'Tend to your own business. Don't you dare pray that.'

Tears welled in her eyes and I was sorry. 'Aw, listen—please, Aunt Lizzie,' I said. She smiled and patted my head. We put the burlap covered jugs in a tub of water to keep them cool.

'Wouldn't you like to go for the mail?' she asked. 'There's time. I'll unhitch Scoot.'

This was the thing I did most eagerly: ride bareback for the mail. The rural carrier left the mail in a box on a post at the section corner a mile west of the farmhouse. Mrs. Reynolds, who lived near the corner, telephoned if the carrier stopped. I especially liked to go when Aunt Lizzie had a letter to be mailed to Private Wade Bower, Company H, 198th Regiment, Ninetieth Division, A. E. F. Then I flourished a length of lathing, first a saber and then a whip to urge Scoot on.

*The letter was a dispatch. The mission was to transport it to General Headquarters under fire. Shells burst the mile of galloping. In wooded Snake Creek hollow a sniper lurked. I lay low in Scoot's flying mane and we whistled past the spot as the sniper's bullets missed by a hair's breadth.*

I slowed Scoot to a walk as we passed the great stone house on the hill. Loneliness swelled my heart. There Lottie had lived. In the attic where sparrows flitted, on the cool concrete porch, and in the green and purple alfalfa field where butterflies floated, we had played and quarreled and made up again. A boy named Spence Walker lived there now. Although it was fun playing with Spence, using the tongue and front wheels of a dismantled wagon for a cannon, still I somehow blamed him for the removal of Lottie's family, and almost hated him for it.

Lottie's family lived somewhere in the moun-

tains now, where the cannon fire was very loud. I shuddered to recall that recently artillerymen trying a new gun had inadvertently blown away the entrance to Medicine Park.

*Lottie's house stood among lilacs and sumac at the foot of one of the rocky hills. A shell screamed down and burst in the doorway. The lumber rose and spread like a fan. I stood nearby unharmed but there was Lottie's bleeding body among the broken lilacs. I ran to her. She was not hurt badly. As we walked away she said, 'Sweetheart, sweetheart.'*

Scoot liked to run—Grandpa said he was half racehorse—and we returned to the house with his heaving flanks in lather. Aunt Lizzie, watering the bed of zinnias, frowned. 'You know what Grandpa will say if he hears you've been galloping Scoot in this hot sun.' I made a face.

'No mail except the Butler Gazette and Lawton Constitution,' I said, tossing the bundles to her. Aunt Lizzie saddened, then she smiled: 'Guess he's too busy killing cooties, eh?'

We went into the house. Aunt Lizzie began sweeping. She was never content unless the house was spotless; she looked for stray threads on the carpet as a bird searches for crumbs in the grass. It wasn't time to take water to the field, so I got an apple and lay on the floor by the open front door and read a Wizard of Oz book. The south breeze came through the screen and with it came the song of the mockingbird nesting on the telephone pole by the stile. After a while I went to the piano and played 'America' with one finger, as Aunt Lizzie had taught me.

### III

The fear that the war would end too soon was pressed in my throat that evening. Grandpa, on the porch talking to a neighbor, predicted: 'The boys will be in Berlin by Christmas.' He added something about Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. I sat on the fence, scratching with a nail a profile of Kaiser Bill: hooked nose, pointed mustache and spiked helmet. While Grandpa talked, the guns, as always, growled in the north, and the sun went down.

*The sky was dark red streaked with black and a long line of running soldiers was silhouetted on the western horizon. Uncle Wade was among them and I came running from behind to join him.*

After supper I went out beneath the stars to lie on the roof of the lean-to stable. The rumbling of the guns in the mountains was muffled. Pale sheets of cannon fire flickered on the northern



horizon like sheet lightning. The odor of manure rose on the night air.

*But the stompings were the mysterious night noises of the battlefield, the odor was of the dead, and the guns were not rehearsing; they were the artillery of the enemy. Out there in No Man's Land Uncle Wade lay wounded. Desperately, stealthily, I cut through barbed wire to his side. They opened fire as I dragged Uncle Wade back. I felt a bullet rip through my left sleeve as we tumbled into the American trench. A doctor said Uncle Wade would live, I would get a medal, and there was Lottie in her white nurse's dress and cap.*

When I went back to the house, Grandma was in the kitchen reassembling the washed and burnished milk separator. She and Aunt Lizzie had finished the supper dishes and the heavy white plates, cups and saucers were stacked on the open cupboard shelves. The kitchen smelled of fresh light bread; great loaves of it wrapped in white cloths were on a table.

Holding high a coal oil lamp, Grandma led the way through the dining room, the shadows dancing on the long scrubbed harvest-time table, to the living room.

There we found Aunt Lizzie knitting a brown sweater by the light of the library table lamp. This lamp, heavy and silver-trimmed, stood on a hand-painted china base and a milky glass shade covered the chimney.

Grandma put her lamp on the piano, turned it low, and sat across the table, hands in lap, watching the needles flicker under Aunt Lizzie's slim fingers.

They looked something alike, Grandma and Aunt Lizzie, except that of course Aunt Lizzie was young and slender and pale. Grandma had white hair and white even teeth and in her ears were pierced holes where she wore diamond earrings when she went to Lawton to sell butter and eggs. On those occasions she wore a dark blue tailored suit and she walked very stately. Grandpa said that she 'stood as straight as a poker.' On the bosom of this dress she wore a small gold watch and on her left hand she wore a gold band.

While Aunt Lizzie knitted and Grandma watched her, Grandpa sat in a dark corner, his great hands rubbing smooth the carved lions' heads on the arms of his rocking chair. Grandpa was a huge man, with a shock of salt-and-pepper hair that was never combed unless Grandma combed it for him. I was often told that Grandpa was the

strongest man in the Big Pasture country because he had not drunk or smoked for twenty years.

I took a National Geographic Magazine from under the library table and lay on the floor in the circle of light. I liked especially the color plates. Grandpa had fifty or more of these magazines in an upstairs closet and I had looked at all the pictures of far away places.

'The sweater looks pretty, Lizzie,' said Grandma quietly.

Lizzie held it up and looked at it, then crumpled it hard in her lap. 'I can see blood and dirt on it!' she cried. 'He'll be killed; oh, I know he'll be killed.' She leaned against the library table, her forehead in her hand. 'He may be lying out there now, with a leg torn off.'

Grandma said, 'Now, Lizzie,' and Grandpa said, 'Come, come.'

'Shucks, Aunt Lizzie,' I said, 'I can just see him wearing that old sweater, standing there in the trench and just a-peppering those Germans.'

'You don't know, do you, dear,' she said kindly, 'what it's really like to feel pain?'

Aunt Lizzie brushed her eyes, and resumed her knitting.

I was sorry that there was no letter from Uncle Wade to read that night. Whenever there was a letter Aunt Lizzie would hold it under the library table lamp and read it aloud. At times she would pause and read a part to herself. Then she would cry. Grandpa would say 'Come, come,' but Grandma, hands in her lap, would look silently at Aunt Lizzie and wait for her to go on. When Aunt Lizzie had finished the letter, she would read it through to herself. Then she would go into her bedroom and bring out a shoebox. In this box she kept all of Uncle Wade's letters. She would read through them and cry again. Sometimes she would go to the Victrola, a tall, dark cabinet, and play a violin record or let Caruso or Galli Curci or McCormack sing with the doors closed. On such a night she would never play 'Uncle Josh at the Dentist' or 'Moonlight in Jungle Land,' pieces I liked better.

After a time Grandma would take the lamp from the piano, turn up the wick, and lead Grandpa and me up the shadow-tossed stairs. I would look back and see Aunt Lizzie at the library table slowly sorting Uncle Wade's letters.

That night, like every night, as I lay in my feather bed and the wind soughed about the gables, I peered out the low attic window at the flickering light in the north and strained my ears

for the rumbling of the guns. Then I fought battles and made single-handed captures that froze the Huns with terror. Before I slept I tried to help Aunt Lizzie and at the same time counteract her prayers for me, by whispering: 'God, bring Uncle Wade back all right; and God, make it last until I'm old enough to go . . .'

IV

Next morning I took my first load of wheat to the elevator at Geronimo, two miles east of the farm.

*It was not a grain wagon, but an army van I drove, laden with food supplies for hungry troops in a war-torn village. Shells blasted the ground on every side, but the veteran team was calm under the fire.*

The drive back to the farm, the empty, bumping wagon jarring teeth and spine, was dull. The only diversion was to reach out and pull sunflowers lining the roadside, and the gummy stems made sticky hands. In this mood I arrived at the thresher with the decision that there should be more exciting ways of being a War Winner.

Uncle Floyd came from the Case tractor to back my wagon under the spout. 'How do you like it, kid?' he shouted.

I shook my head. 'I want to do something different,' I yelled.

Uncle Floyd laughed and beckoned Grandpa. 'The kid wants to do something different!'

'Put him on a bundle wagon,' Grandpa shouted. 'That'll show him how easy a grain wagon is.'

I liked the bundle wagon. As the hands below tossed up bundles of wheat, Pliny Taber and I stood on the mounting load in the open frame wagon and speared them viciously with three-pronged forks.

*The bundles were Huns and the fork a bayonet. That for Belgium! How do you like that, Fritz?*

Pliny Taber stood up front and drove the wagon toward the thresher while I squatted on the load and looked into the sky. Directly above two aeroplanes were dipping and turning in mock dog fight.

*I rode in the cockpit of the smaller aeroplane—the American aeroplane. Soon I would send the larger ship, the Boche, diving to earth. Then, the wind in my face, I would turn my ship toward 'home' behind the lines, there to write Lot-tie of my latest victory.*

The wagon pulled up beside the thresher and I began tossing bundles onto the feeder belt. Then it happened.

I do not know how it happened, except that in the act of tossing I glanced upward at the aeroplanes and the next instant I was sliding down the side of the load. As I was drawn to the top of the feeder on the conveyor, I tried to scramble away from the chopping knives. At the same time I glimpsed Uncle Floyd jump from the tractor cab and run with the belt, pulling it from the fly-wheel. Then the chopping knives were clawing at my chest and arms.

The next I knew I was lying in a grain wagon jolting across the stubble. Grandpa was holding my head, saying: 'Speak to me, kid, speak to me.' Grandpa didn't know then that I would get all right, and I didn't either.

All I knew—besides the bleeding hurt in my chest—was that overhead were the two aeroplanes and that just then one of them went into the long dive to signify that it had lost. Not the larger aeroplane; it was my smaller American aeroplane that hurtled downward.

### Moon Song

*I will sing a song to the April moon,  
While my heart is in tune.  
I will sing to this hole in the night  
Through which I take flight  
Into freedom.*

*And the song will have neither word nor note,  
For they sink in my throat.  
But its theme will be fraught  
With the wonderful thought  
Of this freedom.*

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.



## Carolina in Retrospect

### *Alumni Witnesses Evaluate Their College Experience*

SPEC'S REPLY didn't hurt my feelings, but it did make me wonder if I had been too flippant and sophomoric in my questions about his college life. He began:

"My Dear Randy:

"If my answer is as full of holes, as vague and abstract, as your questionnaire, you may use it as a term paper in sociology. I know not what else to do with such things.

"On a June night of 1932 I walked from Kenan Stadium with an A.B. diploma in one hand and a Phi Beta Kappa key in the other. As usual, life lay before me like a glorious vision. A thousand roads beckoning into future years presented themselves. I sat down in my room in Battle to decide the one for which my college years had best prepared me. It didn't take long. An unerring instinct helped. I chose the road that led toward doing as near nothing as possible in the orthodox sense of the word.

"Four years later I ended up neck deep in a ditch with a pick and shovel in my hands and some uncertain knowledge in my head. Ten miles away another Phi Beta of that same class was peddling magazines for a living. Looking at his key, you would hardly have guessed its honorable significance. Pawnshop papas, who didn't give a hang for honorable significances but who were distressingly particular about solid gold contents, had practically effaced the designs with testing acids. But I believe that neither of us envied another member of our class. I know I didn't.

"I have not been satisfied with either myself or the road I took six years ago this June. But if time hearkened back and the thousand roads returned, I'd take the same again. For God knows there's been beauty and joy enough, bitterness and despair enough, to break the heart and confuse the memory everlastingly.

"If I had my college days to spend again, I'd take only non-professional courses—courses that

would help to increase my appreciation for costless things. I have come to know that it is far, far better to be able to live without money than to have your life infested with a lust for money and position. Most of us couch our phrases shrewdly. 'All we want,' we say, 'is a comfortable living.' My god, who's to set the definitions? My present list of acquaintances includes those whose salaries range from ten dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars weekly. None of them is satisfied. Each wants a few more things to complete his comfort. In my own life, a bar of vagrant music has sometimes set my soul astir with a happiness that ten dollars, which in realistic terms may take two days of servitude to earn, wouldn't have bought. Only sociologists have the blunt audacity to graph an inclusive system of values.

"We in America, and particularly the youth, need not half so badly a 'how to make a living' knowledge as 'a something to live for.' Making a living has been the easiest thing I've ever tried. Though in the past six years I've neither sought nor held a job that paid as much as a hundred dollars a month, I've done everything I've really wanted to do. It is the spiritual and mental crises, potent, treacherous dragons of these shifting, sliding times, that we emerge from college unprepared to meet—unprepared to meet because we do not know them. We haven't been taught a great deal about them. We wouldn't listen if we were.

"The subtle poison of the arts immunes against the grosser pains of life that a sensitive youth is bound to suffer. A bitter philosophy, germinated, digested, and accepted into my system when I was where you are now has lessened, I am sure, all the agony of heart-break and despair coming after.

"There was a positive value too, a golden sort of thing. Seven years ago, when starting on my wanderings, I bought a little blue nickel notebook in which to set down the wisdom of the earth as

|| RANDY REECE is manager and a member of the varsity fencing team. In June, 1939, he expects to graduate and discover for himself the answers to the questions he asked alumni in the course of preparation for this article. ||

I found it. Doubtless you have done the same. I've needed only one. Though it has been with me enough miles to circle the earth several times, its pages are still practically blank. Turning through it now, I find only one jotting with which I'm satisfied: 'Mexico City,' it says, 'June 30—I have walked today. I have seen a thousand people and as many things. I have remembered, too, a thousand hours which I would not willingly forget. In this desolate slough of names and faces, of heart-breaking space and wasting time, fortune alters, love perishes. But there is that which does not change: it is the memory of beauty and of youth.'

"Of the many acquaintances I made at Carolina there is not a dozen whom, honestly speaking, I would go far out of my way to see again. Practically all of these either quit before graduation or did badly in their school work. Their cut and size were not of classroom measures. They were all unorthodox enough, and bad enough, to believe what they believed devoutly. They were haunted by a dream.

"I could tell you a tale of college keys and subtle mystery, of three members of our remarkable class—Carolina, 1932—who blundered into each other in Hollywood's Brown Derby cafe on Christmas Eve night, 1936. Of the three two were Golden Fleece men; the third was Phi Beta Kappa. Each was renowned in his small circle for his small ambition and smaller accomplishment. How each had arrived at that elegant Hollywood stew-house nearly five years after graduation is a story in itself. One had worked his way as a swearing Union seaman through the Panama Canal—and skipped ship in San Pedro, for the nonce. Another had hitch-hiked most of his way across the continent. How the third pulled in for the reunion God alone must know. No mortal of my acquaintance has been able to explain how he makes a living. And near the stroke of one he vanished quietly, leaving his two compatriots engrossed in nigh tearful reminiscence and, as yet, forgetful of all bills. The first indication that something was amiss came when the second Fleecer rose half-way from his seat, clutched his forehead in the best dramatic fashion, and collapsed weakly back into his chair.

"'Migawd! He's blowed,' cried the Fleecer faintly, indicating the empty chair. 'We take the rap.'

"'Rap, my eye,' said the Phi Bete calmly. 'We

take the dishes. Garçon, fetch our bill.' And he began peeling off his coat.

"'Gentlemen?'

"'Our bill—l'addicion—you know—our ticket,' said the Phi Bete stonily, though he'd whitened considerably beneath his prickling ears.

"'All paid,' the waiter said.

"'By whom?' chorused the two Carolina men in startled indignation.

"'All paid,' the waiter chanted, this time almost angrily. 'Gentlemen, goodnight.'

"And now the Fleecer rants and raves about times getting so danged screwy that an honest man is not allowed to pay his own bills anymore. The Phi Bete finally kicks him lustily in the shins.

"'Christmas, sirs!' cries the Phi Bete. 'A merry, merry Christmas. God bless us every one.' And he breaks for the door and open country, while I, the Golden Fleecer (No. 263 on the roll book) jingle two thin quarters in my pocket and blandly echo: 'Peace on earth. Amen.'

"My god, I've been tapping away for a couple of hours here. If you can use any of this stuff, Randy, go ahead. If not, can it. I'm sleepy.

With best wishes,

SPEC MCCLURE."

Leaf-raker for Greta Garbo, high school teacher, ditch-digger, international printers' devil and epicurean, Spec McClure has seen a great deal of territory and of life since he finished in '32. At Carolina he edited the CAROLINA MAGAZINE and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and Golden Fleece. Matthews, the printer in the rear of Ab's bookshop, says that Spec has a restless soul like his own, except that it is unencumbered by family responsibilities.

Spec had received one of the little questionnaires from us because we thought that he, as one of the restless graduates who had travelled as he promised himself, might make some profound remarks about Carolina. Doctors, lawyers, salesmen, preachers, newspapermen, actors, sportsmen, WPA workers, sailors, mill owners—all were approached. Some were from the prosperity class of 1928, others the '32 low level. All of them achieved some degree of success in the collegiate world before they passed on. They were editors, athletes, Fleecemen, Phi Betes. We asked them:

Dear McGillicuddy,

This letter from Chapel Hill is not to ask for money or votes. Nor is it an employment survey or a PWA project. Specifically, it is a one-way



conversation aimed at you by juniors and seniors still at Carolina who want to know how you have been getting along and just what you think about this college racket now that you are several years removed from it all.

Because so many fellows have been asking questions and because we have already heard one or two thought-provoking reports from lively young alumni, we decided to ask a few more of you to tell us about yourselves and your opinions of Carolina and colleges in general. Spike Saunders has told us who of you are in position to make significant answers and to phrase them entertainingly. As soon as we hear from you, we intend to tie your letters together and run them in the *CAROLINA MAGAZINE*.

In replying would you please answer the following questions:

1. Did your formal schooling at Carolina prepare you very adequately for your present job? For example, if you are an accountant, could you have been almost as good an accountant if you had never seen Bingham Hall?

2. Has having spent four years studying and being examined upon various subjects made you able to enjoy life any more than some of your friends who did not go to college, or has it just given you a set of expensive tastes and a feeling of revolt against having to work for material necessities?

3. Aside from professorial associations, have the personal contacts you made at Carolina been of great value to you; have they been worth four years and three thousand dollars? Or have they chiefly increased the list of acquaintances who want favors and loans?

The answers were not intended to be used as a basis for a statistical study of alumni loyalty, but merely to amuse and possibly to help in deciding what we shall elect when we go back to the dean's office again.

Half a dozen of these letters we use as text because the authors were campus bigwigs, and because most of them are now professional successes. This qualifies them to philosophize about colleges in general, just as success in any line qualifies the famous to express an authoritative opinion on the medicinal value of Camel Cigarettes.

We will treat the subject scientifically to the extent of quoting answers in numerical order.

1. Did Carolina classes prepare you for your job without much further study? Dillard Gard-

ner went to law school at the end of his third year. In the meantime he served on the PU board, edited the *CAROLINA MAGAZINE*, made Phi Beta Kappa, Gamma Sigma Tau, and Phi Alpha Delta, and steered clear of sports. He explains: "No 'formal schooling' alone will ever prepare a man adequately for the task of research assistant to the Supreme Court—and no formal schooling will ever be entirely wasted in preparation for this work. In rapid succession I may be called upon to locate cases; support a legal argument; consider the effect of arsenic on a human being; determine statistics on taxes, revenues, or death on the highways; and trace to its source a literary allusion. As my task is duplicated nowhere else in the state, and as no one ever deliberately prepares for such a task, little is to be gained from analyzing my duties further. Needless to say, I find everything that I have ever learned—in books, school, and experience—helpful."

The Southern two-mile record holder is now purchasing agent for the makers of Kools. As a member of the class of '28 he captained the track team, was vice president of his senior class, Fleece-man, Delta Sigma Pi, and Lambda Chi Alpha. He replies: "The schooling at Carolina did not directly prepare me for my present capacity because at the time I was going through school I had no idea in what business I wished to become engaged, and I believe this true of the majority of the students, due to the fact that they have no sense of business operations and have no idea what profession they would like. I took the regular commerce course with the thought I might possibly like banking, but an opportunity presented itself for my present connection, which has been the best I could possibly have wished for. I do feel, while no two companies are operated the same, the courses offered at Carolina offer definite preparation for the field ahead; by that I mean constructive thinking."

After he left Carolina Nutt Parsley became a clergyman, and is now a student adviser at Rutgers. At Carolina Nutt played varsity football, edited the *Yackety-Yack*, was an active SAE and a Playmaker; from this conglomeration he emerged with a BS and an AB degree. He says that Carolina was very good preparation for his job, but that "The attitude of colleges in general to life and to human nature and to the problems of the world large and small is, to put it briefly, the bunk. The graduate fired by four years of formal schooling in a cloistered environment charges out to set

the world ablaze—while the fact that he knows nothing about the world but only the mechanics of some small part of it never seems to have occurred to him. As a result I'm coming to believe that the main purpose of college lies in more abstract things than we are apt to think."

Two successful business men echo the suggestion that Bingham hall may not be so necessary after all. The sales manager for the southern division of the largest business machine company emphatically states that his classes did not specifically fit him for his job; "but it gave me the assurance that I was probably as well prepared as any other young man tackling the same job, and enabled me to approach certain tough problems with more confidence than I otherwise could have mastered." Charlie Lipscomb was the Sigma Nus' varsity football player, Playmaker, dance leader, and a member of the Gorgon's Head in 1928. He reports: "At Carolina I took an A.B. degree and graduate work in Romance languages. Since then I have obtained a specialized 'commerce degree' from the Vick Chemical Company and special outside study. I think I'm lucky to have them both. I'm afraid I wouldn't have them both if I had taken a commerce degree at Carolina. Advanced study in languages and literatures was probably not good direct training for sales management, but I believe they help develop imagination, which seems only slightly less important in business than good judgment and practicality."

Theorizing generally, a tobacco company executive says, "I believe the time is coming when it will be imperative, to make any progress at all, that every young man engaging in business must have a college education; and for the present, his prestige is certainly greatly enhanced."

2. Do you believe that having gone to college has made you more able to enjoy life?

Referring to the joys of college, Gardner, while he was in college, wrote:

*Our minds are blackboards on which old men write,  
Tremblingly, their diagrams and formulae,  
Musty philosophies of Truth and Right,  
Dead Thoughts about Eternity.*

"The mellowing years have made me less harsh," he admits now. He believes that the individual and not his education determines his ability to enjoy life. "A few of the most interesting people I know are people who did not go to college but who, possessed of a marked degree of intellectual curiosity, have read widely and discriminatingly. Of course, they are exceptions to the general rule, but not so exceptional is the phenomenon of the

mind which literally 'ceases to grow' upon graduation." Parsley connects this mental activity with happiness: "... learning how to think in general is the long-time asset of the college 'racket,' as you call it. It certainly isn't a process complete in itself which gives one a free ticket to economic security and eternal happiness. As far as the average man's job goes, an education and the ability to think is a handicap rather than an asset; most jobs are functions and have very little to do with education. But for the man himself education is everything."

Most of the commentators acknowledged that college enlarged their fields of interest and their ability to enjoy these fields.

3. Have the friendships formed at Carolina meant anything to you since graduation?

Rosy haze of the past still surrounds many alumni like the one who answered fuzzily, "I am a bad one to answer the last question; I've been an expatriate too long. But I suspect that one's associations are one of the swellest things about college."

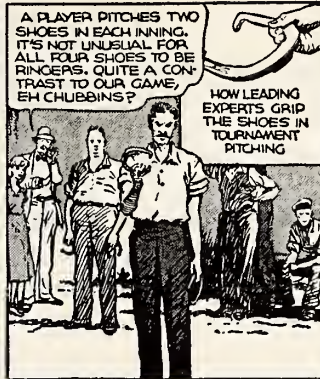
Sales Manager Lipscomb: "Personal contacts during five college years helped me a great deal—but not in the way you seem to have in mind. They helped me learn more about human nature, improve my sense of values, correct some of my own faults, and improve my philosophy of love, life, and work."

Getting a little off the track, Gardner surprises us with: "More than the many student friendships I made there, I remember vividly a few of the teachers. Student friendships have since had little effect either positively or negatively. Of courses I remember little. The great teacher is the loved teacher, one who gives to each of his students a particle of himself to carry away and cherish forever. It was my good fortune to have known a few great teachers."

T. E. Clemmons of the '27 class made varsity wrestling, Grail, Amphoterothern, and Alpha Kappa Psi. Now he is manager of the Atlanta office of the International Business Machines Corporation. He gives an excellent report of alumni contacts: "Associations with Carolina men, not only of my particular college generation but of other generations, and alumni clubs in New York, Atlanta, and Tennessee have been both helpful and enjoyable. I am happy and proud that the Carolina men and women I have met since leaving the University have not used our past connections as a basis for expected favors.

"You will probably find more significance in





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my morning's activities than in any opinion I may have expressed above. This morning has been spent in interviewing professors, personnel directors, and students from the Georgia School of Technology, with the view of securing men from this year's class for our business.

"I definitely believe that whether or not college enables a man to enjoy his own life better or not, it does definitely enable him to assume greater responsibility and contribute more to his nation, his community, and his business. Consequently, when we start looking for young men to bring into this business we invariably look for college men."

Before you accept all you read here and transfer to the AB school to broaden yourself, it might be well to ask Mr. Welsh how many AB graduates are immediately employed as compared with professional graduates, or listen to Mr. Peacock bemoan the fact that he cannot supply enough accountants to fill the positions offered.

We close with Lipscomb's rather cynical, but provoking, summation: "A college career seems to me a little life to itself—you are brought into

that world, you live, suffer and learn in it, and you fade out of it. Then you have the advantage of being able to start over."

### Goat-Herder's Song

*Come down from the mountain,  
Go down to the sea,  
For Ana is there  
Waiting for me.*

Cabra . . . Cabra

*The mountain's an emerald  
For Ana so fair.  
The sunset's a crown  
I shall bend for her hair.*

Cabra . . . Cabra

*The morning is done  
And the afternoon, too.  
The night sings in silver:  
"I'm coming to you."*

Cabra . . . Cabra

—JOSEPHINA NIGGLI.



## Editors' Private Galley

### *John Creedy's Hat*

Monday evening the MAGAZINE staff wreathed a hat in official sanction and tossed it into the campus political ring. The hat is cut a bit after the English fashion, and it has the peculiar quality of causing hallucinations in the eyes of its beholders. Some of them even fancy they see a little red feather rising aslant its solid, honest shape.

The hat belongs to John Creedy, whom the staff commend to all voters as candidate for the editorship. Creedy is known to MAGAZINE readers as a frequent contributor, during the past three years, of articles ranging in subject from the thorough study of international problems like the League of Nations and Canadian autonomy, through such national affairs as the growth of "Fascistic mushrooms on American soil," to light consideration of D. A. R. Anglophilism and tourist types (see current issue).

About the color of the fancied feather, more later. Actually, the new candidate's hat bears a much more substantial plume than the red-baiters are pleased to decorate it with. The real feather in John Creedy's cap is William Michaux, sonneteer and English honors student, who has promised to serve as associate editor in charge of verse and fiction, if Creedy, whose interests and experience lie chiefly in journalistic fields, is elected. So, at the risk of savoring too highly of the soapbox, we say, "Gentlemen, you are offered two complementary editors at the price of one!"

Almost incredibly it has been rumored that, if Creedy chose to run, the opposition would attack him as at least a Communistic sympathizer, if not an actual blooming, blushing red. The rumor sounds incredible in light of the fact that the opposition candidate, Tommy Meder, foregoing the perhaps too arduous task of writing regularly for the MAGAZINE (as might reasonably have been expected of one who had editorial aspirations), has been content to give most of his public services to the A. S. U. (he is now treasurer of the local chapter) and other such organizations as are commonly associated in the too indiscriminating campus mind with the Soviet Comintern.

What makes us interested in the red feather is not the prospect of any obviously hypocritical "charges of radicalism" which the Miller-Meder

forces have been rumored as planning to bring against Creedy if he should run. Mr. Meder and Mr. Miller have too much regard for their own honesty and for their friends, we believe, to fulfill the rumor. Rather we are interested in correcting the campus attitude bluntly expressed by one "eminent politician" recently: "John Creedy is a Communist, and this is no place for a guy like that." The second part of his statement is of course refutable; but the concept will persist in spite of refutation. However, there is no rime nor reason (nor should there be any persistency) in guillotining Creedy for opinions he does not hold. If a young liberal's few fixed tenets—tolerance of radicalism, abhorrence of Fascism, sympathy with labor, and interest in historical and sociological truth—if these constitute the Communistic ideology, then David Clark's red devil can come and take most of us to the *Textile Bulletin's* hell, and leave behind only a few "eminent politicians" who have declared themselves for nothing except their parties.

In conclusion, the staff feel that John Creedy, a liberal with a long list of solid articles behind him, and with William Michaux at his side, is infinitely preferable to a candidate whose contributions have been limited to one or two book reviews and an unpublished proletarian sonnet or so. The choice is so clear that the staff, although they are absolutely unaffiliated with either political party, have no qualms about defying precedent and expressing themselves upon it.

### *Tomorrow Is a Song*

*Over the hills there's more of the paint brush,  
And a softer light gleaming at a cabin window,  
In a valley that's hid down a lost arroyo.*

*There are those who had rather stay here,  
Dreaming the same old dreams through the long  
night,  
Singing the same old song by the same lamplight.*

*But some of us will be riding tomorrow  
Where the winds walk unfettered on tumbleweed  
domes;  
Always going to be happy if tomorrow ever comes.*

—CLEMON WHITE.



# Current Literature

## *Philosophical Backgrounds for Naturalism*

By David Beaty

MR. KARL GRABO, in his chapter "Actualism" (*The Technique of the Novel*), assumes the philosophy of naturalism to be determinism. The naturalist views the conduct of man as the inevitable product of hereditary forces modified by environment. He then proceeds to hold a sort of experiment after the familiar methods of the natural scientist—to operate with controlled conditions and observe the inevitable results. Mr. Grabo considers this view of man entirely fallacious, for men do not fit very comfortably into test-tubes; they do not react as chemicals do, always the same under the same circumstances. And perhaps that is true; but the real fallacy lies in Mr. Grabo's assumption that determinism is the philosophy of naturalism. Everything depends upon this point; for if man is simply an automaton operated by the machinery, far more rigid than the Greek fates, of hereditary and environmental factors, there can obviously be no such thing as tragedy, nor can there be any consistently planned development toward an end, which is to say, plot (and Mr. Grabo devoutly believes there is none), since it is then merely a question of casual and quite unconnected events, which come from nowhere and lead nowhere, set in a wholly external, unmodified and fortuitous framework of time. That this is true of naturalism the sympathetic student must most emphatically deny; it would seem that any casual turning of pages would substantiate that. What one will find, however, is this: the assumption that human conduct is *most profoundly influenced* by heredity and environment; that no view is apt to be worth much which does not take those factors into consideration. Now that statement does not of itself involve determinism. What it does point out is the significant fact that man in his striving toward the good must

wage war not only against evil external to himself, but often against himself also, against the forces which make up his character and which, in spite of himself, weigh him down. Man is, in short, not an absolute entity; he must be viewed against his background, in relation to his world, if we hope either to sympathize or to understand. And that, I take it, is the basic naturalistic viewpoint. May we quite arbitrarily select two illustrations, which, for the sake of brevity, we must beg the reader to assume are typical?

Let us take Milton's Satan as illustrative of the old view of the will, upon which literature operated until very recently. Satan's revolt cannot be explained upon any basis of heredity—he was of divine origin; nor upon environment—his environment was Paradise. He fell because of his pride; but we are expressly told that his pride did not compel him to fall, that on the contrary he purposely, deliberately *willed* to sin. His actions are hence inexplicable; he is as mysterious, as unfathomable an entity as God himself. He can only be contemplated, never be explained nor understood.

Contrast with him Johannes Vockerat, from Hauptmann's play, *Lonely Lives*. Here we have an eminent scientist, a descendant of Darwin and Spencer, who comes of a German middle-class family marked by their piety, their whole-hearted adherence to Protestant Christianity. Johannes loves his father and mother, his wife Kitty, his son, his home. Their blood is his blood; their life his also. Yet, in spite of this, they stifle him and he cries out for understanding and some sort of intellectual companionship. There enters his home by chance one Anna Mahr, also a scientist, who offers him all of this. It is then Johannes' fate to war against all that he loves in the interest of

DAVID BEATY, who divides most of his time between the piano and an English honors thesis on Lawrence Sterne, presents here the second of two articles on modern naturalism. Last month he wrote about the technique of the great continental school which includes Mann, Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Proust, et al.

what he conceives as a new relationship between man and woman, based on intellectual affinity and free of all the cloying shackles of the flesh. It is true that we understand Johannes' fall in terms of his parents and his home. We see the tragic conflict as rooted in Johannes himself, his love for his wife and his family against his intellectual need for Anna Mahr. He is enormously weighted down in his conflict. But it never for one moment follows that Johannes is bound to fall because of these circumstances. We rather feel that he will not fall and so deeply so that our sympathies are drawn over to the suffering Kitty, who seems obviously doomed to perish in a situation she cannot comprehend. Kitty's sufferings break Johannes also, and Anna Mahr with all she represents must go. But it is not necessarily so; it might have been Kitty, not Johannes, who perished. To my mind, it is folly to assert that there is no tragedy here; rather the tragedy is twice as intense because the odds are twice as great. And the stakes are, after all, infinitely more important than a kingdom or a throne.

## II

In the first case, action resulting from the exercise of an absolutely uninfluenced will is all-important. It is the key to man's character, to his life and destiny. Our older writers were interested, then, in man's actions, the events of his life. With, of course, the inevitable exceptions, there was very little attention to character as the naturalist understands it before George Eliot at the earliest. Moll Flanders, Pamela Andrews, Tom Jones, Roderick Random, David Copperfield, Becky Sharpe are not very complex or difficult people. We are interested rather in their "adventures," their "story," the actions and events of their lives.

The naturalist's attitude, on the other hand, is very different. If we exclaim with Hardy, "Character is Fate," and begin to regard action as the product of character which is in turn the product of yet other forces, action loses the force of an absolute entity; it ceases, in other words, to be the artist's essential focal point. Rather the naturalist turns inward, to regard as vital not man's *deeds*, but his soul, his character, his intellect and emotions, of which his actions are but a product. He tends to look upon the outward show of the events of man's life—birth, love, aspiration, struggle, defeat, death—as pretty much the same in all cases. What gives these things their value,

their poetry and beauty, is man's reaction to them, in each case particular and in each case a profound revelation of the innermost depths of the human spirit. He abandons the mere chronicling of events to give us not the story of man's progress through the world, but the story of his spiritual development.

It is "the little nameless, unremembered acts" of a man's life, in the words of Hauptmann, which best serve to illustrate his tragedy. The action is like the subject of a fugue; any will serve if it is a pathway leading into the soul. This should sound somewhat less novel than it does, for it must be remembered that Sterne did precisely that thing, and made a great book out of the trifling domestic occurrences of the Shandy household. Proust's famous "method" is much the same. He devotes just as many pages to describing a dinner at the Guermantes as Sterne did to getting Tristram into the world. Only one must remember that each author forces those little occurrences to mirror an entire life. That dinner brought to life an entire epoch, many characters, many lives, and danced up and down the pages of history as far back as Charlemagne. The same is true of Thomas Mann's short stories; they may deal with mere details, but these details, in his hands, involve the universe! It is true of that first of all novels, *The Magic Mountain*, that nothing happens at all. Hans Castorp journeys to his "magic mountain," a tuberculosis sanatorium high in the Swiss Alps. Fascinated by the atmosphere of that place, where life, time, and all the busy little affairs of "the world down below," which had hitherto held him spell-bound, are entirely meaningless, he sojourns there seven years. Various people enter his life; there are death, suffering, love, passion, revolt, defeat, and that is all. Yet actually a vast deal more happens than in David Copperfield's journey from bottle-washer to happiness with Agnes and later a comfortable security, or in Becky Sharpe's rise from a despised orphan to the top rung of the social ladder and her fall thence; for Hans is led in effect by many Vergils through all the circles of Hell to "the most highest Heaven." It was in no light sense that this book was termed "the *Divine Comedy* of our time."

## III

Now it is obvious that actions and events can be most ingeniously plotted, timed, twisted about, forced into neat and very obvious architectonic patterns. Not so with the adventures of the spirit!



The naturalist was forced by his viewpoint to abandon the whole ingenious machinery of plot, sub-plot, counter-plot, *scene à faire*, *dénouement*, hidden identities, marvelous accidents and coincidences, "suspense," neat artificial climaxes, and all the other little gadgets considered necessary to the telling of an amusing story; and, of a truth, these tricks had long since ceased even to amuse. How much, indeed, of character, of the complexity of situation, of the manifold ramifications of events as they strike the consciousness, of color, shading, the sweep of life with its varied rhythms, its natural, unforced drama, its free musical form, was sacrificed to the artificial requirements of structure! It is the primary aim of the naturalist to free himself of as many of these limitations as possible and to force form to imitate the uninhibited flow of the river of life, catching insofar as possible something of its complexity, its richness and infinite variety. Mr. Grabo, we must again demur: there are plot, development, grouping, selecting, planning, and moving toward an end; but in a far freer form, a form which Mann has very rightly characterized as "symphonic," approaching more nearly the flow of melodic line with all its accompanying weaving of harmony and counterpoint, themes, episodes, motifs, wrought into a complex but coherent pattern—a pattern, we grant, far less easy to grasp than the geometric lines and masses of architecture. Natural indeed to exclaim, "But nothing happens! Here we have no form, no selection, nothing but an endless stringing together of details which lead us nowhere!" It is much easier to take Evelina on a visit to Vauxhall; what happens there on those "hidden islands" is not so obvious.

IV

The reader may be willing to concede all this, if we have been at all happy in our expressions and illustrations. But what, he must certainly ask, of beauty? Immediately from those large and noble works there crowds into the mind evidence from all sides. One recalls Proust's France, Schnitzler's gay yet profoundly melancholy Vienna, Hauptmann's exquisite rendering of nature as a background for the Fool. But we waive all that to enquire, what is this Beauty of which we all speak? Now it is obvious that that word arouses associations similar to those brought to mind by the passages just listed. It is apt to suggest either Rubens or Corot—the magnificent or the atmospheric; to recall the picture that looks well on the wall, the harmony that is pleasing,

the line that rolls off the tongue with a melodious sound, the colorful image, the earth, its mountains and seas, its shading and modes, the glorified human body, the decorative, the sensual, the pleasing, the physical—and what, we ask, of the spirit?

It is for Herr Naptha in *The Magic Mountain*—Jesuit, Jew, and eminent Latin and medieval scholar—to put that significant question: where in this jolly little paganism of ours, with all our humanism, our progress, our science, our paving, our plumbing, lighting and whatnot, is the spirit which that dirty medieval world possessed in such abundance? Where is the conception of the beauty of the spirit? Beauty of the body, of the earth, which we worship in our romantic moments, of all material things, he might say—such beauty is impossible. It dwelleth only in the spirit, which alone is incorruptible. It reveals itself moreover in those moments when the spirit triumphs over the flesh, form over matter; and the supreme symbol is not Appollo nor Dionysius, but the twisted and agonized body of Our Lord hanging upon his Cross. Plato, at least, had said as much: admiration of the pleasing objects of the world is but the first step; the real beauty lives with the spirit.

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That conception the Renaissance, whose grandchildren we are in our thinking to a larger extent than we are conscious of, came to refute; to reassert the old pagan monism, placing God in reason and in Nature; to turn from the nebulous realms of the mystic, intent only upon Paradise, to the world and the body; to fight for science, reason, liberty, justice, progress; to build with its churches and palaces, its painters and sculptors, a delightful world; to paint the Virgin not as the awkward medieval carvers had seen her, but as Raphael saw her, sensuous and lovely, clothed in soft colors, in all the glory of the flesh. The humanism of the 18th century, with all the miles of statuary at Versailles and Boileau's well-turned line, intensified this conception, and has the Romantic movement altered it essentially? Is it so fundamentally different to turn from a well-trimmed park to the admiration of "rugged" nature with its unplanned cliffs and seas? Shelley dabbled in science in precisely the same way that Dr. Johnson did, and fought for progress and liberty no less than Voltaire, though in a very different spirit. Perhaps romanticism altered but one aspect of the humanism of the 18th century; it retained the "for liberty and progress," but changed the "for reason" to "for feeling." Perhaps it saw a beautiful but a different aspect of the same thing apprehended in an entirely different way. And it may indeed be that our paganism has lost something that is vital, that "all monism," as Herr Naptha says, "is infinitely monotonous." The earth may be but God's pleasant garden, of no more significance than the baroque garlands on the frontispieces of certain old books; and perhaps we have no right to waste that awesome and terrible word Beauty upon a decorative screen.

V

In the light of these suggestions let us, at any rate, examine for a moment the "cult of the ugly" with which naturalism has been reproached time and again. One recalls one's first sight of certain of the pictures of the French impressionist school; hideous things—peasants, gamblers, derelicts, laborers, the earth at its starkest, its bleakest, in its most barren and least gracious aspects. Why deliberately elect to reproduce those? Because they are stingingly real, comes the first answer. Only later and after much pondering comes the real answer—because they are beautiful. One recalls in particular Cezanne's old woman with the rosary. Why this old woman, this wrinkled un-

lovely almost crimson flesh, aged, decrepit, rather than one of Renoir's joyously pagan nudes? Because she is beautiful—because in the resignation of that bent head there speaks all the eloquence of death, the profound humility of the human spirit as it merges into the shadows. One thinks again of Hauptmann's *Fool*. Emanuel moves for the most part among the very scum of the earth—humble weavers, Silesian peasants, beggars, outcasts—none of the details of the misery, squalor, filth and disease of whose lives is spared us. Yet I can recall no work of art that causes one to explain more spontaneously, "That is uneffably beautiful!"—for the reason, no doubt, that the vast and magnanimous spirit of the Christ breathes upon its every page. How simple and homely are the incidents which make up the work not only of Hauptmann, but of Proust and of Mann also. One recalls in particular the prose of the latter. There is no striving here for "beautiful" prose. If anything, Mann sometimes affects a somewhat Thackerayan homeliness. Yet, and it may one day sound something less like heresy to say this, there is perhaps no prose in any language which for "winnowed purity," for telling effectiveness beneath such disarming simplicity, gives us so deep an impression of "transcendent and oracular wisdom." One might wax Biblical and exclaim that he sought only the spirit, sought only to express his meaning clearly and effectively, and all the rest was added unto him.

I would not be understood to say that all naturalists abandoned the outward for the inner beauty, paganism for Christianity, the modern for the medieval point of view. It is only Hauptmann and Mann, in the figures of Quint and Naptha, who ponder the significance of these differences. It is my intention merely to suggest that this "cult of ugliness" is far less simple in its implications than is commonly supposed; that it is not at all impossible that the cult of ugliness may be, on the contrary, a cult of beauty.

VI

One is left in the end with the peculiar feeling that naturalism and romanticism are ultimately not so remote from each other as is commonly supposed. Both romanticism and naturalism represent ages of spiritual reawakening—awakening to poetry, to beauty, to the tragic spirit, to wider intellectual horizons, to innovations in form, to a richer and more mature craftsmanship. Spoiled by these severe and adventurous spirits, one is



stifled by the domesticity of the Victorians; the idealism dissolving into luke-warm tears rather than action, the emotion which shall be just so intense as to warm without becoming strong enough to make one uncomfortable, the genuinely base materialism which underlies their dictum, "Be good and proper," the sweetness, the faded prettiness, the absence of any large intellectual grasp of anything whatsoever. Where in all this is poetry, beauty, the tragic spirit? Imagine Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, or Browning attempting the Messiah, Electra, Macbeth, Hamlet; sketching the world of the Renaissance so cleverly, so lightly and yet with such sharp and original insight as Thomas Mann has in *Fiorenza*; or meditating upon the questions aroused by the medieval world, or the Orient, or certain of the dialogues of Plato. The suggestion is painful.

To be sure the two represent precisely opposite attitudes toward life. Reality wounds the romanticist—"I fall upon the thorns of life." He turns away with a sort of Byronic fury, often to build of his aspirations a more perfect world of the imagination. It wounds the naturalist no less. But he realizes that he must wrestle with it, master it, reconcile himself to it, find some solution that will enable him to live with it. That is what constitutes tragedy as the naturalist sees it, the tragic element in every consistent naturalistic work—which dominates Schnitzler; which touches even the somewhat dry and frivolous Proust, who realizes that the colorful aristocracy of his youth, who used to take the air in the Bois, will do so no more; which is the burden of a great body of Thomas Mann's work—this material world which mocks and frustrates and denies the soul of man simply because there is no place in nature for that soul, because it is alien to the earth and the animals that we know. Such is the theme of *Buddenbrooks*. Mann paints here for us three generations in a process of physical decay which is at the same time one of spiritual development. During one period of his life Mann seemed obsessed with the idea that the soul is, in fact, a disease. The cold blue-eyed father in his smart English clothes with the corn flower in his button hole haunts him like a dream. He survived; he was on the right terms with reality. The mystic, the poet, the idealist are not equal to the struggle; Quint, Hanno, Vockerat must go under, though Kramer and Christophe, remembering Beethoven, defy a low mutability and triumph.

## VII

May we close with a judicious word to the young? It is a rich, original and productive age in which we have the good fortune to exist; the body of its living work is formidable in sheer mass alone, not to mention significance. When one hears some melancholy person bewailing an effete, ribald and unproductive generation or the absence of any great art, which is but one of the lost glories of the past, may we suggest a good stiff dose of attic salt? Art has been in a process of steady decay since the golden age of mural painting died with the cavemen and that of epic verse with Homer. Every age has its Boileau, its classicists who group themselves about some last great poet with whom art quite died out and ceased to exist. In ours the poet is perhaps Browning; in Browning's, Wordsworth; in Wordsworth's, Pope; in Pope's, Vergil; in Vergil's, the Greeks. And we have no doubt in the world that some of the Grecian brothers of our modern neo-romanticists solemnly warned the young Euripides that there was no need for him to dip stylus into his blood. Homer had come and gone; the heroes had been sung and the Gods done homage. What more was there to be said?

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## The Community Cleaners and Hatters

NICK J. KATZIS, Prop.

MARK TWAIN: A Portrait. Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75. 259 pp.

Whatever failures he may have had, it is undeniably true that Mark Twain made such an impression, both on his own generation and on posterity, that he will keep a peculiar niche among the American immortals. This position he will hold in spite of all the biographers that assail him. In his account Masters has written in a simpler and more straightforward style than his predecessors. It was, however, a misnomer to entitle the book a portrait, since the author gives himself to a very critical view, distorted at times, with a rapid glance at the high points in Clemens' life.

It is a waste of time to assault Mark Twain savagely for being what he was instead of something else. There is no guarantee that he might have become the great critic and cathartic of American pruriency that Masters believes he was capable of being. Whether he is to be recorded as a Marat or a T. DeWitt Talmadge, as author of *Innocents Abroad*, *Tom Sawyer*, and *Life on the Mississippi* he has delighted millions of people here and abroad for more than half a century. Had he given himself to a caustic study of the passing scene his works might have made material for research work in social criticism.

Masters is guilty of verbosity, repetitiousness, and some occasional contradictions. At least twice he points out that Twain appealed only to rudimentary or immature minds, then later admits that "he used the eyes of a man when writing *The Gilded Age*." He takes the long way around to say a thing, and then when it has been said one wonders if it was worth the effort. Twain failed to do or say anything to make enemies of the ruling powers of his day. Instead of fighting materialism he clowned at public lectures or piddled away his time in sentimental and romantic writing exercises. What is a writer to do when he sees the canker worm in the heart of institutions, superstition blinding fellowmen, and great wrongs in the world? He may become a soapbox haranguer in the political and economic arena, or he may laugh at the foibles of men until he drives them to scorn. Twain chose to laugh at them and the absurdities of life. Possibly he did stop too soon because of uxorial and public admonitions. But to insist that he should have confined himself to an unrelenting arraignment of the political, cultural, and economic despots of the day is to mani-

fest a congenital misunderstanding of the theory of literary art.

What emasculated the literary effectiveness of Clemens was his failure to formulate a philosophy of life and his inveterate love of wealth and ease for himself. The one caused him to vacillate between positions, and the other led him into wild and unprofitable investments, such as the Paige typesetting machine, that dissipated his literary energies.

Twain was a restless spirit cast into the world in America's boyhood. Leaving his home in Missouri, where he had snatched much of his education from the type case, he began at fourteen to wander over the country supporting himself by typesetting jobs. In a few years he was drifting up and down the world as tramp-printer, steamboat pilot, reporter, columnist, lecturer, and novelist. While he was correspondent for *The Enterprise* in San Francisco his first notable work was done. "*The Celebrated Jumping Frogs of Calaveras County*" brought him sudden acclaim. In California he and Brete Harte became friends and came near collaborating on a book of sketches.

During his subsequent lecture tours and travels abroad he became acquainted with the wealthy Olivia Langdon of Elmira, New York. Not long after they were married and moved to Hartford and other points around the world. According to Masters, Olivia was a socially prominent Delilah anxious to shear Mark of his crudity and power. At the turn of the present century he was a popular figure moving about the country giving interviews and publishing articles. His white suits, billowy hair, and princely ways of life are remembered by many living yet.

*Mark Twain: A Portrait* is a book with a fresh and interesting evaluation of the Hannibal humorist and no doubt there are many who will welcome it as the true story of the literary wantonness and de-Southernization of Samuel Clemens. But, like most biographies with a debunking thesis, it is discolored by an a priori tinge.

—CLEMON WHITE

OXFORD LIMITED. Keith Bryant. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50. 306 pp.

Americans whose knowledge of Oxford has been gained from what so many other Americans have had to say about it will find much pleasure



—and, we trust, profit in Keith Bryant's *Oxford Limited*, the appearance of which should do something to modify the impression—if any—left by Robert Taylor's performance of *The Yank at Oxford*. Mr. Bryant, who resided at Oxford five years, was a member of Merton College and the 1936 editor of the *Isis*, the Oxford equivalent of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. In totalling the results of his five years' experience, he has spared neither his university nor himself in his effort to give a clear picture and a fair criticism. Few of his readers will have reason to complain that he has not made his subject live; but while his picture is distinctly the picture of a participant, he has attained an objectivity rarely found in one who is looking at his subject so completely from the inside.

So well has he maintained his objectivity that it is difficult to summarize his opinions. The fact that, as the reader is told on the jacket, "he has no axe to grind," while altogether a happy one, makes it that much more difficult to know just what he would have done about the defects which he so clearly paints. His view is primarily a personal one; and, as might be expected, he is concerned more with undergraduate life in general than with academic pursuits. There is no description of the Oxford curriculum sufficient to make it clear to anyone not already moderately familiar with it. He mentions lectures, tutorials, and "papers called collections" (which might well mislead a reader into thinking of a collection as some kind of essay or term paper); but there is little to explain to an American what the fundamental differences between Oxford and American educational objects and methods are. This would be easily understood and entirely accepted, were it not for such precise foot-notes as the one which explains that Haileybury is "one of the number of English 'public schools' which in America is most closely similar to the private preparatory schools." But Mr. Bryant is more interested in the personalities of the dons than in their teaching, and before long he is occupied with explaining how the eccentric tutor is passing and how "the Fellow who is being elected in his place is less of a personality and more of a 'man of the world'." From that he passes to the dons' participation in politics, and, so far as academic criticism is concerned, concludes only that "although Oxford may have the best scholars, a University like London may have as good, if not better, teachers." Similarly, after defending Oxford for being a university and not a sports acad-

emy, he can only conclude that it would be a good thing if it had a gymnasium.

In dealing with drink, sex, and women's colleges, Mr. Bryant impresses one as being guilty of over-emphasis. His description of "freshmen's blinds" and sherry parties are quite accurate, but he has little to say of the many undergraduates who retire to their room or to the common room after dinner and drink such a prosaic beverage as coffee. His presentation of the evil effects wrought by the public school man's ignorance of the facts of life when he comes up to Oxford is altogether commendable; but those whose experience with sherry parties has consisted mainly in being requested by "undergraduates" to consume the remaining half of a single glass of sherry may well be led to regret that they have missed so much of what Mr. Bryant regards as a major evil of Oxford life. Mr. Bryant's discussion of other undergraduate vices seems sound, if he would spare the reader his frequent estimates that 30% do this and 40% that, without suggesting any means by which such estimates are arrived at. His four headings under which sex at Oxford is discussed indicate that he is apparently unaware that *homosexual* comes from the Greek and not from the Latin root.

The conviction that Mr. Bryant, while sincerely trying to see Oxford steadily, has failed to see it whole, is strengthened by his account of Rhodes Scholars. On his first evening at Merton, he sat by "an enormous man with a chin like a rock who looked like a Greek God or the Captain of Boats, and who turned out to be an American Rhodes Scholar." Inhabitants of Chapel Hill may recognize the reference when he says that one of his best friends was an American Rhodes Scholar who "ranked high in his particular sport in the United States and spent most of his Oxford vacations traveling around Europe giving demonstrations and having his expenses paid. Unfortunately, his affection for whiskey and the hours before dawn prevented him becoming a world champion. He was a man with few enemies, and an excellent choice to send across the Atlantic in order to make Englishmen think what fine fellow Americans are, and to fulfil Rhodes' purpose of fostering Anglo-American friendship—but as a scholar he was a disappointment. In his Final School he just succeeded in scraping Third Class Honours." One may suggest that the Greek God and the gentleman here referred to were only two out of twelve

Americans in Merton College, and that, while the others were less picturesque, some of them were also more scholarly and might furnish some evidence against Mr. Bryant's opinion that Rhodes scholars are in the main men who are charming people, "but who would have caused considerable consternation in the founders of Oxford if they had been introduced to them as 'scholars'." It is perhaps inevitable that the more charming of the Rhodes Scholars will make the greatest impression; but Mr. Bryant might make allowances.

This is not to disparage his book. The fact that there is so much controversial material in it makes it all the more desirable that the reader should find out for himself what Oxford looks like to one who has assuredly seen it from the inside.

—ARTHUR B. DUGAN.

DEFOE. James Sutherland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50. 300 pp.

Daniel Defoe's life covered a seventy year period when anything was likely to happen in England and in its literature. The years from 1660 to 1730 are consequently a trying stretch for the genteel literary critic, the traditional surveyor of literary development (or decadence, if his interests happen to lie before the Restoration); and very often he may be led to dismiss the men and women who moved in the hurly-burly of the social and intellectual life of the time as regrettable intruders into the otherwise reasonably respectable and decorous existence of what he persists in calling the "Mother Country." He finds it difficult to classify satisfactorily such people as Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Gentle George Etherege, and Jonathan Swift. (Thank heavens for Mr. Addison!) And what is one to do with Daniel Defoe? He cannot be called a frivolous aristocrat and be hidden away in dark corners of the anthologies; nor can he be safely catalogued as a defender of the middle class, because he seems at times to have been doubtful in his allegiance to it. He did write *Robinson Crusoe*, to be sure, but there is also *Moll Flanders*—not a book for solid citizens to read. And the fellow seems to have been a spy, an opportunist, and to have been dishonest in his dealings with his business associates, maintaining all the while a posture of unshakable, arms-akimbo respectability in most of his writings. Daniel Defoe was one of the queerest fish to move about in those murky waters; he could swim easily and

swiftly, but he appeared to have several heads and no one could predict just which way the surprising creature was apt to be going next.

There is no precise method for knowing just how much Daniel Defoe scribbled in the course of his busy life; he wrote for money and he was not particularly concerned about who paid him—so long as he *was* paid. He used various assumed names when it pleased him to do so, and his political opinions seem to the casual observer to shift so readily that he has been suspected of writing on several sides of the same question at the same time. (Is this *decorum*, gentlemen?) And the facts of his life are obscure; indeed, they sometimes appear to have been purposely obscured.

Defoe is a formidable subject for criticism and biography. There are twists and turns in his career which are tantalizingly vague and lead into blind alleys when they can be followed at all. Mr. James Sutherland is the latest to attempt a critical biography of this surprising artist. He has gathered new information from here and there (records of lawsuits in which the great journalist vehemently defended himself were especially useful) and has tried to arrange them so that our picture of Defoe is a little less blurred around the edges and to help us look with more comprehension into the background. There have been other biographers before him—Wilson and Lee, notably—and he admits to judicious use of these men's writings, but the sheer matter of organization of material must have been a considerable task for Mr. Sutherland. He has handled it ably. In these pages, Defoe is recreated for us—not finally and definitively, I think, but with insight into the character of the man and his times. The material seems to be handled with discrimination and honesty; moreover, Mr. Sutherland writes with neatness and grace. Occasionally there is a tendency towards, shall we say, stuffiness, when our honest biographer has his fling at this sad modern world: writing of Defoe's early years, he says, "There are very few direct references to his childhood in all the vast sum of his writings; he lived in a century when it was not properly understood that nothing important happens to one after the age of four."

On the other hand, one might go beyond a quibble with Mr. Sutherland's treatment of Defoe's journalistic career. As any man devoted to his subject would, he attempts to defend the sudden about-faces and apparent inconsistencies in



Defoe's principles and beliefs. If Mr. Sutherland had given us a more complete idea of just how low early English journalism was; if, for example, he had told us about Ned Ward and John Dunton and their goings-on, a more sympathetic estimate of Defoe's position might be made by the reader. As it is, Mr. Sutherland seems to be protesting too much.

Particularly good, however, is the biographer's final estimate:

If one is to set Defoe in his true place in the long history of the English people, one must certainly take account of the remarkable range of his interests and the extraordinary variety of his achievements. But ultimately he will always be judged as a writer. Was he a great writer? He was certainly not a polished or a scholarly one. His prose is rough and coarse; but like the good English cloths he is never tired of praising, it wears well. . . . A page of Defoe—almost any page—is still astonishingly alive. To those who had known him well it must have been an uncanny experience to open one of his books or pamphlets after he was dead. For there, urgently, earnestly, interminably, the living voice was speaking to them from the printed page, the voice of the man they knew, the accent and intonation of it, the very checks and hesitations, the stumblings and corrections, almost, indeed, the breath of his lungs.

And if that voice is not heard today with the frequency it deserves, Mr. Sutherland's biography will help to recall it to us and to make us desire to listen again.

—GEORGE H. FOSTER.

MY EARS ARE BENT. Joseph Mitchell. New York: Sheridan House. \$2.50. 284 pp.

"The only people I do not care to listen to are society women, industrial leaders, distinguished authors, ministers, explorers, moving picture actors (except W. C. Fields and Stepin Fetchit), and any actress under the age of 35. I believe the most interesting human beings, so far as talk is concerned, are anthropologists, farmers, prostitutes, psychiatrists, and an occasional bartender."

So writes Joseph Mitchell, crack interviewer for the New York *World-Telegram*, and then proceeds to present as heterogeneous a lot of New York bums and bigwigs as ever made the front

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page of a newspaper or "bent the ears" of an inquiring reporter.

Backstage at burlesque shows, into Harlem dives, behind closed doors of business and politics, in saloons and along the streets of New York went this reporter in his quest for copy, in his daily search for stories the public will like. In one day he interviewed a champion blood donor in the morning, the keeper of a cemetery for beasts in the afternoon, and a roomful of marihuana smokers in the evening.

But his best subjects were Florence Cubitt, Queen of the Nudists at the San Diego Exposition, who walked into her hotel room stark naked for an interview—and wrung an astonished "My God!" from the photographer; the fat woman accountant who liked to sit on top of the saloon piano and sing "I got ants in my pants; I got a turtle in my girdle;" and the marrying Rev. Spund, who has a sign saying "Don't Talk When the Red Light Is On." My own favorite is what Texas Guinan told the reporter when asked if Aimee Semple McPherson might sue her for an impersonation in a proposed play. (See page 22 for the unprintable tidbit!)

*My Ears Are Bent* is an example of the tersest, easiest and best type of writing now appearing in American newspapers. Back in 1928-29 when Joseph Mitchell was writing in the *Carolina Magazine* about tobacco barns of the state and in the *Tar Heel* about the mosquitoes attending the Playmaker forest theater production, he was a skillful apprentice to the trade he has now mastered. His early stories in the New York *Herald-Tribune* were keenly observed and sharply written. His more recent interviews in the *World-Telegram* and in *The New Yorker* show him constantly advancing in technical deftness and ironic understanding.

He never gets in the way of his characters. Politicians, debutantes, prostitutes, strip teasers, prizefighters—he simply lets them talk; and in so doing he sometimes interprets them, sometimes pillories them, but always etches them sharply with their own characteristics.

"The best talk is artless," he says, "the talk of people trying to reassure or comfort themselves, women in the sun, grouped around baby carriages, talking about their weeks in the hospital or the way meat has gone up, or men in saloons, talking to combat the loneliness everyone feels."

—WALTER SPEARMAN

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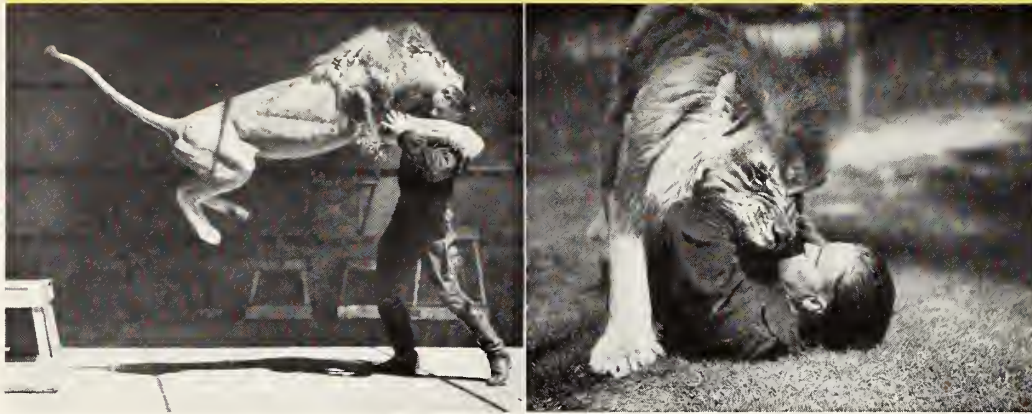
# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



*April, 1938*



MEL KOONTZ—FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ANIMAL TAMER—WRESTLES A LION!



Here is Mel Koontz alone in the cage with four hundred and fifty pounds of lion. The huge lion crouches—then springs at Koontz. Man and lion clinch while onlookers feel their

nerves grow tense. Even with the lion's jaw only inches from his throat, Mel Koontz shows himself complete master of the savage beast. No doubt about *his* nerves being healthy!

**"I'll say it makes a difference to me what cigarette I smoke"**

says

**MEL KOONTZ to  
PENN PHILLIPS**



"I guess you *have* to be particular about your cigarette, Mel. I've often wondered if Camels are different from other kinds."

"Take it from me, Penn, any one-cigarette's-as-good-as-another talk is the bunk. There are a lot of angles to consider in smoking. Camel is the cigarette I know really *agrees with me* on all counts. My hat's off to 'em for real, natural mildness—the kind that doesn't get my nerves ragged—or make my throat raspy. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"

**MEL KOONTZ** was schooling a "big cat" for a new movie when Penn Phillips got to talking cigarettes with him. Perhaps, like Mr. Phillips, you, too, have wondered if there is a distinct difference between Camels and other cigarettes. Mel Koontz gives his slant, above. And millions of men and women find what they want in Camels. Yes, those *costlier tobaccos* in Camels *do* make a difference!

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**LARGEST-SELLING**  
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

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MORE EXPENSIVE  
TOBACCOS — Turkish  
and Domestic



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER...

**"Camels agree with me"**

**"We know tobacco because we grow it ..... We smoke Camels because we know Tobacco"**

**TOBACCO  
PLANTERS SAY**

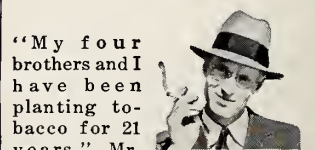


"I know the kind of tobacco used for various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, who has spent 19 years growing tobacco—knows it from the ground up. "Camel got my choice grades this year—and many years back," he adds. "I'm talking about what I *know* when I say Camels sure enough *are* made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Mr. George Crumbaugh, another well-known planter, had a fine tobacco crop last year. "My best yet," he says. "And the Camel people bought all the choice lots—paid me more than I ever got before, too. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Most planters favor Camels."



"I've grown over 87,000 pounds of tobacco in the pascos in the past five years," says this successful planter, Mr. Cecil White, of Danville, Kentucky. "The best of my last crop went to the Camel people at the best prices, as it so often does. Most of the other planters around here sold their best grades to Camel, too. I stick to Camels and I *know* I'm smoking choice tobaccos."



"My four brothers and I have been planting tobacco for 21 years," Mr. John Wallace, Jr., says. "Camel bought up every pound of my last crop that was top grade—bought up most of the finer tobacco in this section, too. I've been smoking Camels for 17-18 years now. Most other planters are like me—we're Camel smokers because we know the quality that goes into them."

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH <i>Lane Barksdale and Rudy Faircloth</i>	EDITORS' PRIVATE GALLERY.....	17
BREAD AND PROPAGANDA IN THE REICH..... 2 <i>A Prudent Eye-Witness</i>	CRADLE THE DEAD—Story.....	18
THE SAVIOR—Verse ..... 3 <i>Lee Manning Wiggins</i>	<i>Sam Hirsch</i>	
ME AND WOOLHEAD AND OLD GEORGE—Story..... 6 <i>John Thibaut</i>	A PAGE OF VERSE.....	22
WHEN GOD IS DEAD—Sonnet..... 7 <i>Lee Manning Wiggins</i>	<i>Lee Manning Wiggins, William Michaux,</i>	
INTERPRETATION—Sonnet..... 7 <i>William Michaux</i>	<i>David Beaty, Josephina Niggli.</i>	
OUT YONDER SO BEAUTIFUL—Story..... 8 <i>Clary Thompson</i>	MY COLLEGE METAMORPHOSIS.....	23
CAROLINA'S GREATEST POLITICAL CAMPAIGN—II..... 11 <i>Joe Sugarman</i>	<i>Anonymous</i>	
	CURRENT LITERATURE.....	25
	"Langston Hughes Sings for the Masses," by	
	Sam Green. Reviews of <i>My Brother: A. E.</i>	
	<i>Housman, The Yearling, Glass Houses, Shakes-</i>	
	<i>peare's Plays.</i>	
	IT'S DONE—Verse.....	32
	<i>Edward Megson</i>	

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## Bread and Propaganda in the Reich

*Lovers of the Flesh-Pots Turn Ascetic--and Like It*

I WAS AWAKENED by the strains of "Deutschland über Alles," accented by the rhythmic tread of marching. It was only seven o'clock, and it was raining—a November rain. Beneath the street light, I could see a band of Hitler youths passing in review, off for a joyous day of camping. Their uniforms were immaculate, their Nazi flag held high, their spirits even higher.

Breakfast with Frau Schmidt was always nice. I had become accustomed to the watery home ground coffee and the fresh rolls and marmalade—an eye opener that we spoiled Americans would shun on this side of the Atlantic—a meal which necessary privation had taught them to enjoy. When the dishes were done and the servant girl had finished polishing all the shoes and chasing away every speck of dirt with an assuidity that surpassed even the Gold Dust Twins, we were off to market, Frau Schmidt and I.

I had gone with her often lately because there was a butter shortage. And when a butter shortage comes in Germany, the result is quite different from what it would be in America. Instead of prices' skyrocketing and the local grocer's asking sixty cents a pound, the government apportions the butter equally to the citizens. Rich and poor alike must come to the butter store and register for the dole. So I had to come this morning to get my allotted quarter of a pound a week; every person must get his own butter.

The old city market was so colorful with asters and roses, red cabbages and cauliflowers, apples and carrots, that I was glad for the privilege of carrying the *Hausfrau's* net market sack and wandering with her in and out the narrow passage ways. Whenever we stopped to ask the price of eggs, the peasant owner of the produce always greeted us with the traditional "Heil Hitler," the required substitute for "good morning." And when the purchase was made, the farewell was the

same "Heil Hitler," with an upward thrust of the right hand. The economic set-up of the totalitarian state goes a long way toward simplifying the housekeeper's problems. There is no running from Piggly Wiggly to Pender's, no comparing of prices, no frenzied estimating of the best bargains of the day, no keeping up with the Joneses. The government market has reduced such difficulties to a minimum; it remains only for the German housekeeper to decide whether she wants grade A, B, or C eggs. The price of each grade will be the same in every store. Think what a curtailer of morning marketers' chatter such uniformity must be.

All produce is sent first to the government market, graded, priced, and passed on to the retailers. So what's on the market is simple to get and paid for at a standard price, and all have equal opportunities to eat wholesome food. What is not on the market is not available. And there is no ultra, ultra fancy food store that can produce it for you. A German Mrs. Van Astorbilt simply could not have had ambrosia for her dinner guests this particular evening. There were no oranges; and no one knew just when there would be more—not until Italy could use more of the Germans' fall apple crop. The barter system of the Indians is good enough for them. And when the Italians become satiated with applesauce, the Germans can have no orange marmalade, simply more applesauce. To help it down the red lane, new recipes appear in the morning papers suggesting palatable ways of utilizing these fruits of the native soil.

### II

I was still engrossed with the bookstalls of wayside culture, perusing the dust covered contents with other students, when the Big Ben of the town began to toll ten-thirty. Suddenly I remembered just why the town was dripping with Nazi flags this morning. The five hundred and sixty-first official opening of the university was set for today.

Our PRUDENT EYE-WITNESS has just returned from a year of post-graduate study in a German university. Before she left she was begged by the family with whom she stayed not to publish under her own name anything, no matter how innocuous, about her experience among the brown-shirts.



With an edition of Spinoza, for which I had paid two cents, tucked under my arm, I hurried down the narrow *Hauptstrasse* to *Universität Platz*. It was already seething with Heinz forty-seven varieties of uniforms and students; and I rather guardedly remarked to my fellow student what a nice relief the cap and gown procession of professors would offer against the nation's background of uniforms. But as the procession moved onward, I realized that the Ph.D.'s were girded with swastikas and brown shirts. In the midst of the singing of "*Deutschland über Alles*," I risked asking in whispering tones where were the usual signs of a university opening. I was informed in even more hushed tones that every professor and every official of the student body must wear the party uniform. I swallowed that, a bit wide-eyed to be sure, and settled myself to hear the traditional review of the faculty members' progress in research and the usual president's message exalting the cause of university education. The president stepped forward and introduced himself by raising his right hand with a particularly fervent "*Heil Hitler*." "Pattern your life after the Führer's—" That was his message. That was all too. It was the same keynote that is hit in every phase of German education today. Perhaps the educational program is designed not only to develop the Hitler of the next generation but all the little Hitlers. If all of German youth are poured into the Hitler mould, one square-moustached paper hanger with a keen psychological insight should grow up, and lots of semi-moustached new German interior decorators should grow up alongside to help him.

I was left thinking over the contrast of this

university opening with an American one—not knowing where to go next. It was decided for me by a friendly German boy who stood next to me on the steps. He suggested that I come with him to hear the university's most popular lecturer on the "Art of Warfare." I went often after this introduction and always found the room as

crowded with two hundred bright eyed students as it was this morning. The energetic, attractive, and well-primed professor began to talk, about America too. I swelled with pride as he discussed the ingenious military tactics of Robert E. Lee. I was sitting on the edge of my seat, and I practically fell out when he began to point out the precarious natural position of the United States, sandwiched between two potent possible enemies, Canada on the North and Mexico on the South. I waited to hear of Cuba on the West and Hawaii on the East. "The United States would be completely occupied in time of war," he said. She could be no threat to Germany, the students surmised. I overheard a particularly guttural and fervently patriotic lad explaining to a group as we came out, "There is

nothing to fear from America; she will be busy defending herself at home." That clever propaganda department at Berlin, which covers Germany like the dew, makes everything look easy and pleasant on the road to success. This almost convinced us very self-confident Americans that someday we might wear a uniform of sombreros or fur caps.

### III

Baden-Baden is a famous resort in the South of Germany, situated uncomfortably near the French border. We went down one weekend with a charming German family, a family that ached to

## The Savior

*Hitler, maudlin in his glory,  
Stands upon a second story  
Balcony and chides his lambs  
With hot ecstatic dithyrambs.*

*Willful, petulant, perverse,  
He intermingles tear and curse.  
The few who understand the chap  
At least have sense enough to clap.*

*Complaining of a slow starvation,  
Hitler doubles the population.  
His *modus operandi*'s easy,  
And for the prudes who might be queasy*

*He makes the bastards honest men  
And all their mothers chaste again.  
Hitler, a wolf in Chaplin's clothing,  
Regards the Jews with unfeigned loathing.*

*(His Jewish nursemaid, it is said,  
Once dropped him on his Aryan head.)  
With firm goose-step and upheld hand  
He marches to the promised land,*

*Napoleon reincarnate.  
And surely he deserves the fate,  
Which he has bravely, boldly won,  
Of little corporal number one.*

—LEE MANNING WIGGINS.

feel a bit of foreign soil underfoot. This was as far as they could get just now. I found a distinguished looking old German dunking his goatee in the third liter of morning beer. He was anxious for a listener; and as he stroked his goatee and moustache with a continuous downward pull of his whole hand over his mouth, I realized why listeners were hard to find. But he was friendly and attractive and the few intelligible phrases that escaped through the whiskered barrier were interesting.

"I used to winter on the Riviera, but for the last several years, it has been impossible to get permission from the government to have French money. We can go only into those countries that import our goods. And the French are none too keen about our left-overs. However, I don't miss it anymore; the beer's good here; the people are congenial; we all have the same interest. Nobody can go to the Riviera and come back and make me envious. It's really just as nice to winter within the German borders."

It was amazing to see how philosophically, how happily this onetime travelled and wealthy German sipped his German beer.

It occurred to me the next morning that Strassburg must look lovely under a blanket of snow. Surely the German family could go over and have a look at it with me. Papa's only answer was, "It is impossible." From the American lookout-point of individual freedom, I simply could not understand why they could not cross the Rhine into France for a day or two.

"Why should it be refused?" I bored right in with the question.

"It isn't just a matter of furthering internal self-sufficiency, this limitation of travelling privileges. It is also a way of controlling the propaganda about Germany that goes into foreign countries. Our party records must be investigated. Perhaps we'd better go home in the morning."

I found out later that the family allegiance to the party was based almost exclusively on the fact that Father's professorial position (and the three meals a day) depended on his manifest swastika mania. He preferred that to retirement with a small pension with nothing to do but write and no publisher even to read his ideas. Apparently Papa was aware of the fact that there had been occasional signs of the real family fireside sentiment.

So, he was right. The request would never be granted; and it was better that they go home in the morning.

#### IV

We foreigners, however, did go into Italy; and then back up to Munich, a wonderful spot blessed with the Bavarian people whose enthusiasm and energy know no bounds. "The chief city of the new regime," the Munich post mark calls it. It was the scene of the beer-cellar *Putsch* in 1923, at which time the embryonic party made its first demonstration; and in addition to all of this, it is undoubtedly the haven of good fellowship and good times. The day that we arrived was another monthly collection day. I had paid my eight cents on every collection day and received a button-hole tag. The only reason I knew for having one was to make walking easier. Somehow, we Americans are not geared just right to make any progress against tax collectors in brown shirts who insist on blocking the narrow sidewalk and shaking a tin cup in our faces and crying "*Winterhilfe*." I decided that, before I parted with another twenty pfennigs, I was going to find out why everybody delved into his pockets with a smile. Dangling my coin tantalizingly before the soldier, I set out.

"What do you do with this money?"

"It goes to the treasury for the relief of the poor."

"I thought you had no poor, no unemployment."

"That's right; we don't. We pay the salaries of the poor with this; the government takes care of charity."

It was worth the twenty pfennigs to be assured of what I had suspected. The unemployment problem was being solved by the unemployed. There they were in brown shirts, shaking their cups in the name of the government, collecting funds to pay their own salaries.

It flitted through my mind off and on all day how cleverly these people exacted these additional taxes; and I was very curious to know how much such a strenuous and highly organized way of soliciting would land in the treasury. In the *Hofbrau* house that night I spied a swastika-button-holed German boy in our party. I was sure he would not only know, but love to tell me. He did. One or two lead questions and subtle compliments on the patriotism and loyalty of the people, and it was out.

"Each month well over five hundred thousand dollars is collected in this way." What a nice tune the clinking of pfennigs plays!

#### V

Sunday of the next week we descended on our favorite cafe for lunch. A morning of falling



down and getting up on ice skates had stimulated our appetites to a new high. The jolly, middle-aged waitress, who held her own mug of beer as she took our orders, wore the same red skirt and white blouse she had worn since we came to Munich; but it was fresh each morning. Alas, it was *Eintopf Sonntag*, which, freely translated from the party language into English, means "one-dish Sunday." The menu offered only soup, heavy with cabbage and potatoes. It was bad enough to realize that was all we could get, but it was terrible to think we must pay the regular price of a meal for this. The German people were having a day of stomach discipline and we must have one too. Every home, every eating place was giving to the government collector the difference between the price of the ingredients of the one dish and that of a regular meal. I am not at all surprised that it amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Our genial hostess-waitress combination, hoping to calm our troubled spirits, assured us, "The German people don't mind at all. They really rather like it." I was a bit dubious as to whether "it" referred to the quantity or the quality of the meal. Having tasted it, and having given the German race its due intelligence quota, I decided "it" must be the quantity. And something definitely ascetic must have grown up during the past few years among these former lovers of the flesh-pots.

We went hungry, and we complained. We had paid eight cents on collection Saturday and had had to forego a couple of cigarettes on that account; but we had not paid any income tax in addition to all this, as the natives do. Yet merrily they swing along, and there is never a murmur about excessive taxation.

## VI

Gee, but it was cold on the morning of December the twenty-second of this year. It was only ten a. m., and I had already complained twice about the igloo atmosphere of my room. The courteous hotel clerk had reassured me that it was not cold at all—in fact that the thermometer in my room registered forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. I put on two of everything I had and joined the four hundred thousand Germans on Munich's *Ludwigstrasse*. The occasion was Ludendorff's funeral, the last rites of one of the greatest heroes of the World War. Grey-uniformed members of

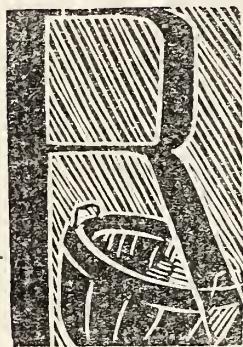
Ludendorff's regiment came first, then row after row of brownshirts carrying wreaths, then the sword and helmet topped casket, and finally more uniforms marching, marching, marching for three hours. It was a spectacular military parade—bands on horseback, camouflaged automobiles, tanks and a most impressive display of Germany's brass-buttoned man power. To lend a final touch of solemnity and grandeur to the occasion, Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, and Schacht were marching toward the renowned *Feldherrn Halle*. Every right hand was outstretched; every face showed an attitude of reverence; there was perfect silence. Into the midst of this silence, I ejected a note of despair, "I can't see." The stalwart German beside me, without a word, without dropping his right hand from the salute, placed me on his shoulders. I had a perfect view of Germany's idols. It was a great day in German history. Goebbels saw possibilities in the occasion and he capitalized on them. Veneration for the past heroes, for Germany's past glory, was tied up with admiration for the present and the future of new Germany. The leaders of National Socialism paid their respects to the accomplishments of the war generation. At the same time they put on an assuring display of the military power of Germany today. It was a great boost to the self confidence of the people. The propaganda department keeps the weather eye out for such opportunities; they know the people must be kept up to a peak of confidence and to a feeling of superiority, if the movement is to continue to ride the wave of its self-generated enthusiasm.

## VII

So goes life inside Germany today. Would you have guessed from our newspaper reports that it is bearable? It is not only bearable but pleasing to the majority. To a small and "too thoughtful" minority, it is quite distasteful, for this minority sees the roots of the country's cultural heritage, the foundations of its civilization, uprooted in the race for power. They question, not the efficiency of the methods employed to gain power, but the ultimate value of the goal toward which Adolf Hitler is striving.

The majority is thankful for enough to eat, a place to sleep. The government gives them this and with it the insurance for the success of the project—a sheltered intellectual existence. They are happy. Do you wonder why Hitler is powerful?

## Me and Woolhead and Old George



RUNT Shackleford skidded his bike around in front of us. We stopped on the curb and stuck our hands in our pockets.

"Hello, you pisswillies," he said, "be out in the woods after school if you want to get licked." He kicked one of the pedals on his bike and watched it twirl for a second.

Then he shifted back on his seat and grinned with his buck-teeth, kind of cocky-like, and made off toward the school-house.

Woolhead Mackintosh pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose. Sort of to pass the time. We all wanted to seem casual about it. Benner started to whistle "America" and Woolhead remarked that his cold was getting worse and I pointed out a robin's nest in a buck-eye tree across the street.

Finally Benner stopped whistling "America." "Well," he said, "we can't back out now. We'll round up Kutz and Danner and the rest of the gang."

"But, gosh," said Woolhead, "they're pretty tough. And those rocks they use. Boy, I don't want to get my head knocked off."

"Yeah, but we can't back out now. We'd never live it down." Benner knew.

And I agreed. We walked on. Taking our time. Woolhead was kicking an empty Calumet Baking Powder can. Old George was trotting along beside us. Old George was my dog. He wasn't really old. We just called him Old George. He was just a pup. An airedale. One of those crop-headed airedale pups with paws big like a colt's legs.

We got up to the school lawn. I put my Geography book down on the mumblety-peg rock.

"Get on back home there, Old George," I said. "Go on." He knew. He knew I always let him come up to the mumblety-peg rock and then he'd go on home. He trotted on back. Stubborn and sort of stiff.

### II

After school I met Woolhead at Spring's grocery store and we hurried up Lake street to the woods. Old George lazed along behind us, taking it easy. Woolhead wasn't saying much. He yanked his sling out of the back pocket of his yellow corduroys, looked at it like he was praying for it to be good to him, stretched it a couple of times, and put it back. He was sort of pale.

We got back to the shack and Benner and Kutz and the rest of the gang was all there. They wasn't saying much. Benner picked up Old George and took him into the shack and put him in the basket we had there for him. Old George tried to get out but Benner hung the basket up to the ceiling on an old nail where we sometimes kept our treasury can hung to and even Old George was scared to jump down. It was enough to be worrying about yourselves without having a dog to worry about.

Well, I called the gang together.

"Gang," I said, "we got to fight. Let's fight the best we can. We got to fight if we don't want everybody in Pearl Street School to call us yellow-bellies. What do you say?"

They just nodded. We all circled around in a circle and put our hands one on top of the others like the high-school basket-ball team did. All at once Woolhead broke loose.

"Let's go get those dang sons-of-guns," he yelled. The rest of us jumped up and began yelling. Our main trouble was that we couldn't swear very good. We couldn't swear at all. Something just stopped us. And Runt Shackleford's gang was the swearingest gang in town.

We all flocked out from our little clearing toward the old tennis courts deeper in the woods. When we got there Runt Shackleford and his gang was already there. Over on the opposite side taking it easy. One of them hollered something we couldn't hear and all of them clumped together and started to idle in toward us. We eased in too.

JOHN THIBAUT, a sophomore from Marion, Ohio, writes a first story about keenly remembered childhood experiences which were hardly "intimations of immortality." In college he has studied under Phillips Russell, and he plans to major in philosophy.



We heard them give off some low rumblings like thunder in the summer. We sort of rumbled too.

"No rocks," Woolhead hollered out. They sort of laughed. They was pretty close to us by that time.

"Well, you little sons-of-bitches," said Runt Shackleford, "what do you want to do? Play ping-pong?" He stepped out and looked at Woolhead. Woolhead wasn't very big. "Well, why don't you little sissies start something?" Runt said.

"Why don't you start something?" Woolhead said.

"Why don't you start something?" they said.

"Why don't you start something?" we said. Neither of us was doing much of anything.

All at once there was Old George. He was yipping and tearing out from the woods and heading right toward us.

"Get back there, Old George," I hollered. But he kept coming. He ran right up and stood in

front of Runt Shackleford and barked like a mad dog.

"Get that God-damn pup out of here," Runt said. He reached down and picked up a rock and before any of us could stop him he had caught Old George right on the head with the rock. Old George just squealed and rolled over and squirmed. Then he yipped and sort of cried and the blood was all over his head.

I don't know. It was just like somebody had put a black sheet over my head. I couldn't see anything.

"Why you goddamsonofabitch," I hollered. I must of tore in swinging wild and loose. I wanted to kill that bastard I guess. Something caught me on the head. A rock maybe. I must of dropped right beside Old George. I could hear some moans and sobs and something was wet on my face. I must of fell right on Old George.



## When God Is Dead

*After this earth-born fire has ceased to burn,  
After the God has vanished from our breasts,  
Will, then, the age-old heritage return,  
From the deep ancient tomb wherein it rests?  
Will the faint innocent mortal hope yet live  
Under the weight of purblind centuries,  
Ready to leap, ready again to give  
Sustenance to the wretched from their cries?  
When man has seen the idols in his heart,  
The substance of his own apostate fears,  
That being man, he built above the spheres,  
To allay the weak impermanence of art,  
Will you, O primal hope, return again,  
Or under the Godhead lie forever slain?*

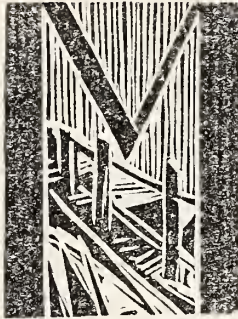
—LEE MANNING WIGGINS.

## Interpretation

*If I should make of life a private thing  
And cherish beauty like a gloating miser,  
My dying day would find me wondering  
Why contemplation left me none the wiser.  
Or if I should devote myself to man,  
Seeking perfection in benevolence,  
I would forget, as anybody can,  
The inmost spirit's latent puissance.  
But love is neither waste nor withering:  
We whisper—I to you and you to me—  
A common lyric language, heralding  
The spirit's richness and its unity.  
So we have found fulfillment in a kiss,  
Knowing there is no deeper peace than this.*

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.

## Out Yonder So Beautiful



ANDY LEE walked lightly up the steps of a shack in Shantytown.

"Caroline!" she called.

"Heah I is in de kitchen, honey. Come on in."

"Chile, I done brought back dat sugar I borrowed frum you las' week," she said as she walked into the kitchen where

Caroline was washing up the dishes.

"Thank you, Mandy," said Caroline weakly, mopping her forehead.

A lid from an old baking powder can rolled from under the table, and Mandy Lee feigned fright. "Law me," she said, making as if to go under the table, "if it ain' little Joe his self. How is you, honey?"

"I'se all right, Mis' Mandy," grinned the little black boy. He was surrounded with old cans and bottles and lids.

Mandy Lee set the sugar down on the table.

"I shoulda brought dis back yistiddy," she said, "but Lawd, honey, dey's so much to do."

"Dat's all right," said Caroline, reeling slightly, and gripping the table as if to keep from falling. "I ain' been needin' it none."

Mandy Lee stepped closer and looked sharply at her neighbor.

"Is you sick, girl?" she asked.

"No, chile, I ain' sick. Whut make you say dat?"

Mandy Lee looked her up and down. "Yes you is sick, too," she said. "Heah! Give me dat dryin' rag! You set right down over there whilst I dry dese plates."

Mandy Lee was rubbing the chinaware vigorously, and muttering to herself.

"No 'count man," she said, "runnin' off an' leavin' his woman an' chile without nothin'—an' her havin' to take in ironin' an' washin' 'til she gits so weak she cain' stan' up!

"All time runnin' aroun' shirkin' 'sponsibility jes' 'cause he cain' stay in one place. 'Out yonder,'

he say, 'cause a man's gotta put some *distance* under his heels.' Humph! No 'count man . . ."

Mandy Lee rubbed for a while in silence. Then she laid a plate down slowly, pulled up a chair beside Caroline, and took Little Joe into her lap.

"Caroline, is you heard anything from Big Joe lately?" she asked quietly. "Ain' he sent you no money yet?"

Caroline shook her head and looked in her lap at her hands.

"No, Mandy, I ain' heard nothin' frum Big Joe since he lef' off las' August."

"An he ain' sent you no money?"

"No, he ain' sent me none."

"Hmmm," said Mandy Lee as if to acknowledge that there was nothing she could do. Then she turned Little Joe around in her lap so she could see his face. "Is you gone do like dat?" she asked him.

Little Joe squirmed in her lap and hid his face between her breasts.

She held him out again. "I say is you gone do like dat? Is you gone run off an' leave yo' woman an' chile without nothin' when you grows up? Is you? Is you?"

Little Joe slid out of her lap and crawled up his mother's legs. Caroline held him tightly.

Mandy Lee shook her head sorrowfully. Then she pulled her chair nearer to Caroline.

"You loves old Big Joe, don't you honey?" she asked softly.

"Yes, I loves him, Mandy. You knows I loves him."

"Yes, I knows it, honey, an' Big Joe does too. Dat's one reason how come he runs off an' shirks his 'sponsibility like he does."

Caroline was rubbing Little Joe's arm. "No, dat ain' the reason, Mandy. Big Joe loves me too. I knows he does. An' I knows he loves Little Joe, too—Little Joe whut looks so much like him.

"He cain' help shirkin' 'sponsibility jest like I cain' help lovin' him. Hit's jest somethin' in his blood, honey. *He cain' help it.* His mind gits to dreamin' an' his heels git to itchin' and it look so purty to him out yonder . . ."

CLARY THOMPSON is a journalism senior who spends most of his time in Sanford running a newspaper. Having grown up in the country near Sanford, he has known and observed all his life such Negroes as the ones in this story.



II

*Roll on buddy, how come  
You rolls so slow?  
Baby how can I roll  
When de logs won't go?*

Lige pulled out a red bandana handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his face as he looked up at the steam spurting from the closing time whistle.

"Lawd, I sho' is glad to hear dat thing blow today," he said earnestly. "Seem lak dese here ol' logs an' dat ol' cant hook gits heavier and heavier as de day wears on."

"Uh huh," said Big Joe dully.

"Listen at him!" said Lige reproachfully as they walked toward the bunk house. "'Uh huh, uh huh.' Ever time anybody say anything to him hit's jest 'Uh huh!' Whut's de matter wid you man? Cain' you talk no mo'?"

"I'se jest tired," said Big Joe.

"Jest tired!" said Lige. "You'se been lak dat for two weeks—an' you want dat way when you come heah."

"Uh huh," said Big Joe.

"Don't you 'Uh huh' me no mo', man!"

III

After supper Big Joe and Lige sat on a pile of lumber near the mill.

"You wants to brace up, man," said Lige. "Why, Monday mawnin' you starts bossin' dem nine men over on de log pile! You know whut dat means, Big Joe? Dat means 'sponsibility, and you oughta be glad. I'se been here three years an' I ain' had no 'sponsibility atall. You'se been here three mont's and now you'se got nine men. You wants to brace up an' wake up inside yo'self!"

"Uh huh," said Big Joe. "I knows how you means, Lige. I knows how you means all right, but I ain' goin' to be here Monday mawnin'. I'se got a *feelin'* in my soul. I'se got to be *gittin' out yonder*, Lige, an' I'se hittin' the lonesome road in the mawnin'."

IV

One bright morning in April Big Joe came walking down the path to his shack in Shantytown. He was happy, and he had a smile on his face.

"Caroline!" he called, bounding upon the porch.

But Caroline didn't answer, and he called again. And again she didn't answer. Then he called Little Joe, and Little Joe didn't answer—and then he looked about him.

\* The door was locked. Weeds were growing up between the boards of the porch floor. Spider webs were hanging on the posts, and a long winding vine had crawled into a broken window.

"Uh huh," said Big Joe, "ain' nobody to home."

After a while he stuck his hands in his pockets and walked down the path to Mandy Lee's.

He found her sitting in the door peeling potatoes.

"Mawnin', Big Joe," she said as he approached. "Come in."

"Mawnin'," said Big Joe as he sat down in the sun on the steps.

Mandy Lee washed the dirt off a potato and attacked it with her paring knife.

"Sho' is nice weather today," she drawled.

"Yes'm, sho' is."

Big Joe fidgeted on the steps and looked away off for a long time. Then he turned to Mandy Lee.

"You knows whut I come for," he said.

"Yes, I knows, Big Joe."

"Where she at?"

Mandy Lee laid her potato and paring knife aside. Then she folded her hands in her lap and looked straight at Big Joe.

"Big Joe," she said, "I could tell you mighty quick where at she is, but 'fore dat comes a long story, part of which you knows. You'se a 'sponsibility shirkin' man, Big Joe, an' I 'spects de Lawd is gonna re-pay you one way or the other."

"Is she d-dead?" Big Joe whispered.

"Nevermine is she dead or is she ain'," said Mandy Lee. "Effn she is, it's yo fault, an' effn she ain', it *ain'* yo' fault."

"An'-an', Little Joe?" he asked.

"You oughtn't to be told about Little Joe atall," she said, "but he's run away to his Aunt Lucy's."

"An' Caroline . . . Tell me where at she is!"

"You'se a 'sponsibility shirkin' man, Big Joe, an' the jedgment of de Lawd is gonna visit you. Runnin' off on yo' out yonders an' leavin' a po' weak woman to work out a livin' for herself an' yo' boy! An' it wouldn' be so bad effn she didn pine herself away lookin' for you to come back, jest a standin' there in the do' a lookin' and a cryin'."

Mandy Lee picked up her paring knife and flourished it.

"I tell yo' where she at, Big Joe! I tell yo' where she at, an' it's yo' fault too!"

"W-where?" he begged.

"She's in de hospital, an' I 'spects she's a dyin' right now!"

Big Joe bounded down the steps.

V

A nurse in the white hospital led Big Joe down two long halls, up an elevator, down another hall to a wide white room full of people in beds and said, "There she is—over there."

"Hello, honey," said Big Joe. He bent over the bed.

The wan face on the pillow looked quizzical for a moment, then it brightened and smiled.

"Big Joe!" she whispered, trying to rise. "Big Joe! I knowed you'd come back! I knowed you would! I jest *knowed* it!"

"Sho', sho', cou'se I come back, honey; cou'se I would. Sho'."

"Big Joe?"

"Whut is it, honey?"

"Did yo' go far dis time?"

"Yeah, honey, a long ways. Fac' is, I went all over de Eas'. A man's gotta do some gittin' aroun', you know."

"Yes, Big Joe, I know."

"But I did'n git so many jobs of work dis time."

"You did'n?"

"Yeah, dat's how come I did'n sen' you no money, you know."

"Yeah, I know, Big Joe."

Caroline smiled weakly, and took Big Joe's hand in hers.

"Big Joe, did yo' know dat I knows about yo' out yonders, de way yo' gits to feelin' way down in yo' soul to be gittin' out yonder down some lonesome road?"

"Well honey, I-I don' know . . . But sho' nuff, dat's jest de way I does feel. A man's gotta put some *distance* behin' him."

Caroline patted his big hand.

"Yes, Big Joe," she said, "everbody's got to put some distance behind him."

They were quiet for a moment.

"Big Joe," she said softly after a while, "I'm goin' to take a long trip too."

Big Joe brightened.

"Well now, is yo', honey? Sho' nuff!"

"Yeah, Big Joe, I'se goin' to take a long trip too."

"Dat's fine, honey! Dat's fine! Yo' know, I'se nearbout got dat ole gittin' aroun' feelin' in my soul again too. You hurry up and git outen here an' us'll take dat long trip together."

"No, Big Joe, I'se got to take dis trip by myself."

"I know, but honey, us ain' never gone on a trip together."

Caroline smiled.

"Big Joe."

"Whut, honey?"

"I wants yo' to promise me somethin' befo' I goes."

"Whut, honey?"

"I'se goin' on a long trip, an' I wants yo' to promise to look out for Little Joe whilst I'se gone."

"Sho' honey, I'll look out for Little Joe, but . . ."

"A long, long trip, Big Joe," she said, "a long, long trip. I'se gotta be gittin' down dat lonesome road."

VI

Little Joe was walking the floor, and his sweet-heart was crying.

"Ain' I done had dem ole weary blues long enough, girl? Is I gotta stay in one place all my life an' never git any *distance* under my heels? I'se eighteen! I'se a man now, girl, an' I'se gotta be gittin' aroun' some."

"But you say you loves me, honey."

"Sho' I loves you, girl, but ain' no use in dat standin' twixt me an' my ole suitcase takin' us a little trip. I'se gotta git out yonder some."

"Talk to him an' make him stay, Big Joe," said the girl.

Big Joe smiled sorrowfully and knowingly. He spat, and looked away off for a long time. Then he looked at the girl.

"Chile, it ain' no use," he said. "It's a ole deep burnin' in his soul, an' they ain' nothin' but gittin' aroun' 'll quench it. They's somethin' out yonder he's got to find. It's somethin' a shimmerin' pretty in the distance, an' he won't find it, but he's got to go. He's gotta wear it clean out of his weary soul."

"But I loves him! I loves him, I tell you! He *cain'* go!"

"Sho' now, but I is goin'," said Little Joe. "Thow me some clothes in my suitcase, woman, an' then tell me a sweet goodbye, for I'se a man whut's leavin' heah."

Little Joe walked out in the yard and looked all around. Then he looked straight into the west.

"De wes' is de bes'," he said. "It look purty out yonder. I'se gotta shake off dese here ole weary blues, an' I guess I'll be gittin' aroun' some, down dis ole lonesome road."



## Carolina's Greatest Political Campaign—II

### *How the New-Born University Party Stood Its First Acid Test*

THE candidates whom the leaders of the University and All-Campus parties cast into the political arena were moved by more than a mere desire to win the election. Each side was fighting "the good fight," "a righteous crusade," even "a Holy War." Alex Webb drummed into the University Party men the idea that they had been double-crossed by the bolting fraternities, and stirred them to vengeance at the polls. Similarly "Mamma" Rose talked loudly of the danger of "S. A. E. Tyranny" and whipped his candidates into useful anger against "the clique that had broken the old political agreement."

However questionable their arguments, the politicians bred an exceptional bitterness in campaigning—a bitterness that cut clean across the campus and eventually made the entire student body, even the sophisticated inmates of the Graduate Club, take sides. The nightly tramp through the dormitories of candidates for everything from president of the student body to treasurer of the rising sophomore class forced even the most distinterested to listen to campaign arguments. The parade and oratory continued until signs bluntly and testily stating "NO POLITICIANS WANTED HERE" began to appear. Alarmed that the spoken word and personal contact had begun to pall, the political workers shifted to handbills which flooded dormitory rooms and made a small fortune for the local print shops. Florid oratory gave way to discreet persuasion in class, in the Book X, at the movies, and even in the voters' bedrooms.

The intensity with which the two parties fought for the unpledged and decisive non-fraternity vote was unexpectedly accelerated by the local after-effects of the Roosevelt bank holiday. President Graham, fearful lest vacationing students be stranded at home, wisely shifted the spring quarter vacation from the middle of March to the second week in April. This gave the politicians a solid month for politicking, an opportunity which they

seized upon almost to the exhaustion of the campus.

#### II

While the scores of political workers were frantically button-holing prospective voters, the steering committees eyed the coming staff nominations of the four publications. Don Shoemaker had the *Tar Heel's* sewed up, but the rest would go to the party which did the most vigorous politicking. Nutt Parsley, S. A. E. editor of the *Yackety Yack*, shocked his fraternity brother, Alex Webb, beyond speech by unexpectedly announcing that his staff election would be held on a day when more than half a dozen certain voters for Alex Andrews would be absent. A severe conflict ensued between Nutt's remarkable sense of honor and Webb's equally remarkable sense of expediency. The redoubtable S. A. E. spirit finally won out; Nutt changed the day (still thinking he had done something vaguely dishonorable); and Andrews won the nomination. Meanwhile Shoemaker had swamped Carr for the *Tar Heel* and Bobbie Mason had virtually made Karl Sprinkle a present of the *Buccaneer* nomination.

There remained the *Magazine*. Evidently the All-Campus Party considered its nomination on ice for E. C. Daniel, for it had brought no pressure on Beta Editor Bob Barnett. Thoroughly unpolitical, Bob announced a staff meeting for one Sunday night but neglected to add in his *Tar Heel* notice that he would call for the staff nomination at the same meeting. With good intentions he told the candidates of his omission on Sunday morning. Daniel took the news calmly and confidently; and his opponent, Mary Frances Parker, who was equally confident that she couldn't win the nomination, asked Joe Sugarman "to be sure to be there, so that her name at least would be put up." That evening, however, when she walked into the meeting, she gave a start. Including herself there were only eleven people in the room, and she quickly realized that only three would

|| JOE SUGARMAN, campus big-shot, 1933-35, had so much fun writing this detailed and amusing inside story of the campus election of 1933 that he asked to be allowed to continue his series with an article on the campaign of 1934-35, which will be published next month. ||

vote against her. Daniel, sure that he would win and busily pushing Shoemaker's campaign, hadn't bothered to round up even his fraternity brothers. Mary Frances Parker walked out with an 8-3 victory.

As soon as the meeting broke up, there were snarls of protest from the All-Campus Party. Two Daniel supporters, who had arrived too late to vote, angrily charged the innocent Barnett with everything from gross stupidity to deliberate fraud and demanded a new election. They insisted that there had been no public announcement of a staff nomination that night. Barnett, who was in the uncomfortable position of rooming with Beta-boss Charlie Rose, was completely bewildered. After holding that the election had been fair and was final, he consented to another vote if Mary Frances Parker was willing. Sportsmanship and Alex Webb's confidence that victory could be won again made the lady willing.

Four days of frantic vote-chasing followed. Politicians ran down the most obscure contributors to the magazine, rang in illustrators, and even tried to make the circulation staff eligible. Several shy or blasé writers refused to come to the second election but volunteered proxy votes. As the All-Campus Party began to see that most of these were going to Mary Frances Parker they ordered Barnett to rule proxies out, but he steadfastly refused. When the second election was held, Joe Sugarman hauled eleven proxies from his vest pocket, and Mary Frances Parker won again by better than 2-1.

As the day of election, April 6, approached, it became clear that the Carr-Shoemaker battle would be the closest of the entire campaign. Like most of the candidates they had issued platforms which were astonishingly similar; it was Carr, the frog-voiced Rotarian, against Shoemaker, the shy pundit. Benny ate at Swain Hall, knocked out flies to the ball club and tore through the dormitories halloing everyone three or four times. Shoemaker's campaigning was well-intentioned but poorly-handled. Long afterward his campaign manager sorrowfully recalled that he would customarily spend a precious half-hour in one dormitory room, chatting amiably with a kindred spirit on international affairs or the New Deal.

### III

Meanwhile that spectre most dreaded by campus politicians—an independent candidate—had twice become a reality. Into the sharp struggle between Barnes and Cate for the presidency had

intruded Ben C. Proctor. Something of a radical and a good deal of a torment to those who never questioned anything on the campus, Proctor had built up a non-fraternity following in the lower quadrangle. He announced his candidacy "to unmask the fraternity frame-ups." With his non-fraternity support Proctor was a greater threat to Barnes, but Lindy Cate imprudently stuck out his chin by attacking him and thereby lost some of his own non-fraternity backing. Although nobody else did, Proctor considered it a huge joke that he was running against the University Party, whose chairman, Herb Taylor, employed him in the bad-check office.

The other independent candidate bid for the *Magazine*. He was C. K. Carmichael, whose major literary splurge up to that time had been open forum letters in the daily upholding the honor of Southern womanhood, which had been vaguely questioned by a *Tar Heel* editorial writer. Through the wit of Bob Berryman, *Tar Heel* columnist, Carmichael had, however, earned a certain usable notoriety. In a merciless satire of his protesting letters, Berryman had dubbed him "Z. K. Comikle," a name which, despite its scornful intent, was repeated much too often and much too good-humoredly for the comfort of the party politicians.

### IV

The excitement reached a natural climax in the election-eve windups of both parties. Each had been preparing a stunt with the greatest secrecy, but neither they nor the campus at large bargained for the excitement that actually developed. On the whole, for vigor, surprise, and showmanship, the night of April 5 has probably seldom been surpassed in any college political campaign.

The high command of the All-Campus Party drew first blood by snaring Memorial Hall for its last-night pep rally. The Sigma Nus persuaded their fraternity brother, Charlie Price, founder of the party, to be the principal speaker, and the Phi Delta Thetas grandiloquently drafted their instructor in history, Roland Parker, to act as chairman. So far as is known this is the most active part a faculty member has ever played in student politics.

The University Party countered by offering a speech from Professor E. J. Woodhouse (a practice which became a sentimental annual event for the government professor). For a meeting place it had to be content with the comparatively tiny Gerrard Hall. But the restless brain of Alex Webb



longed for a master stroke. Early in election week he conceived what was to be the outstanding event of the campaign—a torchlight parade by the entire University Party. His colleagues went to work with tremendous energy, and by Tuesday night banners, torches, and standards had littered the S. A. E. house beyond recognition.

In his enthusiasm for the parade Bob Novins of the T. E. P.'s tall-storied it to the point where he had even Taylor and Vass Shepherd believing that he had actually contacted cameramen from Pathé News to take pictures of the event. The possibility of getting in the movies (even in a night shot) brought even the most blasé member of the party into line for the parade.

The hub-bub resulting from this rumour of photographers about to descend upon the campus made the All-Campus Party furious. They jeered at the possibility openly, but behind closed doors Tom Rose and Ed French planned a motorcade which would sweep the University Party marchers off the street and be in the most favorable spot for the cameramen, should they turn up.

The torchlight parade got under way shortly after dinner and marched down Cameron Avenue toward the Arboretum. Fully 300 students swung along behind a huge truck, on top of which was placed a brass band screaming forth "Hark the Sound" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Somewhere in the midst of the band Benny Carr had perched himself, and he used his vantage point to top the band for sheer noise-making. More than a hundred torches waved dangerously close to the candidates' cloth standards; and even "Snake" Webb began to fear that in the general excitement, what with people rushing madly in and out of the ranks, someone would be badly burned.

As the procession turned up Hillsboro Street toward Spencer Hall, Webb's fear became real. Tearing down the road straight toward the torchlight procession was Tom Rose's motorcade. A few sirens screeched above the honk of a hundred horns and the headlights of half the automobiles in Fraternity Court all but blinded the University Party marchers. Some of them became panicky as they realized that the two parades could hardly pass without a serious collision on the narrow street. As the cars approached, however, some unsung hero miraculously single-filed the torchlight procession and avoided serious accident.

When the All-Campus Party drivers saw a few of the torchbearers dash off wildly into the field along the street, they jubilantly considered that

they had smashed the parade and that the street was theirs. Tom Rose, in the lead, swung his car far over to the left side of the road, almost squarely into chaotic ranks of the torchlight parade. Why no one was injured will probably never be known. Some enraged University Party men attempted to thrust their flaming torches into the cars, and others showered the All-Campus men with stones, tufts of grass, anything they could grasp. In the position of the attacker attacked, and fearful lest his car be wrecked, Rose swung it as quickly as he could to the other side of the street and, amid the jeers of the University Party, led his followers around to Cameron Avenue.

The parades continued in opposite directions and soon met again on Franklin Street. This was broad enough, however, to remove the possibility of accident; and little besides angry accusations against Tom Rose of attempted murder, threats of reprisals by both groups, and Benny Carr's uncanny screeching marked the second meeting. As the parades paused in front of the Carolina Theatre, several stentorian All-Campus Party men roared over to Bob Novins, "Where's your Pathé News now?"

Almost forgotten in the previous excitement, the question of the cameramen rose immediately to the lips of the University Party as well. Embarrassed but hardly flabbergasted, Novins yelled back that they were late. For proof of his faith that pictures would be taken, he urged Herb Taylor to have the torchlight parade continue around the block once more. As the bickering over the non-existent moviemens became heated, someone (possibly Benny Carr) heaved a couple of eggs into the cars of the All-Campus Party. Tom Rose, afraid that a brawl on the main street might bring the police, stepped on the gas, and once more an open conflict was averted.

V

Fifteen minutes later the heat of oratory had replaced the heat of torches and tempers. The University Party overflowed Gerrard Hall so that the candidates themselves had to sit on the floor in front of the platform. Because he was the best orator in the party, Sparks Griffin, head of the Lambda Chi Alphas, had been delegated to preside. Possibly too fully fortified for the ordeal and possibly because of the extraordinary emergencies, Griffin proved a remarkable chairman. He had become the wonder of the campus overnight by his unusual and original speech nominating Harper Barnes. Unwilling to stoop to the routine

monotonous recounting of his candidate's achievements, Griffin had simply risen in his seat in the middle of Memorial Hall and proclaimed, "I nominate Harper Barnes. What more can be said?"

No such economy of words characterized his chairmanship at the evening meeting. He seemed determined to have every single candidate, campaign manager, and political worker make a speech preceded by a uniformly long and descriptive introduction. Finally, when he had worked his way through about a third of the party's membership, he called on Bob Novins, to whom speech-making was even more pleasurable than promising Pathé News pictures.

Already on the spot for his elaborate prevarication, Novins proceeded with cautious dignity. As he grasped the lectern, the hall suddenly went black. Rotten eggs, cabbages, tomatoes and assorted soft fruit and vegetables smacked and sloshed into the closely-packed crowd. A tomato caught Novins on the shoulder, but he bellowed for silence and roared out his wrath at the All-Campus Party, whom he rightly suspected of having turned the meeting into a madhouse. As the darkness continued, his raucous voice added to the pandemonium.

When the lights finally came on, Novins, still clutching the reading table, was pouring terrible scorn on Tom Rose; Mary Frances Parker was removing a smashed rotten egg from her lap; Joe Gant was wiping tomato juice from his broad cheek; and Professor Woodhouse was daintily kicking a cabbage out of the aisle where it had bounced off someone's head. The crowd began to yell for a mass attack on Memorial Hall, where the All-Campus Party was meeting; but with lofty disdain Herb Taylor cannily reminded them that a drubbing at the polls would be the best vengeance.

Whatever settling Taylor had achieved was quickly undone by the fervor of Alex Webb. After extolling Benny Carr and reviewing the careers of half a dozen candidates, Webb, his face contorted with genuine hatred, leaned over and hissed, "And remember this tomorrow at the polls, the University Party plays fair, not like those sons of dogs and daughters of dogs over there in Memorial Hall!" Wild cheers greeted this pronouncement, which was destined to become a classic of campus abuse, but at the same time a few squeamish Pi Phis picked themselves up and primly scurried from the hall.

While Webb and the succeeding speakers were praising the University Party ticket individually and collectively, the All-Campus Party in the more spacious Memorial Hall had been holding a comparatively quiet meeting. Their oratorical guns, John Wilkinson, Hamilton Hobgood, and Dan Kelly, boomed away at the S. A. E.'s, the Dekes and the rest of the "traitors," but nothing much happened except for Wilkinson's spectacular, if irrelevant, introduction into his speech of part of the Gettysburg Address. It remained for the University Party to furnish the fireworks.

Despite Taylor's remonstrances, the University Party would hardly have been human had it not tried to retaliate. A small corps of freshmen and sophomores led by big Murray Kanner stole into the balcony and at a given signal let fly their own supply of rotten eggs and vegetables. The All-Campus Party must have expected something like this, for hands quickly reached for ammunition and a wild battle followed. Eventually outnumbered and in danger of being caught without ammunition, Kanner and his crowd ran from the balcony toward Gerrard Hall. The spirit of battle had seized them so thoroughly that they no longer cared whom they smote, so they hurled their remaining eggs and vegetables at their own party members seated quietly listening to Professor Woodhouse intone on the morality of campus politics.

## VI

After such a spirited campaign, election day itself fulfilled every expectation for a new high in contention and excitement. From Alumni Hall to Graham Memorial there stretched two solid lines of students issuing pamphlets, and the crush of workers around the polling booth frequently barred the voters' way. The exit was almost as crowded with workers checking off the fraternity voters and the drivers of the motor squadrons, directed by Tom Rose and Joe Gant.

The mood of attack so violent the night previous had altered into mutual stony disregard, with only diehards, like John Wilkinson or Joe Gant, exchanging thoroughly bad-natured cracks. The spirit of destruction continued, however, for someone had smeared Don Shoemaker's orange handbills to read that he was "the 'official' nominee running for the editorship of the Daily 'Heel'." A few devoted Pikas slapped back soon after Carr's enormous standard was erected by half-tearing it from its frame. There were, of course, repeated attempts to discover each party's cache for its



literature; and one successful foray into an S. A. E. auto resulted in the shredding of scores of Andrews' handbills. The most spectacular demonstration of the morning occurred at chapel period, when more than thirty law students marched to the polls in a body from Carr dormitory, shouting "Barnes" all the way.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, John Wilkinson craftily tested an old political trick. Surreptitiously he began to circulate a rumour that the Student Council had begun to tally the votes and that Cate was leading, with Barnes and Proctor far behind. As the report gained credence among the would-be voters, who naturally showed signs of wanting to jump on the fictitious bandwagon, Alex Webb and Herb Taylor frantically called on President Haywood Weeks to deny the rumour. Upset by the problem of handling the heaviest voting in the history of the University, Weeks confusedly announced to the crowd, "I wish to say that no ballots have been cast." He corrected himself amid cheers from the University Party and Ben Proctor's grin. Faced by triumphant jibes from the University Party, Wilkinson hotly denied that he had started the rumour and pugnaciously offered to fight anyone "who has besmirched my political reputation."

Comedy relief for the frayed nerves of the politicians was provided by the co-eds who, with Mary Frances Parker running for the *Magazine*, were in their first important campus-wide campaign. Appreciation of the comedy was strictly confined to the All-Campus Party politicians, who hugely enjoyed the trouble that the Pi Phis gave Webb, Taylor and Gant. That sorority, despite the fact Miss Parker was its candidate, had decided the night before (possibly because of Webb's abusive remark) that it would not work for the entire University Party ticket. The old brother-sister relationship with the Betas had swung back into action, and Webb and his men mournfully watched the girls bring in votes for Cate and Shoemaker. The Pi Phis became so mixed up that some of them even tried to snare votes for Mary Frances Parker with All-Campus Party placards. Over and over again, Joe Gant swore, "We'll never run a skirt again as long as I'm around." And the party kept his oath for five years thereafter.

It remained for Uncle Billy McDade, ancient custodian of Graham Memorial, to make the most penetrating observation on the whole affair. When the Council retired at 5 p. m. to count the votes

and the politicians sprawled in the lounge, Uncle Billy surveyed the front of the building and sighed, "If they elected everybody in the United States they wouldn't make as much mess as they got out there!"

## VII

No one seemed prepared for the tallying to take so long as it actually did. But the contests for 32 offices had produced almost 2,000 votes, and the Council dug in for a terrific session. The weary candidates, political workers and curious observers hung around Graham Memorial throughout the evening, grateful for the bulletins shouted down from the Student Council office at more than hourly intervals. It was not, however, until well after midnight that final results began to be announced. And these were only in the class offices. Here the All-Campus Party had swept the three presidencies, won two out of three of the Student Councilships, but had lost almost all the other minor class offices. The two Roses, Wilkinson, and French exuded confidence and settled down to wait for the returns on the campus-wide offices.

The counting dragged through the entire night. Except for those who fell asleep in the lounge and the underlings stationed there to report to the captains, the crowd gradually dispersed to fraternity houses and dormitories. The major concentrations were at the S. A. E. and Sigma Chi houses, where returns were phoned as often as the tired council would make a temporary total. The *Tar Heel* was forced to go to press without the final result.

As the returns were announced, several of the contests see-sawed in an exciting fashion. Carr and Shoemaker were running as closely as expected; first Ivey, then Sprinkle was leading for the *Buccaneer*; Andrews and Long frequently swapped their slender leads for the *Yackety Yack*; and Greer and Bray continued in a dead heat for the vice-presidency of the student body.

The last ballot was recorded about 7 a. m., and the totals were quickly phoned to the waiting politicians and candidates (many of the latter had gone to bed, overcome by exhaustion). By and large, the University Party won a decisive victory in the campus offices. Both Barnes and Mary Frances Parker would be obliged to stage run-off elections, thanks to just enough votes for Proctor and Carmichael; but elsewhere the party scored heavily. Of first importance was its conquest of the three other editorships; Carr, Ivey and Andrews all won by narrow pluralities, 67, 20, and

70 respectively. Both Dave McCachren and Norment Quarles piled up huge leads for the presidency and vice-presidency of the athletic association. The All-Campus Party made a minor sweep of two positions on the Debate Council and three on the P. U. Board. In the closest race of the entire contest, Lee Greer beat Benton Bray for the vice-presidency of the student body, by a scant nine votes. With six major offices, including three important editorships, and with Barnes leading Cate by a comfortable 195 votes, the University Party tumbled into bed that morning to dream true dreams of victory.

### VIII

The run-off had been set for Friday, April 8, which left the politicians only one day to mend their fences. Very possibly the intervening Thursday was the most completely political day ever passed at the Hill. When the politicians finally awoke in the afternoon, they fell to their work with a fury. The University Party, riding high on its success, was anxious to complete the work by electing Barnes and Mary Frances Parker. Proctor refused to pledge his support to either Barnes or Cate, but Carmichael assured the University Party he would back its candidate for the *Magazine*.

Tom Rose, meanwhile, was feverishly attempting to salvage what he could. Despite the infinite number of executive committeeships he offered on the strength of his three presidents-elect, he failed to win over a single University Party fraternity. Desperately he then approached the Pi Kappa Phis with what looked to him like a good proposition: the University Party would withdraw Mary Frances Parker, the All-Campus Party would sacrifice Lindy Cate, and there would be no bother about a run-off. Without even consulting anyone the Pi Kapps loftily showed Rose the door and prepared to carry the fight to a finish.

While this and a score of similar deals were boiling, the All-Campus Party suffered another reverse. Specifically it was the Pikas who were affected, but it generally weakened the Party's morale. The Pikas had already lost heavily with Shoemaker and Sprinkle in the election; but even as the returns were coming in, they took satisfaction in the knowledge that their Bob Woerner was a sure bet for managing editor of the *Tar Heel*. But when the P. U. Board met that afternoon to make its selection, a strict party vote handed the office to the Phi Kappa Sigma, Tom Walker. That blow literally sent the Pikas to the political clean-

ers, whence they have never returned. Soon to follow them was the All-Campus Party.

The run-off itself astonished everyone by drawing an even larger vote than the Wednesday election. Perhaps the most remarkable feature was the absence of Candidate Mary Frances Parker. Although she had trailed E. C. Daniel by 40 votes, she went off to a conference in Virginia. Barnes, about whose success few had any doubt, went to the movies during the tallying and did not learn until half an hour after most of the student body that he had won the presidency by almost 300 votes. The All-Campus Party had some small consolation in E. C. Daniel's victory over Mary Frances Parker.

The following week-end saw numerous celebrations by the University Party, which had now clearly won the election. None of these, however, became half so renowned as the famous Pika "Consolation Party." Original and good-humored even in the depths of keenly-felt defeat, Don Shoemaker threw a party for the vanquished of his own party, to which he magnanimously, if somewhat ironically, invited unsuccessful University Party candidates such as Mary Frances Parker, Lonnie Dill, and Nat Townsend. For sheer abandon, the Pika party has probably had few equals on the campus—few parties, indeed, have had such good reason for abandon. Runner-up would certainly be the one-man anticipation of the sitdown strike carried on by Bobbie Mason, who his fraternity brothers thought would never get over the defeat of Karl Sprinkle for the *Buccaneer*. For more than twenty-four hours Mason sat stupefied on the tiny porch of the A. T. O. house softly but bitterly cursing the S. A. E.'s, Herb Taylor, Joe Gant, and, most of all, Pete Ivey.

On the All-Campus Party itself the election had as demoralizing an effect. The leadership of the Roses, Wilkinson, French and Hobgood had been almost completely discredited; small comfort could be derived from the three presidencies. On the other hand, the University Party found itself squarely in the saddle. A strong command, chiefly of Taylor, Gant, Shepherd and Novins, looked forward to the following year with a solid victory behind it. And undoubtedly many of the Party's celebrations were punctuated by not-so-idle speculations on the punishment of the fraternities which had bolted. The successful politicians could all chorus Alex Webb's jubilant summary, "We licked 'em, but just wait 'til next year!"

*(To be Continued)*



## Editors' Private Galley

### *Beer*

Now that the student body has its new gymnasium and swimming pool, now that it has approved a campus legislature and the proposed radio station has, to the apparent satisfaction of the majority, dissolved into the ether waves, there remain two pressing but unpressed needs: good beer and a good place to drink it.

Lest we offend our friends behind the cafe counters on Franklin street, we hasten to explain this statement, which is meant not as a criticism but as a suggestion. What we have in mind is a beer garden, a little hedged-in yard lighted by colorful lanterns shining down on checked table cloths, musicians in Bavarian lederhosen, and a plump Fräulein in cap and apron passing pretzels on a stick to merry students singing the foam off their tall crockery steins.

You will point out that this does not satisfy the first need, good beer. It is our conviction that the genial atmosphere of our Garten, the German lieder and the pulsing strains of the accordion, the rosy cheeks and sly winks of our Fräulein, and particularly the noble steins will combine to alter the very quality of our American beer. If not a single can is allowed to be seen, we are confident that its contents will taste much more like München bier, when served in a stein, than the carbonated fusel oil we are now forced to content ourselves with.

We have already discussed our scheme with the proprietor of one of the village's most popular food and drink establishments, and he has acquainted us with the very real obstacles which stand in its way. First of all, the weather, which is at least an untrustworthy friend—if not a sworn enemy—to pleasure seekers in Chapel Hill, would make our Garten a seasonable enterprise. To meet this handicap we propose a complementing "pub," which, carried out in the English tradition, would combine with its German cousin to lend our establishment a cosmopolitan appeal. A cup of steaming tea or a mug of 'arf an 'arf for the girl from the hockey field or the tired boy from the intramural football match, who come in to warm themselves before the open fire, or a bottle of stout for the less athletically inclined checker player in the

chimney corner are no less pleasant prospects than Schnitzelbank under the June stars.

A second objection my friend raised was just the kind beer lovers seek ever to avoid—an economic matter, to be sure. The tax on the number of seats and the cost of these seats, he pointed out, would not be justified by the seasonal business a college town offers. He admitted that the place might prove a financial success if located along a highway so as to attract transients as well as Duke and Carolina students. Since we are far more interested in establishing a Chapel Hill institution than a public roadhouse, we shall endeavour to combat his economic argument.

We recognize in our friend's reasoning something that rings a familiar note, something about supply and demand or consumption and demand. We never were very orthodox in our economic theory, even when he studied it in Ec. 31, because we were always upset by that little phrase, qualifying every economic law, "other things being equal." It always meant to us "if the world were run by unimaginative, brainless, soulless and automatic business men." Now in the case of our enterprise other things are not going to be equal.

The man who builds our beer garden and pub will not be the so-called "economic man;" he will be very human with some brains, a lot of imagination and ingenuity, and a taste for good food and drink. If the legislators can design a tax to fit chairs, he can design seats to escape taxation. They will not be booths manufactured at Grand Rapids for American cafes. They will not have polished surfaces and tricky lights and mirrors; they will be sturdy, simple, and inexpensive. They will go with the unfinished pine-panelled walls and the oak tables, happily free from quilt patterns in shiny composition.

Other things will not be equal because students will go to a place where they can find food and drink and comradeship before a fire, and where they can sing and dance under the stars. The man who provides such a place, and it would not be a tremendously expensive undertaking, we predict, will prove that charm and taste and genial service are still factors to be reckoned with in our economic system. He will receive the dollars as well as the thanks of thousands of grateful students as his reward.

—N. C. R.

## Cradle the Dead

DID you ever close your eyes when you were tired and sick and then open them again only to find a kind of vague mist in front of you like the feeling of tears you want to shed only you can't seem to? Try it with me . . . There . . . Now do you see what I mean? Keep on looking though, and see if you see the same thing I saw last night when I closed my eyes after hearing on the radio that more little kids and their mas had been blown to hell, or wherever you go when a bomb connects with you over there in Spain, or some other place you might happen to be . . . Keep on looking . . . Now, is that mist beginning to clear away, and can you see a big space begin to take shape on top of what looks like a great big table top? If you can you're seeing what I saw last night. I'll go along with you now because I kind of liked what I saw then, and, besides, you might like to have somebody along who's been there before to sort of explain things to you.

Well, there they are, the same gang of noisy little kids, having a "helluvaswelltime," like my brother Harry says when he sees his little brats scrapping away in the backyard over home. These kids are all ages, from two to about twelve or thirteen. As I said, they're having a helluvaswelltime playing all the games kids play with all the noisy enjoyment they always seem to get out of such simple things—something I think I lost somewhere on the way to now. You can hear them laughing and carrying on just as plain as though you were really there, and not seeing them through the mist of tears you can't shed in your eyes.

The place looks very familiar, very much like somewhere you've been to before, or anyways, like someplace you wish you'd been to. They're playing all kinds of kid-games: hop-scotch, buck-buck-how-many-horns-are-up (remember when you used to play that?), roller skating, hide-'n-go-seek, hockey, and some of them are even playing house, because, after all, whenever there are little girls around (or big ones for that matter) a fella has to play house with them or they get mad at you, and nobody wants little girls to be

mad at him, and, anyway, it's lots of fun. They're having the time of their lives—I mean . . . well, you'll see what I mean later—as I was saying, they're having the best time of their lives, when a sweet-faced boy, about ten years old I'd say, appears. He's got the brightest pair of blue eyes you ever saw, something like yours only much brighter, and without that tired look yours have. And they're inquisitive as hell. Want to know everything, and when you can't tell them everything they look straight through you. Know what I mean?

Well, nobody takes notice of him at first, they're so busy having so much damn fun, but after he's been standing there a little while taking it all in, that big kid over there, the one with the mop of curly black hair, about twelve, older than most of the others, looks up and spots him. He stops playing hop-scotch right away and walks over to him like he's done it before and knows just what to do. He did the same thing last night, if I remember, sort of like a welcoming committee of one I guess you'd call it. He's the kind of kid a man'd look at when he gets to the stage where he wishes he'd taken time out to have a kid or two, and he'd say to himself, "That's the kind of kid I mean . . . straight and strong and clean-lookin'."

### II

Well, they just stand there sizing each other up the way kids always do the first time they meet, with that clean bright look that can be awfully uncomfortable to us Big Folks if we haven't exactly lived up to what they've expected of us. The other kids are busy concentrating on their games so hard they don't even notice this new kid. You'll know how hard they were playing if you've ever been around kids much. After a while, though, one of them misses the big fella and looks around for him, finds him, and walks over to see what's up. Then the others look up, and then they gather around him and the new kid without saying a word, looking him over like he was a visitor and had to be examined pretty carefully before he'd

|| SAM HIRSCH's first published story mirrors clearly his interest in dramatic forms, an interest which has found more extensive expression in his work on the Playmakers' stage during the past two years. This summer he expects to go back to Manteo with the "Lost Colony" troupe. ||



be admitted to their gang.

Finally, the big kid says, "Hello."

The other kid looks at him and says, "Hello," back.

"Who're you?" asks the big one.

"I'm Billy," the little fella tells him. "Who're you?"

"I'm Joe. Where'd you come from?"

"I dunno. I live in a great big red apartment house somewhere. I don't remember the number 'cause I don't never go so far away from home. My Mommie don't like me to go very far away 'cause I might get hurt, so I don't. I like to do what she asks me to 'cause she's a good Mommie, the best one I got."

"Well, why'd you go away then?"

"I dunno. I didn't want to."

"Oh . . . Well, how'd you find us here then?"

"I saw the big shiny light up here, an' heard the noise, so I just climbed up the ladder to see what was goin' on."

"What ladder?" (As though he didn't *know* it was there!)

"Don't you know that long white ladder leanin' up against here? It's made of peppermint candy an' it tastes very good. I know, 'cause I broke off a chunk."

"You did?"

"Yep. Would you like to have a taste? Here, take a lick."

"Oh, no. Don't you know you ain't supposed to eat that?"

"Why not? It's very good."

"Well, you musn't eat it. It ain't good for you, an' besides . . ."

"Who says it ain't good for you? Tastes pretty good to *me*!"

" . . . an' besides, you ain't allowed to take any candy from that ladder. All the kids who come up here have to climb up that ladder first, an' if any of the rungs are missin' one of 'em might fall an' get hurt, all 'cause *you* broke off a piece."

"Oh . . . I didn't think of that. I'm awful sorry. I wouldn'ta took this if I'da known that. You oughta put up a sign down at the bottom:

"PLEASE DON'T BREAK OFF A PIECE OF THIS PEPPERMINT LADDER TO EAT, PLEASE, 'CAUSE SOMEBODY MIGHT FALL AND GET HURT!"

"I bet that would fix it . . . Say, Joe, who're these kids?"

"Oh, just some kids who wandered up here like you. We have lots of fun up here all by our-

selves. No school, or baths, or dressin' up if you don't feel like it. Nothin' but games an' fishin' an fun *all* the time. All the fun you want."

"Gee, I bet that's swell! Imagine havin' *all* the fun you *want*! Could I stay here and play with you a while?"

"Sure. You can play with *me* if you wanna."

"Thanks. That'd be swell! . . . Don't you never go home? I'd think you'd get tired of just havin' fun *all* the time."

"No. We can't go home."

"You can't? Why not?"

"Well . . . 'cause . . . well, nobody goes home after he's come up here, that's all *I* know."

"You mean you got to stay here even if you *wanna* go home? You mean *I* got to stay?!! Even . . . even if I can find my way back?"

"Uh-huh. Nobody ever does."

"But I *wanna* go home! Mommie's waitin' for me! If I don't come back she'll be terrible worried 'cause this is the first time I went away all by myself before!"

"I'm sorry, Billy, but you can't go home now, 'cause once you come here you got to stay."

"But *why*? I never did nothin' bad, 'cept once when I pulled my puppy's tail an' made him cry. Mommie never had to spank me 'cause I was good all the time an' she said I never needed spankin'. I don't see why I need to be punished this way!"

"It don't make no difference, Billy. Once you come here you gotta stay. That's what they told me."

"Who's *they*?"

"Oh, just the ones who were here when I came."

"Didn't they tell you why? You *always* have to know *why* about things, don't you? *I* always do!"

"No, I never bothered to ask. I dunno why, but I just sorta didn't think about it. I was here so I just stayed without askin' any questions. I like it all right so what's the use of askin' a lot of questions? If you weren't *here* you'd be somewhere else so why bother about it?"

"Don't you even know how you got here in the first place?"

"Oh, I just sorta found myself here one day a long time ago. I remember fallin' asleep one night, an' when I woke up here I was. An' here I am still. Seems like I ain't never been nowhere else, I'm so used to bein' here."

"Oh . . . Say, Joe, what's the matter with your face?"

"That? . . . Oh, that's where my face ain't. I keep forgettin' about it. Only new kids notice part of it ain't there. You'll forget about it, too, after you been here a little while."

"What? You mean . . . you mean only *I* can see it?"

"Sure, only you. *They* don't."

"They don't? . . . Why, look at *them*! . . . Some of 'em ain't got arms or legs, an' . . . an' some ain't even got bellies! . . . Gee!"

"Yeh, I keep forgettin' about them. I been here so long now I don't even notice what's wrong with 'em less'n somebody reminds me."

"You actu'ly mean to tell me only you an' me can tell what's wrong with 'em?"

"Uh-huh. But you'll forget all about it soon. They don't think nothin's the matter with 'em, an' neither will *you* after you've been here awhile. Say, you know your feet ain't there, don'tcha?"

"My what? . . . Oh, yeh, that's right. I forget *all* about that. You know, I missed 'em before, but it's all right, I guess, 'cause I don't have any trouble with 'em here. I can walk all right, an' just now I even climbed up that ladder without 'em. Gee, it was fun expectin' your feet not to carry you like they always did 'cause they ain't there, an' then, all of a sudden, findin' yourself at the top. I think I'll try it again sometime."

"Yeh, it don't make much difference up here whether you got no legs an' stuff. Nobody minds."

"How come I don't have what I oughta have? I had 'em before. I can remember when I had legs. Nice ones, too. Mommie always used to tell me how strong an' chubby they were . . . I wonder if she misses me? Does your Mommie miss you?"

"I dunno. I can't remember where she is now. All I remember is hearin' a loud noise like a load of bricks fallin' off a truck just before fallin' asleep that time. I almost woke up, but she must've wrapped somethin' warm an' heavy around me 'cause I fell fast asleep . . . Guess it was that big blue blanket she used to put on me if it was very cold when I went to sleep. It was real nice an' warm an' I always used to like it 'cause it always made me sleep better."

"I remember a loud noise, too, Joe, 'an I must've fell asleep after I heard it just like you did, too. I must've, 'cause it's the last thing I remember before I woke up an' saw that big white peppermint ladder an' climbed up to here . . . I always used to climb up big ladders when I was real little, Joe. Much littler than I am now,

though. Daddy used to say I was goin' to be a fireman for sure when I grew up. Mommie made me stop, though, 'cause she was afraid I'd fall an' hurt myself . . . Did you ever climb ladders an' play fireman, Joe?"

"No, Billy, but I can play a good game of soldiers. How's about a game right now?"

"Sure, an' I can be an aviator an' fly an airplane. I used to have a real swell 'plane of my own once, Joe. I used to fly her all by myself. Daddy showed me how. It's real easy. Like this—look . . . Zzzzzzzzzzzzeeeeeeeeeeeooooooooommmmmm-mmmmm!!!! Look our for me! Zooooooooooooo-mmmmmmm!!!

“HEY, BILLY, STOP IT! STOP IT, YOU’RE SCARIN’ ALL THE KIDS!—It’s all right, kids, he’s only playin’, makin’ believe. Shhhhhh, don’t be scared. Look, he stopped already. See, he’s only *playin’*.”

"Why, Joe . . . what . . . what's the matter? What'd I *do*? I was only showin' you how to fly an airplane the way my Daddy showed me."

"I know, Billy, but we don't like that game up here. An' that noise you made, neither."

"Oh, I didn't know that, Joe, or I wouldn't've done it. I promise not to do it again. Cross-my-heart-an'-hope-to-die . . . Gee, they were *scared*, weren't they?"

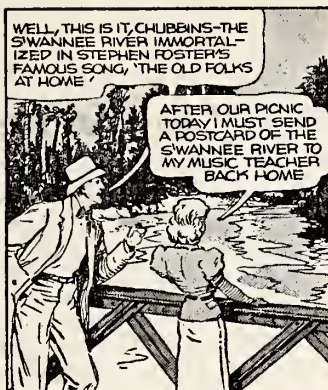
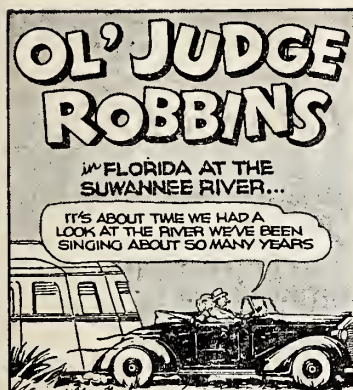
"Yeh. It's O. K. now. They forgot about it already . . . C'mon, Billy, let's play hop-scotch instead of soldiers an' airplanes. It's more fun, anyways."

"Sure, Joe, that'd be swell. C'mon. You go first."

## III

Well, they start playing hop-scotch like nothing had ever happened to them, like they'd just been born and the world was *really* a place for them to have a good time in. They're playing as hard as ever, having a grand time again, when another new kid sticks his head in at the same spot we first saw Billy. This kid's a small, wiry, pug-nosed sonuvagun, with a face covered with freckles and a wide grin, the kind of a grin you know means mischief and a sense of humor. He stands there, grinning away, and looking the place over, (or "gettin' the lay of the land," like my little kid calls it. He's studying to be a "deteckative" like Dick Tracy when he grows up, you see.) Joe looks up all of a sudden and notices him standing there, and what's more, he spots that little fox-terrier pup under his arm with his little tail wagging away a mile a minute. Boy, does that kid move





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when he spots that pup! It was like he'd heard the call to dinner or something like that, because he makes a bee-line for that kid and his dog, with his eyes just glued on the pup. Then one of the other kids, Billy, I think, gets an eyeful of the puppy and makes a break for him with a yell of joy. Boy, how that kid's face lit up when he saw that little terrier!! Of course his yell scares all the others and they look up to see what's the matter. Then *they* spot the puppy and all hell breaks loose! Those kids shout and scream and jump around until I thought they had all had fits! All of them tried to pat the dog's head and fondle him but the pug-nosed kid wasn't letting anybody handle *his* pup. Nosirree!! He was his and nobody else was going to get him away from him if *he* could help it.

Then Joe speaks up, after the noise has quieted down so he can hear himself. His eyes are still on that pup. "Hello," he says.

"Lo," says the kid with the freckles and the pug-nose and the puppie dog.

"Who're you?" asks Joe.

"Me name's Charlie, an' this's Mike, me pup. Say 'Lo,' to 'im, Mike."

Then you notice the little pup's head isn't there, but you hear a peppy bark, anyway. And when you look at the kid you see half his body's been blown away, and then everything goes black on you and it all fades away. Then you know you've lost them because those tears finally came and washed you all out inside with the clean tired feeling you get when you've been holding them back for a long time and you finally let go. Something like the feeling you have after taking a good hot bath after a long dusty trip.

But I still got those kids on my mind, and if I close my eyes I can still see them as they were, playing away and having so much fun in that far-away place, near the big white peppermint ladder that's so good to eat, where kids find out they've lost arms and legs and bellies, and sometimes faces, only to forget they've lost them, in their fun. Besides, you don't seem to need all the parts of your body up there to have fun. You just *do*, that's all!

## Chant of the Final Lover

When the death-bird hovers nigh  
When the howling night-winds cry  
When the lotus flowers die

Then I come to you.  
Borne upon thin wisps of cloud  
Underneath the burden bowed  
Of a dark and purple shroud  
I hurtle through the blue.

You in whom the life-wind blows  
You whose passion hourly grows  
You who looked upon the rose  
Silently shall rest.

For I bring you lilies pale  
And a secret velvet veil  
And a broken shattered grail  
To lay upon your breast.

—LEE MANNING WIGGINS.

## Laughter in the Hills

Woman of the greener lands,  
Something strange in me demands  
That I love you. Once I thought  
You possessed the things I sought.  
Though I find you feckless now,  
I cannot forswear my vow.  
Is it April, or the rune  
Of the drowsy afternoon,  
When your laughter in the hills,  
Singing poignant music, stills  
This most tremulous of souls?  
Is it sunshine that enfolds  
Me in homage to this place,  
Or the fountain of your face?  
All the love you stir in me  
Cannot solve your mystery.

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.

## Song for the Falcon's Rising

The falcon now is loosened:  
He towers in the air;  
He soars, ascends the Heavens;  
There is no sorrow there.

Behold the falcon loosened!  
He flasheth in the sun.  
In Heaven an arrow is builded  
To welcome Jésus home.

—DAVID BEATY.

## Mexican Serenade

Two o'clock and the evening star  
Is hiding behind the moon.  
Two o'clock and my soft flung song  
Dies in the night too soon.

I haven't the words of the cavaliers  
To tell of my love for you.  
I've naught to give save a rooster and hen  
And perhaps a goat or two.

But beside my door grows a rose-bush tall  
Where birds sing all day long,  
While inside the house I am waiting, dear,  
In my heart a song.

—JOSEPHINA NIGGLI.

## Delusion

Today a face shone sharply from the blur  
Of the milling throng and made me think of you.  
And when I looked again at her  
And wished that she were you, and knew  
It could not be, I felt as one whom wind  
Deceives when he is waiting for a friend.

—WILLIAM MICHAUX.



## My College Metamorphosis

I STEPPED OFF the train in the Pennsylvania Station. A middle-aged man in spats and a derby was waiting to meet me. We went to the Waldorf-Astoria for lunch. I embarrassed him by refusing both a cigarette and a cocktail. We went to Rockefeller Center. I had to tie my shoe laces in front of the Prometheus Fountain. We walked down Fifth Avenue. I tied my shoe-strings again in front of Saks. We drove down Park Avenue, and I asked to see the East Side.

In desperation my father's friend took me to the Grand Central Station, and put me on the Boston-bound train fifteen minutes ahead of scheduled time. He assured me a little too heartily that he had enjoyed meeting Jim's daughter.

The parlor car gradually began to fill with tall, smartly dressed girls. I slumped down in the chair in an effort to pretend I wasn't there. Two girls in Lord and Taylor clothes stopped and asked me where I was going. They said they were going to Smith too, and then walked on down the train yelling at someone named "Jean."

From New York to Bridgeport, I kept down the lump in my throat by trying to decide whether it was C-o-n-n-e-t-i-c-u-t or C-o-n-n-e-c-t-i-c-u-t. I found out from a National Biscuit Company sign that it was the latter, and then the lump began to get out of control. I noticed a girl sitting across the aisle who looked as lonesome and scared as I. I started a conversation by the subtle expedient of asking her the time. Her name was Peggy, and she was a transfer from Randolph-Macon.

"Do you want to go to Smith?" I asked.

"I did until I saw these girls. Do you?"

"Mother made me come. She is a Smith graduate."

"Have you ever seen the campus?"

"No. Mother says it's pretty. I don't think I like Yankees. They are too hard looking."

"They certainly aren't cordial. Gee, if we were going to Randolph-Macon now they would be all over us."

"I wish we were going there."

"Smith is hard, isn't it?"

"So I hear. I hope I flunk out in February."

"I bet it will be cold up there."

"It will probably start snowing tomorrow, don't you think?"

"I wouldn't doubt it."

We lauded the South and speculated anxiously about New England until the train pulled into the Northampton Station.

About ten huge Packards were drawn up along the boardwalk. Peggy and I were shoved into one of these with five other shrieking females. I was on the bottom with a girl and five pieces of monogrammed luggage on top. I told the driver to take me to Lawrence House. He let me out on the sidewalk in front of a four-story brick building. I picked up my bag and started walking toward the porch. As I reached the door, four girls tumbled out, nearly knocking me down but not noticing me at all. I went inside and introduced myself to the housemother. She shook hands with me coldly, and then asked if I could find my room by myself. I said I could.

I started up the steps. A girl with a twangy voice asked if I were the freshman from North Carolina. I told her in a freezing tone that she had confused the two Carolinas. As I wandered through the house looking for my room, several girls spared rather feeble smiles. I began to wonder if Yankees had the gift of speech.

I found my room. A tall, athletic-looking girl with blond hair screwed tightly at the nape of her neck was there. She said she was Kay, my roommate. She reminded me of a fish.

The next morning a girl strode up and down the hall ringing a cow-bell. We went down to breakfast. A girl at the table imitated my Southern drawl. I told her I didn't think she was very funny. Everybody laughed. After breakfast, I got a wire from my family telling me to wire them that I had arrived safely.

Then we went over to Seelye Hall. Five hundred freshmen were given blanks to fill out. We were asked to write on the back why we had come

|| THE AUTHOR is a co-ed who knows she will be recognized by her friends, but who has qualms about "baring her soul" to strangers. Her experience is sufficiently typical to have a significance transcendent of personalities. ||

to Smith. The girl on my left wrote "because I couldn't get into Vassar." The girl on my right wrote the same thing. I left it blank.

That night a senior invited us into her room to eat some candy. We sat around on the floor and talked about life. I was the only one who didn't believe in divorce, who thought there was a God, who believed in the Immaculate Conception, and who thought that negroes were inferior to whites. Kay said her father had always told her he would rather have her marry a fine negro than a poor white. I spent that night in Janey's room on the floor.

I thought the idea of Evolution was blasphemous. I expected that anyone (my father excepted) who said "My God" would be struck dead on the spot. I believed there was no future for a girl except marriage. I thought that nice boys didn't like girls who drank and smoked, and that a girl practically lost her virginity with her first drink. Episcopalians were the only ones who had any chance of escaping eternal damnation. I was shocked to hear that there actually were people who didn't go to church every Sunday. I believed that the Bible was the word of God from Genesis to Revelations.

I began to change my mind. When I went home Christmas vacation, I was called a "Yankee." When I went home spring vacation, I was called a "dam-Yankee."

By the end of two years I could blow neat smoke-rings through my nose. I had my favorite cocktail, which I always ordered when we went to the Zep, the college night-club on the Holyoke highway. I looked forward to an occasional weekend night when we would go down to Rahar's or the Draper and drink beer with Amherst men. I played a mean game of contract bridge. I knew there was no God, and anyone who believed in the Immaculate Conception was biologically naïf. I, too, exulted over Dartmouth Winter Carnival and Harvard House Parties, and didn't go to either. I regarded men as something convenient to marry if you couldn't have a career. I wrote all my papers, and studied for all my quizzes and exams in Toto's, a college drug-store where the smoke was so thick you could barely see where you were going. I hated Capitalism, and considered all faults an individual had as caused by society, not by himself. I looked upon Southerners as tyrants who kept the negroes beneath their heels, and I helped raise money to alleviate the suffering of

the Southern tenant farmers. I planned to have an apartment with four other girls the year after we graduated. I worried about becoming adjusted to a new environment. I pondered about my own immaturity. I was shocked at first to hear that only twenty-five per cent of the college women were virgins, but I accepted it as a matter of course after a few more bull sessions. I deplored the empty lives of frustrated old-maid college professors. I picked my friends wisely and carefully, and my affection for humanity was limited to them exclusively. I spent hours in anguish over the mind-body problem. I delighted in cross-questioning visiting speakers in an attempt to tear down their arguments. I considered emotions a sign of weakness, and trusted only reason and the intellect. I drew a parallel between psychological cases and broken bones, and was shocked by neither.

I believed in a person's ability to shape his own destiny. I believed in a person's freedom to live the kind of life he wanted. I thought that strength was the important factor in life. If you lacked it you went under, as you deserved to do. I laughed and scoffed at the "sacred things in life." I was ashamed to let anyone know that I even recognized them. I hid my fear and instability under a thin shell of hardness. I learned how to stand on my own feet, neither giving nor taking.

I might never have changed had I not gone north to school. Perhaps it is just college. I made the mistake of the young. Instead of throwing away the worthless, and supplanting it with the worthwhile, I dispensed with everything that had made me the person I was. I formulated an entirely new set of rules by which my life should be played.

This is my third year in college. I am just beginning to glean from my two extreme philosophies of life the best things in each. I shall recognize those best things by the test of experience. I want enough laughter in life to offset the tears. I want my happiness to be costly but to be real. I am weary of superficiality and falseness. I want depth and sincerity.

Out of my past tearing down of old concepts, I hope to build something in my life that will be adjustable to new ideas, but yet at the same time will have sufficient thought and force behind it to give my life some pattern. This is my college metamorphosis.



# Current Literature

## *Langston Hughes Sings for the Masses*

By Sam Green

A minor character in Albert Halper's *Union Square* tacked on the door of his room a card that read: "Eli Dorfman, worker." When asked what he worked at, the youth, one of a group of pseudo-Marxians and would-be proletarian writers, replied, "I'm at work on a novel now." The incident is indicative of what has been the matter with proletarian literature in particular and modern literature in general. Young writers have attached themselves leech-like to a movement, about which they think they should write, without becoming in any way part of the movement. They partake of it vicariously as "sympathizers," and the literary results of their attachment are marked by what a sociologist has called "the poison of vicarious vitality." The net result is an accumulation of literary waste appearing in everything from folk plays to so-called proletarian verse. Both a "holier-than-thou" attitude and a conscious, premeditated, rather than spontaneous, effort at identification have led to a mass of false and artificial writing.

More recently those who wish to write a proletarian novel, or play, or poem have shown something more, much more, than a "catch phrase" understanding of the proletariat. They have taken time out to read Marx, and less and less do they quote quotations. And what is more significant, they have decided that to write about workers one should know what it is like to work. After years of groping, during which time a Walt Whitman would now and then come close to what we were seeking, there is at last a full realization that the land and the people close to it are the real America. Now we know that a disregard of the land and of its use, and of the use of the factories and industry that grew out of it, has brought on us our present almost hopeless situation. And now we know that our only hope is in going forward

with the land, not in the return to a feudal agrarianism. To paraphrase a line from Langston Hughes' "Song of Spain": We (the people) must take the land for our own again. That phrase, I think, strikes the note which is the key to the development of an American literature as well as a proletarian literature. The story of America is the story of the land and the people who work it. It is the story of rivers and forests wasted, floods and soil erosion, and what these did to the people on the land. The story of America is the story of a nation of farmers and workers bearing a vast industrial system on their backs and then watching it crumble about them and on them, as though they had eyes in the back of their heads. The story of America is one of land and of factories fed by the land and its rivers.

Yes, an American literature will be the literature of the people and not of cloistered intellectuals. But if there is to be such a literature it must be read by the people. Walt Whitman wrote for the common man and was read and understood only by a small group of intellectuals. Part of the reason may have been that the masses had not yet developed a consciousness of their place in American culture. Part of the reason was the fact that the masses didn't have access to his works. Today, when workers' unions and fraternal organizations have opened up to the worker channels for cultural development, the situation is entirely different. The effect on our literary development of this fundamental fact will be enormous. The International Workers Order has published a fifteen-cent edition, of 10,000 copies, of a collection of poems by Langston Hughes entitled *A New Song*. This publication is something of a literary event. It merits the careful consideration of those people who are interested in a national culture, in a literature that sings and tells

|| SAM GREEN doesn't like white-collar proletarians and wouldn't be one himself if he could help it. Here he does his bit for the Cause by writing about what he considers genuine and valid proletarian literature. ||

the story of a new America, part of a new world. The real America has never yet come into its own. The works of such poets as MacLeish and Hughes are evidence that it is now coming into its own.

Langston Hughes is not a worker by adoption. He is of the workers and of one of the most oppressed groups of workers, the Negroes. He was born in Missouri and he has worked all over America and in a good portion of the rest of the world. He has led an adventurous life and a hard life. He has known the sufferings of his people through himself and through others. And through the suffering of his people he has come to know the suffering of all people. Mike Gold says of him:

He has expressed the hopes, the dreams, and the awakening of the Negro people. He has done it naturally, like a bird in the woods; but in choosing this theme, he has been led on and on, until he has become a voice crying for justice for all humanity. The Negroes are enslaved but so are the white workers, and the two are brothers in suffering and struggle. This is his message today.

In the poem "Open Letter to the South" Hughes begins:

White workers of the South  
Miners,  
Farmers,  
Mechanics,  
Mill hands,  
Shop girls,  
Railway men,  
Servants,  
Tobacco workers,  
Sharecroppers,  
GREETINGS!

I am the black worker,  
Listen:  
That the land might be ours,  
And the mines and the factories and the office towers  
At Harlan, Richmond, Gastonia, Atlanta, New Orleans;  
That the plants and the roads and the tools of power  
Be ours:  
Let us forget what Booker T. said,  
"Separate as the fingers."

\* \* \*

And he concludes:

White worker,  
Here is my hand.  
Today,  
We're Man to Man.

His poetry is simple, direct, strong-rooted in the earth, like the people it speaks for. There is no attempt at obscurity or subtlety. Any such attempt would be uncalled for. When you write of a people you use the medium that best expresses

the essential nature of that people. The working class is marked by strength, earthiness, directness, and clarity. The elaborate obscurity generally characteristic of modern poetry is not necessary here. Indeed it would be out of place. There is no mysticism, no chaotic philosophy trying desperately to rationalize the simple facts of a world without security and almost without hope. That there still is reason for hoping, that there is still something that can be done to re-fertilize a "wasted land"—that is the reason Langston Hughes is writing poetry.

I have been told that it would be difficult to make out a good case for proletarian literature. But those who told me so don't seem to realize that this would be true only if it were a literature artificially grafted on a culture and civilization that didn't naturally bring it forth. Every significant class movement in history has brought in its wake a cultural movement. Those who heard Philip Murray speak about the CIO will realize that there is a working class movement in this country today that is becoming increasingly culturally articulate. The laborer's voice in the national life is bearing the fruit of a new and refreshing impetus in American culture. The furore and comment that greeted the musical satire *Pins and Needles* and the play *The Cradle Will Rock* is a case in point. The poetry of Langston Hughes, which has developed from a poetry of a people to the poetry of all people, is but another case in point. The fact that as college students we are to a large degree isolated from the working world which is creating this new culture is no justification for our ignoring its existence. If we fail to realize its importance in the national culture, we are missing half the richness and beauty of America. Hughes has expressed the beauty and hope of America in the first poem of his collection:

Let America be America again.  
Let it be the dream it used to be.  
Let it be the pioneer on the plain  
Seeking a home where he himself is free.  
(America never was America to me.)

\* \* \*

I am the farmer bondsman to the soil.  
I am the worker sold to the machine.  
I am the Negro, servant to you all.  
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean—  
Hungry yet today despite the dream.  
Beaten yet today—O, Pioneers!  
The poorest worker bartered through the years.



Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream  
In that Old World while still a serf of kings,  
Who dreamt a dream, so strong, so brave, so true,  
That even yet its mighty daring sings  
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned  
That's made America the land it has become.  
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas  
In search of what I meant to be my home—  
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,  
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,  
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came  
To build a "homeland of the free."

\* \* \*

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose —  
The steel of freedom does not stain.  
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,  
We must take back our land again,  
America!

O, yes,  
I say it plain,  
America never was America to me,

And yet I swear this oath—  
America will be!

Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,  
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,  
We, the people must redeem  
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers,  
The mountains and the endless plain—  
All, all the stretch of these great green states—  
And make America again!

And basically these are things Hughes is saying throughout his poetry. At first it seems strange. That is because it is new. It is also because it is real, and for a long time we have been sheltered from what is real. But slowly the shelter is falling away. We are coming face to face with the thing itself. We are meeting in the raw the decay of death and the pain of birth. For Langston Hughes the shelter has already fallen away. There remains only the thing to deal with. Out of this may come "the dream" made real.

## The First Biography of A. E. Housman

MY BROTHER: A. E. Housman. Laurence Housman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00. 286 pp.

"There is no biography of Matthew Arnold, so there certainly need be none of me." Such was Mr. Alfred Edward Housman's rather comfortable opinion on the writing of his life "for the delectation of future generations." His brother, Mr. Laurence Housman (whom it is convenient to remember as the author of *Victoria Regina*), has certainly not attempted to do so in *My Brother: A. E. Housman*.

Laurence believes a complete biography of his brother will be forever impossible, because

His life of seventy-three years divided itself rather definitely into sections; and those among his survivors who knew him either intimately or through daily intercourse, knew him only in one, or at most one-and-a-half of those separated periods.

His only life-long intimate friend, Moses Jackson, died in 1923, leaving no account of their relationship. A sister, his publisher, and a Cambridge colleague might possibly collaborate, Laurence thinks; otherwise there will probably be no definitive Housman biography. A. E. has evidently been careful that future generations should know no more about him than his contemporaries did.

Surely there are few more difficult figures in

the annals of literary history than the author of *A Shropshire Lad*.

A. E. H. was a shy, proud, and reticent character; even to his intimates he was provokingly reserved, finding, I think, a certain pleasure in baffling injudicious curiosity.

In his later years, when he was fairly well-known throughout the literate world, he refused all honors and recognitions. He decided against the Order of Merit, "because it was not always given to the right persons." (One of the wrong persons, amusingly enough, was John Galsworthy.) The chosen poet of the passionate pessimism of adolescence, he was Kennedy professor of Latin at Cambridge. Like Lewis Carroll, he kept his poetry rigidly separated from his "pedantic nonsense."

Laurence's "recollections" add yet other incongruous angles to this already baffling figure. Housman admirers will probably be shocked to learn that A. E. had a weakness for composing nonsense-verse of the Lear variety, and a turn of wit not unlike Dr. Johnson's. His preferences among poets are also confusing: although he read Matthew Arnold with pleasure, he professed no particular admiration for the Greek anthology, to which many of his verses seem almost to belong. Nor was he enthusiastic about Robert Burns, whose boyish and disillusioned spirit also seems

much like his own. On the contrary, he liked Swinburne, and was not above enjoying Mr. Tennyson.

It must be admitted that Laurence's book throws little enough light on this strange person. Indeed, it is quite obvious that Alfred was as much a stranger to his brother as he was to the rest of the world. During the ten years which he spent in the Patent Offices in London—the formative period of his life, the time of his friendship with Jackson and most likely of the experience out of which he wrote *A Shropshire Lad*—the family were politely requested “not to call” at his chambers. As to the cause of the profound bitterness and despair which breathe through every line of these lyrics, whether some “dark ladye” or some deep philosophical grudge against the cosmos, Laurence never attempts even to guess. His memoir is, to tell the truth, little more than a bare skeleton of dates and events interspersed with a few personal recollections.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the book is Alfred's own statement about *A Shropshire Lad*. First, he had never had a “crisis of pessimism;”

second, he did not begin to write until the emotional part of his life was over:

“My poetry, so far as I could make out, sprang chiefly from physical conditions, such as a relaxed sore throat during my most prolific period, the first five months of 1895.”

However, there is something in the book for each and every Housman admirer: a memoir, a selection of letters, thirty unpublished poems (mostly nonsense-verse), an analysis of the notebooks, which were burned, and a horoscope. Laurence feels that the laconic side of his brother's character has been over-emphasized, and “reticence transformed into mystery.” He wishes to show that Alfred could be amused on occasion, and succeeds as well as could be expected in making a more human sort of person out of one who was perhaps not much inclined in that direction. The book will certainly be of as much value as other similar things, such as Phillips' life of Milton, one day when Housman takes his minor but quite definite place in the anthologies.

—DAVID BEATTY.

## *A Charming New Novel by Miss Rawlings*

THE YEARLING. Marjorie K. Rawlings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50. 428 pp.

For many years now the reading public has expected one dish, and only one, from southern writers who tell of their own southland. If Faulkner writes of the degenerate society of the South, we seem always to have thought it right and proper for him to do so. If Thomas Wolfe tells us that the hills of North Carolina are populated with a race of mentally warped and bitter people, we accept that too as the only possible picture to present. If Erskine Caldwell goes a step further and makes Tobacco Road the most talked of play in New York, we naturally feel that his characters are very true to life; for after all this age of Realism, or whatever other satisfyingly vague term one wishes to call this age, must strive to strip the veil of sentimentality and unreality from the sordid, dull and tragic life of the poor farmer in the south who spends half his day striving to work a wasted and alien soil and the other half swearing at anyone who dares to cross his path.

We have been conditioned to such a degree in this direction that we feel rather slighted if Pa

doesn't swear at Ma and if Junior doesn't throw knives and other dangerous implements at all the little slatternly girls who go by. Negroes are material for lynching parties—which we are led to believe are a weekly occurrence in any well-organized and civic-minded southern community—and corn whiskey which is over a week old is not considered fit to drink.

With this picture in mind one is naturally rather startled to find a book which treats the farmer as a perfectly nice fellow who tries to keep his small family on the near side of starvation and succeeds quite adequately, which contends that a small hut can be kept neat and tidy and that happiness can live on less than a dollar a week. *The Yearling* does just this. It is the story of the Baxter family—Penny and his wife and Jody, their little son. Mrs. Rawlings tells us of one year of their life. We see them hunting, working, visiting—going about the simple tasks of their simple lives with a cheerful confidence and hope. The fields may need hoeing; but there is a great bear, called Slewfoot, who has been stealing chickens again, and so Penny and Jody go off to hunt, and leave the fields to take care of them-



selves. The fence line could do with some patching, but 'Ma' Baxter says that it can wait and packs the men up some lunch, and they run off, like schoolboys, to fish the pools. But they don't neglect their duties unreasonably. The house is always clean and neat, thanks to Ma, and the vegetables grow in scant but neat rows—just enough to keep the family contented and happy. Sickness may visit from time to time, but there are home remedies which cure almost any ailment.

The plot, if one could call it such, is vague and incidental. The Forresters, a neighboring family, are a rough bunch—but not too rough. They like to drink and swear and fight, but we can smile on their folly. They are overgrown children who get into mischief now and then and need a good scolding. Grandma Hutto, who lives down in the town, is a most kindly, lovable old lady who gives Jody good advice and better food to fill his young mind and body. But the characters who are not fortunate enough to be members of the Baxter family are only mirrors in which the characters of the three may be reflected.

Now I must introduce the most important character in the book. Jody had always wanted a pet. He had asked his mother if he could have one but she had been adamant. Hunting dogs were bad enough but another animal would just be a trouble and a worry to the well-regulated household. Then, one day, Jody finds Flag and the story officially starts. Flag is a yearling deer found beside his dead mother in the woods. He becomes so attached to Jody that the two are inseparable, even at night when the boy and the deer go to their little bedroom together. This is no ordinary animal. He has the gentleness of a girl and the humor of a clown. He hunts with the dogs, eats with the family, and is loved by everyone who is fortunate enough to meet him. The novel is the story of Flag and Jody but mostly Flag.

Jody never went to school. Penny never went before him. They never saw a book. And yet there are few college men with generations of breeding behind them who could boast of the sensitiveness and awareness of either Penny or Jody. Jody can feel the beauty in an early morning rain and delight in the lush splendor of the Florida woods. Home means more to him than a house; the family more than a necessary evil. I suspect that he is a little too sensitive and kind and thoughtful to be fully plausible, but Mrs. Rawlings has made the picture so refreshing that it

would be a crime to contend the point too far. Rousseau would have liked to meet Jody. The Gentle Savage is here in all his splendor, far from the corrupting influences of an industrial civilization. Raised in the natural surroundings of Nature, taught the simple pleasures of life, he has few cares to trouble his young mind. His father's rheumatism, the ravages of a flood, the snake bite which almost kills Penny are only passing worries and are quickly forgotten.

Mrs. Rawlings has not written a great book—I doubt if she intended to—but she has written a different book, which, if nothing else, is a welcome change from the morbid volumes of her contemporaries. I cannot help thinking of a stanza from Gray's "Elegy:"

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

As we close the book there is a sense of contentment with the world in our hearts. The world is a good place after all—in spite of what the economists may say—and we, like the Baxters, have a good chance of living happily ever after.

—HUGH FOSS

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## A Not So Innocent Abroad

GLASS HOUSES: Ten Years of Free-Lancing. Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.50. 413 pp.

*Glass Houses* is an odyssey of the present-day world. Its incentive, however, is not the wanderer's desire to return to some well-loved Ithaca with its Penelope and Telemachus. It is the more modern, journalistic one of "roaming with a hungry heart." Its Cyclopes are revolutionists and dictators in Mexico, Italy, and Spain. The causes of its frustrations are not the malevolent actions of offended gods but the ill will of Gestapo and Fascists. And its sirens and Calypsos are the glittering ladies who haunt great capitals. At the end of it all, Carleton Beals could say with the Tennysonian Ulysses—

Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
yet not add,

Myself not least, but honour'd of them all.

He stumbles into his story off a freight train in Mexico City, stone broke, "clad in a pair of torn khaki pants, a dirty shirt, and a broken straw sombrero." He is just a Columbia University A. B. *cum laude* with "a will to get somewhere." Between this entry and his valedictory eulogy on Pablo de la Torriente, the Spanish Loyalist who "died that Mussolini and Hitler be stopped in their bloody careers," he is held up by Mexican bandits and hunted by American marines in Nicaragua; he is seldom his own or anybody's hero.

*Glass Houses* is a good book on the beginnings of the plagues and the birth of the ogres that harry the peace of the present hour. Beals saw four revolutions in Mexico, Mussolini's entry into Rome, and the overthrow of the Spanish monarchy. He had an inside view of bygone crises behind the recent oil troubles in Mexico. The major theme of the book is political, economic, and social change in Mexico, Italy, Spain, and, incidentally, the United States, as observed by a trained newspaper man who mastered the language and habituated himself to the customs of the country in which he was living. Some of the episodes have the continuity and the suspense of fiction. An excellent example is the writer's adventure in Nicaragua, to get the truth about Sandino for the *Nation*. Others, almost as good, describe Lindbergh's flight to Mexico and some of Dwight L. Morrow's diplomatic activities. Incidentally, both Lindbergh and Morrow suffer reduction of heroic

stature under Mr. Beals' quiet gaze. And the United States diplomatic service seldom looks impressive.

In so far as the major theme of the book is tinged by a political philosophy, that philosophy is suggested by the title. The realistic motives which actuate men and women in the present era of our economically and morally bankrupt capitalist society are much the same in every country the world over. The only passions which warm the author's otherwise objective narrative are hatred of injustice and brutality everywhere, and a corresponding pity for the victims of oppression. His experience has made him international-minded.

The leitmotifs of the book are numerous, varied, and interesting. They include the wild, often crack-brained, pirates, expatriates, adventurers, and adventuresses whom the restlessness and purposelessness of American life have driven to all quarters of the globe. D. H. Lawrence and his wife flit across the pages. A girl under a green umbrella, glimpsed on a rainy afternoon in Rome, leads the author into a brief idyl. There are long excursions through the great art galleries of Spain and Italy, and brilliant, impassioned little dissertations on their treasures. Of literary criticism, mostly of modern books and authors, there is a great deal. The author sought acquaintance, in the original languages, with the best that has been thought and said in Spain and Italy. To the present reviewer the finest literary anecdote is the author's story of his visit to Gombo, on July 8, 1922, exactly one hundred years after Percy Bysshe Shelley was drowned off the spot, in the Gulf of Spezzia. The Italians on the scene had never heard of Shelley! But Mr. Beals knows and adores him.

The reader who knows the *Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* will inevitably compare *Glass Houses* with that book. He may agree with the present reviewer that *Glass Houses* lacks the elan, the fine architecture, the unifying personal outlook, and the often superb style of the older story of free-lancing. Portions of *Glass Houses*, counting the small change of Mexican and Central American politics, are tedious; a good many pages are "just writing"; there is some sloppy grammar (the writer can't handle relative "who" clauses); and there are irritating "boners" (e. g., "Finit Corona Opus," Chapter XXV). The author's two diplomas from Columbia, with Nicholas Murray Butler's name on them, should have served him



better than as a substitute for a passport in Spain. But these are minor faults. *Glass Houses* is an odyssey with insight and understanding. Mr. Beals traveled widely, lingered long in places, and saw and felt deeply. Nothing and nobody fooled him. Yet he is tolerant, modest, and pitying. He reveals the inmedicable plague of our times without jeremiads or pharisaisms. Whoever reads his book will leave it a sadder but a wiser man. And for the ten pages on "Gombo" the Shelley lover will forgive Mr. Beals everything.

—ELLEN HUDSON.

### *New Light on Shakespeare*

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS: A Commentary. M. R. Ridley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc. \$2.50. 227 pp.

This is another book about Shakespeare's plays and there is nothing more commonplace than that. Almost everybody has had something to say about them before which he thought unique and penetrating; every close Shakesperean student, I suppose, who has not been frightened by all the criticisms already made, thinks his own commentary will bring us closer to the essential man.

And this is as it should be; for there are the plays, the great ones and the poor ones; there is the magnificent poetry, complex and simple by turns; there are the characters forever running before the winged chariot and never being quite caught up with. The mystery remains, in spite of Pope and Dr. Johnson, Coleridge and Hazlitt, Bradley and E. K. Chambers. There can always be another book, because the reaction to Shakespeare of a sensitive and cultured man who reads him with his eye and ear is interesting to his contemporaries, conditioned, like the newest critic, to catch certain nuances and to look for certain interpretations. And it is a function, too, for continued criticism to destroy, if it can, some of the nonsense that has been written about Shakespeare by the romantic critics, the impressionist critics, the scholarly critics, the classical critics—to help us get back to the text again and to reiterate that these are plays to be seen on a stage and read without a commentary for every line. There is always a place for the critic who can rescue us from certain kinds of criticism.

Mr. M. R. Ridley has edited *The New Temple Shakespeare* and is qualified to write about the plays as one who knows them well and is familiar with what has been said about them. In this

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*Commentary*, he sets down what his mature judgment tells him about the plays, the conditions which brought them forth, the form the plays take. It is an aim similar to that of Sir Edmund Chambers in his *Survey*, and it is what Mr. Kittredge has so far neglected to attempt. The approach is elementary; for example, Mr. Ridley's chapter on the mechanics of the Elizabethan theatre is a restatement of what everybody knows already; but the critic is not writing down to his readers and it may be that the repetition serves to clarify certain problems for us. There is a section on Shakespeare's verse which, though simply done, is excellent: the quality of the unforgettable lines is analysed by a man who knows how to listen, who catches accent and quantity, who perceives in a line its special characteristic of color and word order. He shows here what other English scholars like Mr. Tillyard and Mr. F. L. Lucas have shown, the ability to write nervously and beautifully about poetry as if they were themselves aware of its inner illumination and were not afraid to seem "impressionistic" about it.

The remarks on the plays themselves are for the most part stimulating. No one but the most mature critic could pass judgment on the originality or breadth of Mr. Ridley's comments, of course; but for those of us who are reading the

plays for the first or the tenth time, the observations here will be useful. Those who are to see one of the plays acted will find this book extremely helpful; for Mr. Ridley has a knowledge of the theatre and he knows how to make us aware of how a play will act. The discussion of *Julius Caesar* is particularly good, I think; and the analysis of the character of Brutus helps to explain why, in spite of imaginative treatment and good acting, the Mercury Theatre's condensed production of the play, with its portrayal of Brutus as the unhappy liberal, is unsatisfying and unconvincing. There are too many other elements there to make such a pat interpretation believable unless *Caesar* is cut and rearranged even more drastically than the Orson Welles group dared; if we identify it with the chronicle play tradition, as Mr. Ridley does, *Julius Caesar's* sum effect of mixed impressions and lack of main design becomes more understandable. I wish, too, that I had had the benefit of this critic's wise notations on *Richard II* before seeing Maurice Evans's performance in that play: for a proper understanding of it some preparation and background is necessary and Mr. Evans's high-pitched hero might have been more comprehensible to some of his audience if Mr. Ridley had been there to prompt us a little.

—GEORGE FOSTER.

### *It's Done*

*It's bugles or drums,  
It's whiskies or rums,  
It's a song that hums,  
It's eager blood:  
Still, it's done.*

*There're screams and groans,  
There're chargings and loans,  
There's a whine that moans,  
There's rotting mud:  
Anyway, it's done.*

—EDWARD MEGSON.

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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

*May, 1938*



*Joe DiMaggio*

HAS SOMETHING  
TO SAY ABOUT HOW  
DIFFERENT  
CIGARETTES  
CAN BE!


"How about it, Joe, do you find that Camels are different from other cigarettes?"

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**JOE LIKES** to go down to the wharf, where he used to work helping his father, and keep his hand in on mending nets. DiMaggio is husky—stands 6 feet tall—weighs around 185 pounds. His nerves are h-e-a-l-t-h-y!

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**DURING THE WINTER**, Joe's pretty busy at his restaurant. When he's tired he says: "I get a lift with a Camel. That's another way I can spot a difference between *Camels* and other cigarettes."

**JOE OFTEN** dons the chef's hat himself. He has a *double* reason to be interested in good digestion—as a *chef* and as a *ball player*. On this score he says: "I smoke *Camels* 'for digestion's sake.'"

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

*"Camels agree with me"*



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"Last year I had the dandiest cropever," says Mr. Roy Jones, another experienced planter who prefers *Camels*. "The Camel people paid more to get my choice lots. I smoke *Camels* because I know they use finer, costlier tobaccos in 'em. It's not surprising that Camel's the leading cigarette with us planters."



Mr. Harold Craig, too, is a successful grower who gives the planter's slant on the subject of the quality of leaf tobacco used for *Camels*. "I'm the fellow who gets the check—so I *know* that *Camels* use more expensive tobaccos. Camel got the best of my last crop. That holds true with most planters I know, too. You bet I smoke *Camels*. I know that those costlier tobaccos in *Camels* do make a difference."



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**"We smoke Camels because we know tobacco"**

**TOBACCO PLANTERS SAY**



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## COVER PHOTOGRAPH

*Joe Farmer*

HALF-MEASURES IN COEDUCATION..... 2

*Ten Co-eds*

OLYMPUS DISCARDED, Verse ..... 4

*Almon Barbour*

MONEY IS OUR CALLING CARD, A Story..... 5

*Adrian Spies*

TO THE STARS, A Poem..... 9

*Almon Barbour*

*Linoleum Block by Margaret Munch*

MY LAST DAY..... 10

*Charles W. Gilmore*

WHITE HANDS AT THE WINDOW, Verse..... 13

*Translated by Elizabeth Wang*

THE RABBIT UNDER THE SHED, A Story..... 14

*Ralph Miller*

TODAY IS FOR TODAY, Verse..... 18

*Simons Lucas Roof*

DRAMA ..... 19

EDITORIAL COMMENT ..... 20

SO WHAT! ..... 21

*Edward Megson*

THE SOUTH IN WORLD AFFAIRS..... 22

*Mark Taylor Orr*

WISDOM OF THE SERPENT, A Story..... 25

*Lois Latham*

THIS MONTH'S LITERATURE..... 29

*John Creedy, Bill Weaver, Lee Manning*

*Wiggins, Gould Beech, Sam Hirsch*

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## Half-Measures in Coeducation

### *The Paradox of a Liberal University*

WE CO-EDS are fed up on this business of being co-eds. If we try to be attractive, the men laugh and say we came here to participate in a two-year pursuit of the elusive male. If we try to think, we are no longer looked upon as women. We miraculously adopt a sort of "neuter gender."

A leading male student, speaking of one of the women students who has played an important role in several campus activities during the past year, said with apparent seriousness: "When a woman becomes active in things I regard as the prerogative of men, I can no longer think of her as a woman, I come to think of her as a machine."

The main monkey-wrench in the whole business is the fact that girls are admitted here only for their last two years. The theory is that by keeping freshman and sophomore women out, all the chaff is left behind in junior colleges and women's colleges such as Greensboro, and mature women, equipped for the grave responsibility of associating with Carolina men, are the result.

Of course this argument is false from the very start. In practice it doesn't and won't produce the goods. Carolina women, with notable exceptions, do not display as great talents for leadership as should be expected of a co-educational institution of such standing in other fields as ours. In good part this lamented fact can be blamed on the reception they receive here, *but* by and large it can be asserted that the majority of these women simply don't have the stuff of which leadership is made, and in all probability would not be leaders in a different set-up.

Of course there are exceptions. Some able women are attracted by Carolina's reputation for high standards of scholarship, but the point is that, in the main, the natural leader stays where she starts. Those who do come here are naturally followers instead of leaders.

Of course, God save us from all being leaders.

But co-eds if they are to be effective followers, need able leadership in order to make any contribution of value to the campus. And this leadership is naturally excluded first by the entrance requirements for co-eds discouraging leaders from coming here and second by the fact that two short years is not enough for such leaders as do come here to get the feel of the situation and the necessary experience to handle it effectively.

The actual situation of the women who come here after achieving Junior standing is somewhat anomalous. In the first place we aren't even under the same government as the men. We mill around in the Women's Association while the rest of the campus carries on its affairs independently of us. We are pushed off into a corner by ourselves and told to play with our dollies while brother takes care of all important matters. Yet we cling to the Women's Association, for we are afraid that if we let go of that, we would be completely swamped. At least we are given the chance of *acting* important. And it sounds very nice at home to say that you are on the Women's Council.

Another organization that we co-eds can mill around in and act important is our national honorary fraternity, Alpha Kappa Gamma. This woman's equivalent of the Golden Fleece is so national that there are four chapters, Farmville State Teachers' College, Virginia, Queens-Chicora, University of South Carolina and this University. Owing to the two-year restriction on co-eds the really worthwhile women's honorary society—Mortar Board, which requires a four-year college—cannot be brought here. Thus the co-eds must put up with an honorary society inferior to that which the general standing of the University warrants.

In the second place, it is quite possible that the members of the faculty are responsible for encouraging the traditional aloofness of Carolina men with regard to Carolina women.

|| TEN CO-EDS collaborate on an article of protest. They believe that something more definite than sitting around and talking must be done about the position of women on the campus. ||



To take a particular instance, girls majoring in economics are insidiously discouraged and urged to change their major by the treatment they receive. Classes, with co-eds or without, are consistently addressed as "gentlemen." A certain professor in the department is so intent upon ousting girls that he resorts to such subtle means as seeking to embarrass them to the point where they will and do withdraw voluntarily. This Carolina Gentleman's illustration of supply and demand pricing was in the form of the questions: "Miss X, how much would you pay for a brassiere in the market? . . . Why? . . . What would you want it for?" Instances of this sort are typical of the narrow-minded and smug Southern pedagogue. They are also typical of several of our North Carolina professors.

Add to these, overt instances of actual dislike, the proverbial jokes about co-eds, the patronization of even the most liberal faculty members and you have a big part of the reason why even the most intellectual of the co-eds does not feel inspired to scholastic effort or even to equal competition with the men in intellectual matters.

The part played by the average male student is of course important. Men notoriously, here and elsewhere, prefer their women "dumb" or at least intellectually acquiescent. However good their personalities, unless they are subtle at the art of concealment, intelligent girls are to be liked, respected and admired but not dated. Girls, being, like boys, naturally gregarious, desire companionship and popularity. Put the two above facts together and you have the natural response of the Carolina woman to what is demanded of her—the result being the innocuous and frivolous average co-ed. The non-conformist who seeks to indulge her own intelligence and personality learns to dread, and finally to avoid, the smiles attendant upon her all-too-often solitary presence at foreign relations forums, the pointed and discouraging deference shown her as a girl, the effective cold-shoulder shown her political efforts and worst of all the open unmannerliness illustrated in the laughter that arose recently when Bill Malone made her inaugural speech as president of the Women's Association. When the boys laughed their heads off at Bill when she mentioned co-operation between the Women's Association and the Student Government they revealed a typical tendency on the part of Carolina Gentlemen to be impolite and to ridicule the attempts of the oppo-

site sex whenever they engage in any other activity but the usual one of dating.

There are a number of things the co-eds themselves could do about the situation. Unhappily they do not stumble on most of them because of the lack of natural and experienced leadership forced on them by restrictions in entrance requirements.

Co-eds should go out more for extra-curricular activities such as discussion groups, intellectual diversions where they are eligible. They should make it practically impossible for an interested girl to find herself the only girl present at a meeting. They should take an active part in such groups, and avoid being silent deadwood. They should strip their minds of sorority clique-ishness and cattiness.

Co-eds should also break down faculty resistance with some really good and independent thinking (hard as it is to do when you're assumed incapable of it by this same faculty).

They should participate enthusiastically in the Women's Association and in the Y. W. C. A., the latter particularly has long and respected experience all over the world in developing and encouraging student leadership.

In short, co-eds should assiduously avoid the pitfalls prepared for them by faculty and men students: they should force themselves to be intelligent, informed and interested in the face of great difficulties; and we guarantee that the respect they would gain will be worth the momentary loss of popularity with the boys who like their women dumb and subservient.

For others interested it might be a good idea if they would try to cultivate more intelligence, more tolerance and the avoidance of the stereotyped thinking with regard to women. The administration might help by making scholarships, assistantships and fellowships as available for women as for men.

And most necessary of all, the University of North Carolina should remove the restrictions it places on freshman and sophomore applicants. After all, the enormous cost to the state taxpayers who are supporting at the same time a college for men at Chapel Hill and a college for women at Greensboro, should be considered. It might be wise to move the University to Greensboro. It wouldn't be difficult, as Carolina men do everything but attend classes there now. But since Chapel Hill is a better site for a University, we might extend the village limits, and establish one

real University. A majority of the taxpayers would be delighted, as the total cost would be considerably less than it is now.

As a final word, we co-eds would like to point out that the University of North Carolina, noted throughout the country as a liberal University, maintains an archaic attitude towards women. We would like to say—medieval. Women's suffrage is beginning to be hoary with age and lousy with jokes that attend old things like Scotchmen and axe-wielding women. It is so inevitable a part of liberalism elsewhere as to be taken for granted. Yet Carolina still lumps co-eds together in taking the attitude that they should be subservient, amusing and useless and certainly not individuals having brains and personalities of their own.

Even the campus radicals who growl about the

inequalities of the social system, imposed by institutionalized society, laugh heartily at their own cracks about the unintelligence and insensitiveness of the women they know, drawing from particular cases unscientific generalizations about all women. To justify a boast of liberalism Carolina must at least judge each girl on her own merits and relieve her of the handicap of a general prejudice against women.

In other Universities of lesser standing co-eds are an integral and valuable part of the campus activities and endeavour. They contribute to an all-round viewpoint that Carolina lacks.

In the future, Carolina may mean the same to the women of the South as it does to the men. When that time comes, we may be justly proud of ourselves.

## Olympus Discarded

*I went up alone,  
Alone with the Mother of Things,  
To the ice-capped peak  
At the top of the crust of earth  
Where nothing stirred  
And voices never spoke;*

*And I laid me down  
On the lap of the Mother of Things  
And said: "I am weary  
Of hoping that fire will return  
To sting into action  
The hearts of forsaken men."*

*Then the Mother of Things  
Replied from the ice-capped peak:  
"Go down again  
To the haunts of forsaken men,  
And look to your earth.  
Your castle is cold in the clouds,  
And your naked feet  
Are bleeding here in the snow."*

ALMON BARBOUR.



## Money Is Our Calling Card



AUSTIN studied the ash drop-lets which had fallen into his beer. They fell to the bottom of his glass in little gray streams, and were like lines of soot smoke against a sunset sky. He hated ugly contrasts and had always avoided them in his paintings. But there was a fascination in the ruined

beer which held him gazing into the glass. It was strange that such wispy charred waste could spoil the hardy drink. There was something of Art in their shimmering destructions.

"Pity me, my hearties," he laughed, "that Goddamned truck-driver dumped his ashes in my beer. It's ruined now, and I'm melancholy instead of drunk and gay."

But Lance and Jack were drinking mock-courteous toasts to the lumpy blond at the bar. She was resting her breasts on the cheap polished wood and rolling her hips in crude invitations. Austin knew her type; he had been on slumming parties before. She was one of Maxie's women, and her job was to roll her roundness at the customers. Appraising her artless intimations, Austin remembered that he was in a "joint" and stopped worrying about ashes in his beer. He wondered if she would pose for a portrait—just as she was now with bulging hints of ripeness beneath the tight black dress. Austin was amused with himself for looking at a woman of that sort and thinking of painting. Some day he would fill himself with Maxie's cheap beer and run home to his imported canvas. Things did not seem so serious when he was drunk. He might not fret then when the picture formed into as horrible a mess as all the others were.

Jack had a pitcher of beer and was refilling the glasses. He chuckled when Austin warned him of the truck-drivers at the bar who threw their smelly ashes into gentlemen's drinks. He said that they were big and dirty, but that they were

only looking for a little fun too. "Besides, Maxie doesn't cater to aristocrats. If we want to go slumming, I guess we'll have to take ashes in our beer. Might give us muscles, make us brutes like them."

Austin was glad that Lance sympathized, that he knew what class distinction was. "Class is class. We've got gold and they've got dirt. Dirt can't come to gold, but gold can go wherever it God-damned pleases. If we want to come to this joint, it's because we have the money to go where we want. And if, like tonight, we want to waste a few hours before Gloria's midnight supper, we can waste them here because we've got gold and money is our calling card. And just because Austin could buy every glass of beer that Maxie owns is no excuse for some dumb fifteen-dollar-a-weeker to spill ten-cent tobacco in his beer . . . let's drink to gold and breeding, and to no barriers."

There were greasy shirts and blue denim jackets at the bar, blended with the cheapness of unshaven men, and women in house-dresses in the booths. Lance was right; it was a cheap evening they were wasting. They came from the security of gold, but Maxie's was a ten-cent store tinsel spray. Hard beer for the gents, soft beer for their women. Voices unrefined and ungrammatical. Hands from the factory and from the street. They were assailing Austin's senses and making the beer taste in his mouth more raw. They seemed a part of Maxie's beer, and Austin spat on the bare wood floor.

Maxie was mixing drinks and Austin watched him as he emptied another glass. A man could mix a few colored chemicals and think himself an artist. Maxie, who catered to truck-drivers, probably thought so. But a man could mix fragile paints and not recognize art himself. Austin called for another beer and almost wished he were Maxie.

### II

There was noise from his table and Austin was content to forget his musings. Jack had been calling for the blond, shouting imperiously as he al-

ADRIAN SPIES, feature writer for the Daily Tar Heel, contributes once more for the MAGAZINE. We hope that his success as a journalist will be comparable to his success as a writer of fiction.

ways did after a few drinks. And all of a sudden she was there, falling like a talcum-scented Jelly Roll on Jack's lap. Austin saw red ridges on her face and age lines creeping out from her mas-carad eyes. He knew he didn't want to paint her. But he liked her softness and wished that she were in his lap. The blond was talking; it was really her body that whispered to them. She called coarsely for a round of drinks and ran her fingers over Jack's pants. The soft bulges fell from her dress as she ordered again. Austin wondered how Jack could sit so still, and asked the blond if she had a friend.

Then this other girl was at their table, sitting down and ordering a Sherry Flip. Austin had expected her to come into his lap as the blond had with Jack, and he was annoyed with her prim silence. He didn't have to come to Maxie's to sit with prigs. There would be plenty of that sort at Gloria's midnight supper. She sat with the detached stillness of a model, but Austin was not going to think of models or the painting they implied.

She sat slowly turning her Sherry in the blunt, chipped wine glass. The wine blew little bubbles at the sides of the container; the girl breathed into them and sort of smiled. The blond was all bulges and business now, calling to Maxie for another round. But the other only played with the foam and bubbles in her glass. She was pretty in the ten-cent store tinsel way, and her softness was younger than the blond's. Then Maxie walked over to ask why she didn't finish her Sherry. Austin saw fright flush into her face, but she closed her eyes and drank. She probably hated it, but Maxie paid her to call for it when she sat with customers. There was pleasure in knowing that he could cause the little clam to drink something she disliked. It was proof of Lance's theories about power and money.

The girl stood up suddenly and thanked him for his kindness. "So nice of you to have invited me over. I hope to see you again." She was young all right, and her voice wasn't cracked and wheedling like Jack's playmate. He stood and bowed to her as he might have to any of his young lady friends at Gloria's. "Very charmed to have met you, we must see each other again and continue our discussion. There had not been much of a discussion, but the girl seemed pleased when she left.

"Well done," mumbled Lance. "Always treat a princess like a whore and a whore like a prin-

cess. They like it." Everyone drank to the wisdom of the proverb.

Austin dropped his head into the strange remoteness of his hands and let the beer swirls carry him into their haze. The sounds of Maxie's truck-drivers were weak echoes cast from a distant room. He knew that he was really drunk now, and hoped that the bums at the bar would not notice. But some one was pulling at his arm, and Austin called himself back to the room. It was a Salvation Army girl who stood before him, her little tin plate tilted in unmistakable appeal. He stared at her black cloaked plainness, and wondered how she had the nerve to invade the open crudeness of the place. And then he asked her to sit down and drink a beer with him. But she neither smiled nor spoke. Austin threw a dollar into her plate and felt freed from her sobriety. After the blond had offered a quarter from her flesh-ridged stocking tops the beggar left. Then the blond climbed closer into Jack and laughed as Lance toasted the Salvation Army's wonderful wandering virgins.

Piano sounds, weak lame flurries of songs, were striking the noises of the room. They came from the little space of booths and bare floor that Maxie called his ballroom. And Austin thought they were like his ballroom. Crude imitations of the popular sort. He hated the forced rhythm, the off-beats, the strongly beaten tempo. Austin's taste was bittered with beer—but it still was his. There was something false about the songs as they hacked through the smoke and smell of two rooms. They were weak shadows of a true expression; they were like his paintings. Austin resented the music for reminding him of failure, and ordered another drink. He could no longer taste it in his mouth, but there was a loosening freeness in his head.

Jack's blond was back at the bar; Jack was grumbling about the music. "Christ that stinks. It's dead and draggy. Maxie must have found some stumble-bum and set him on the piano stool. It's an insult—it's a bitchy insult to my—my music appreciation. There's no life, no swing. Maxie—Maxie—turn that funeral march off."

Lance was quitting his friend. "Where in hell do you think you are? We're slumming, so I guess we'll slum in music too. Things have got to be the same—fine things and mucker things. Sure. It's something artistic. Ask Austin, he claims to be an artist."

"It's unity," Austin was mumbling. "Bright



must go with bright, dark with dark, fine with fine, and mucker with mucker."

And Jack was laughing and waving his arm at Maxie. "Maxie, you have unity. Your place stinks, your piano player stinks, you stink. Maxie, you are a unit. And Austin says that makes you a work of Art."

### III

Austin moved from the table as quickly as he could. The others were defining Art. He was running away from Art. His feet were strangely heavy, but they walked. And for some reason they walked into the other room towards the piano sounds.

There was a smoky scum in Maxie's "ballroom" which seared at Austin's eyes and pricked at his throat. He was coughing with a beer taste and looking for the piano. It was a battered upright thing half hidden in a corner. And he saw that the musician whom Jack had cursed was a young girl.

She was the quiet one who had not sat in his lap and had only played with the Sherry Flip he bought.

The player was unimportant in the shadows; Austin thought that Maxie could have given her a little more light. But even in the saloon's smoke-shroud he could see her fingers. He watched them argue with the sticky keys. There was strength in their straightness and grace in their smoothness. They were different from the soft patting hands of her blond friends. But this girl was still young.

Austin was leaning on the piano top as the girl finished her series of songs. He nodded to her benignly—he was going to treat her like a princess. She smiled quickly, then looked down to play dainty chords. Austin recognized them. They were bits from the classics. The girl seemed to have forgotten him. Fingers were poised in arching spread, and they fell on each chord with a surety. Austin smiled and moved closer to the stool.

He had found a classical slut.

"You seem to know the classics, Miss. I'm surprised to meet them here. They're old friends of mine. Could you, I wonder, play my favorite for me?"

"Oh I'd like to, but I can't. Maxie says his customers don't care for this—this old stuff."

"Maxie won't mind. I'm as good a customer as the rest. Besides, the others won't know the difference."

Two men in the back were throwing broken bottles at each other. The girl flinched. "Well all right. It's nice to have an audience for a change. What would you like?"

It was reassuring to know that he was more important than truck-drivers who threw broken bottles. The girl was smiling to him and her teeth were a bright spot in the heavy haze of the room. He wanted a song about light in the measureless dark. And then he remembered, and was proud of himself. "Would you please play 'Glow-Worm' for me?"

She did. And she was smiling, and her fingers were laughing. The trouble in the back had stopped; they were carrying a bleeding fool away. Everything was quiet for the moment as "Glow-Worm" lit the air. The girl's brown hair shook with the lilting notes, and her lips were lifted to the song. Shine little Glow-worm, glimmer glimmer. Shine little Glow-worm soft and tender. La-da-da-de-da. They were fragile words that Austin loved. She seemed to like them too.

When she looked up to him and smiled from tear-dropped eyes Austin knew that he was using the right advance. Jack was right. Treat a princess like a whore and a whore like a princess. She was finished with the song now and he sat beside her. "That was very beautiful. It's a gracious song. Where did you learn to play so well?" It was amusing to practice his manners on a slut. A sort of educated slut.

But Maxie came walking by, and the girl was swinging into a fast empty song. "I can't talk to you unless you order some drinks. I'll have another Sherry Flip."

Austin bowed his head and called her order. Then she smiled again, and he liked the little laugh of light. "You know, you're a little like a Glow-worm yourself—shining in this dirty place—playing the accompaniment for cut-up brawls. Whatever brought you here?"

"Hunger helped. Hunger and failure. I trained for concert playing, but only Maxie would listen to me. No one else cared about the nine years I spent studying the classics. But Maxie said he needed music, and he's been very nice."

"There must have been other places to go. Places where you didn't have to order Sherry Flips every time you talked to a man." She did not speak. Austin wondered if she resented his words. It was stupid to make her angry. "I mean, that's what you must do here. But that isn't for some one with—with talent. When you played

'Glow-worm' I knew that those fingers were made for better places than Maxie's." He sounded like a wind-bag, but she seemed to like it.

The girl was playing her jazz numbers now, but softly so that she could speak to Austin. "Do you mean you like this music—or 'Glow-worm'? I don't feel free with these popular songs. I'm new to this business of filling up a measure with any old note, of forgetting rules and forms. I was taught on rules and forms."

Did he like the wild stuff, the free stuff, the bastard arts? But she was only an educated slut who would never understand his fumbblings and defeats. No, rather praise her awful jazz and turn traitor to those ideals not yet sogged with beer. "No. Forget your classics. You see, this is a new age. This is the age of off-beats, careless melodies, any discord you pound together and bend your body to. No, forget your 'Glow-worm,' though you played it well, and go make some money. And money has divorced itself from Art." It was quite a speech; he wondered where he had taken it from.

"You're right, I know. That's why I took this job—besides needing the salary to live on. I want to teach my fingers to forget their primness."

"Sure, that's the way to success these days. Sure, I know. I used to paint delicate things. Why I'd waste hours over the mixing of my paints. Can you imagine hours just for mixing? But now I paint pictures in that time, and buy my colors already mixed." Austin finished his drink with a quick swallow. The words were coming easily, and the little fool believed him.

"If I could only get in with a girl orchestra. They say there's money in that." Maxie was looming by, and the girl was quiet. Her eyes were on the keyboard; she played loudly and terribly. Austin saw that she must play, and walked back to his friends.

#### IV

Lance and Jack were playing with the softness of the blond. They said she was a wonderful woman who took her whisky like a lady. Austin knew she was making fools of them; the table was loaded with untouched glasses. He pulled her from their laps and said that they were finished with her. Her lumpy sweet smell sickened him. She was old and obvious but the girl was young. The girl was worth playing with.

Austin knew that he was more sober than his friends, and he slapped their faces until they listened. And then he was telling them of his

discovery. "She's a slut who plays the classics. And she wants to get into a girl's jazz band."

"She must be a whore," Jack was mumbling, "a whore with pretensions like a princess."

But Austin wanted them to come into the other room, to play with the slut. "We'll tell her that Lance is a band leader or something. She believes anything. We'll make her play and we'll give her a lesson in jazz. What a laugh it'll make at Gloria's supper! And she's sort of pretty too, there might be a little sex. It's only a lark, come on."

#### V

The three of them marched into the ballroom, and Austin got himself another glass. The girl was still playing; she didn't seem to move or to notice anyone. But she saw Austin, and smiled to him, and asked him to order another Sherry Flip. Austin took Lance's arm and lunged over to the piano. "Little Miss Glow-worm, I'm sorry I left before. But I only went to do things for you. I told you this wasn't the place for you. Well, my friend here thinks so too. Meet my friend Lance, one of the best trumpet players in America."

Lance was bowing to the girl. He had heard her play, he was interested in her career. One of his friends was forming a new girls' band, and he wondered if she would consider trying out. She stopped playing. Her fingers were turned into themselves and her eyes were for Lance. "A girls' band? A regular band? And you're asking me to try out? Oh of course I will, I'll play for ten hours straight if you want me to. I'll play for a whole week, I'll play anything you want me to—but do you think I can handle the work?" She was rattling off a nervous little tune, and Austin hoped she was as stupid as most sluts.

But Lance was doing wonderfully. She was playing for him, for his professional judgment. And Austin knew that she had been fooled. Lance was crouched over the piano with her, breathing some sort of instructions and peering into the opening of her cheap dress. "Faster, much faster. Hit those notes harder—that's the way this girls' band plays. You know, you're cute as hell, you'll have no trouble getting ahead. I'll make sure you get the job. You're good, and gorgeous too. But play faster, throw yourself into the song." Lance was leering all over her, and the girl was believing every word he said.

She must have been weary, but the wild and crude songs went on. Lance was making promises and sliding his hands upon her bare arms. Only

*(Continued on page thirty-one)*



## To the Stars

### I

The spirit of man, from grayest earth arising,  
For centuries breathes the pestilential air of swamps,  
Until, from element aqueous slowly emerging,  
It stands in form erect, limbs planted on the clod,  
With gaze directed upward toward the sun.

From these primeval glints what inner light  
(What flash prophetic in the apish eye)  
Comes forth, to stare at the great deep,  
To scrutinize the cosmos and demand  
Some freedom from the small cell of causation?  
What light, from what far center emanating,  
To seek a freedom, to be found . . . where, where?  
A peace and harmony, to be discovered  
In what eternal and immutable womb?

### II

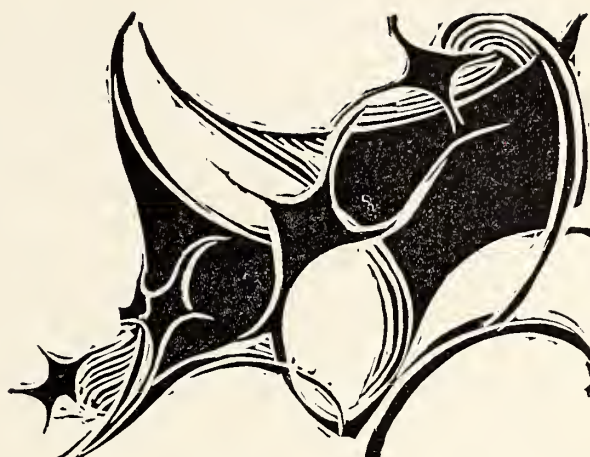
And here and now, in the mad triumphant flush  
Of this high music, looking ever outward  
Into the great expanse of space and stars,  
We try to ponder the imponderable.  
We have attained a measure of that freedom  
The cave-man looked for vainly in the sky.  
No more the slaves of red unreasoning blood,  
No longer the poor dupes of time and chance,  
(We think this, though it still may be a lie)  
At length we dare to scale the timeless peaks.  
Outward, the earth-man on his endless journey  
Proceeds, betraying neither hope nor fear,  
Knowing that he who never hopes cannot despair.

Out, after the long-envisioned goal,  
The prize that lies within the search itself  
And the sweet peace that follows conquering.

Some have pointed to small birds singing  
And asked the reason for the ceaseless stress.  
Theirs is the soft beauty of stagnation,  
Never the great sweet madness, not the glaring  
That goes forever outward, endlessly,  
Projecting the soul of man into infinity.

### III

Outward, yes . . . to the stars.  
And when the vision passes, when there is left  
Only the stark realization of the moment



Which holds no better strain than drudgery;  
When the melody of love falls broken on the rocks  
And shatters into meaningless discordants . . .  
Then let the image of this dream recur  
To shock the flagging heart into activity.

In the sobriety of this still after-hour  
There is no distance but traversible space, I swear,  
Between the earth beneath us and the stars.



# My Last Day

## *A Review of the Tar Heel Staff*

ONCE when I was three years old my mother found me behind the dining room door where I was stuffing newspapers into my mouth. Since then I have had an almost insatiable appetite for news.

This appetite led me to work four summers on the *Charlotte News* and four winters on the *Daily Tar Heel*. Of the two publications I prefer the *Daily Tar Heel* because:

1. As a member of its staff I attained a position relatively higher than that of obituary editor, and,

2. It was my good fortune to work with the most interesting group of humans ever assembled under one roof.

You know most of them. That is, you know them as they are in their rooms, in class, or on the street. I know them as a bunch of newspapermen doing the most remarkable piece of work in contemporary journalism.

We're getting down to brass tacks, now. When John Creedy asked me to write this article, he said he wanted to know how the *Daily Tar Heel* was put together. That's a bit too technical to be interesting. I think we can find out what makes the paper tick by taking a look at who makes it tick. To me that is much more interesting.

You might be interested to know that the editor last year was John McNeill Smith, the strangest piece of human apparatus ever to hang his hat in Room 205 Graham Memorial.

Smith is remarkably intelligent. With a minimum of study he made vice-president of Phi Beta Kappa. His grasp of facts is phenomenal. His powers of analysis and logic are extraordinarily good.

But Mac is a poor newspaperman. For one thing he is too intelligent for the business. He has lost the common touch. His editorials were understood by himself, faculty members, and Phi Betes. But they were either too deep or too complicated for the average undergraduate.

In the second place Mac didn't give his readers what they wanted, but rather gave them what he thought they should have. This is fatal. An editor must reflect the opinions of his readers and, as much as possible, disregard his own.

There was no mercury in Smith's mirror. When you looked at the *Daily Tar Heel*, instead of seeing the reflection of campus opinion, you saw Smith's mind peering through.

That was the main trouble with the paper. Its editorial page failed to keep step with journalistic progress. Newspapers no longer lead the community; the community now leads the newspaper. Back in the old days people looked to the press for education about current events. They wanted an analysis of the news. Today, however, with wider educational facilities, the reader wants just the facts. He will analyze them himself.

Especially is this true in a college community where the educational process emphasizes individual analysis of facts.

Mac believed the editor should do the analyzing, the public accept his conclusion. Until *Daily Tar Heel* editors learn that their job is to reflect instead of incite, page two will never be read.

### II

Just beneath the editor is the managing editor. Last year he was such a screwloose that perhaps we had better look at the new one, Will G. Arey, Jr., so far the most sensational newspaperman ever to hit this campus.

Some people have said that during my administration the *Daily Tar Heel* was sensational. They described it as "Hearstian." That is not true. Compared to professional standards, I am a conservative. You haven't seen a sensational *Daily Tar Heel* yet, but you will.

When I went into office Will Arey was straining at the leash as news editor. He was reacting against the very conservative McKee-Sarratt regime, and he wanted a streamer headline on everything. He prodded me to play up the sensational

CHARLEY GILMORE, who believes everything we do not, writes his critical impressions of the *Daily Tar Heel* staff. We hope that during his career on the *Atlanta Constitution* he will receive similar treatment to that which he now hands out.



angle of any story that had even a touch of color.

His efforts were partly successful and I gave in on many of my old, ultra-conservative theories of journalism. But Will has the whole field now, and he's taking advantage of it.

His first fourteen papers produced eleven streamer headlines. In my opinion most of them over-played the stories beneath. On several occasions he used two streamers, something we did once; but Will used larger type.

He was the best technician on my staff, and that brings up another point. We might glance at the difference between a technician and a writer, and the job of each.

Newspapers require a lot of theories and rules. For instance, there are rules governing the writing of headlines; there are rules controlling the placement of stories on a page, called make-up or lay-out; there are theories about the general organization of a staff, about what is news and what is not news. There are a thousand and one theories.

It is the managing editor's job to know these rules and see that they are applied. Different managing editors have different interpretations of technique. But under whatever theory he is operating, the quality of a managing editor depends upon his knowledge of the rules.

Contrast him with the editor or a reporter. They are essentially writers. Although they should know something about the technological side, their main interest lies in mastering the art of reporting.

To be specific I'm going to take a look at the new editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*, Allen H. Merrill. Merrill is practically ignorant of how a newspaper is made up, knows little about lay-out, and has never written a headline in his life. But he isn't supposed to know; that is Will Arey's job.

Merrill is supposed to know, however, what is going on in the campus mind, and this he does as well as anybody I know. He can write if he wants to, and most of the time he wants to. He equals Smith's ability in logic and analysis, but surpasses Smith's insight into campus problems.

His editorials will be critical and constructive on the whole. Every now and then he will be destructive as hell, if he thinks the situation and the reader calls for destruction. Merrill will reflect ably; he will write good editorials; he will keep things stirred up. And that is his job.

### III

A writer on this campus has a devil of a job. In the first place, his audience is hyper-critical of what he writes. The average undergraduate

doesn't like anything. If Horace Greeley came back and wrote for the *Daily Tar Heel*, a good portion of the readers would criticize him.

That is natural and expected. College students have a much higher intelligence rating than the average reader, and, as a result, tend to criticize a little too vigorously.

In the second place, there are 3,000 different tastes here. Students usually don't know what they want, but it's not what they're getting. When a local writer goes into his act, he may appeal to a few, but he misses the boat others want him to catch.

A newspaper must serve the tastes of its readers. If it doesn't naturally the readers will go somewhere else to eat. So the *Daily Tar Heel* reporter or editor has two strikes on him when he sits down at a typewriter. He must be able to judge what most of his readers want, write to suit them, and pray for the rest to be lenient.

Obviously this is a job, and there are only a few here who can do it. Smith could have done that if he had wanted to, but he didn't want to. He chose what the minority of his readers wanted.

Merrill is a better writer. He will serve as many as he can, and every now and then give the rest a nibble. That is his duty as a writer: to write what his readers want to read.

The best writer on the campus is Stuart Rabb. He did several columns last year and every one was a masterpiece in miniature.

Rabb has the magic touch of human interest. He can make words kick and swim right into your heart. Some don't appreciate him, naturally, but he has succeeded in selling himself to more readers than the average writer one finds around here.

Stu Rabb will be remembered after the rest of us are forgotten. He'll stick to newspapers and go right on up to the top. For sheer, natural writing ability none can touch him.

Another top-notch writer is Voit Gilmore. His two columns, "Campus Nomad" and "Written In Water," have as much popularity as anything in the *Daily Tar Heel*. At any rate, they display the best writing that is going in the paper at the present time.

Voit has an uncanny nose for news. He is a good reporter, the best on the staff, in my opinion. Voit is in love with the newspaper business, and that may have something to do with it. He likes to work, and it's hard to beat somebody like that.

The Number One Workhorse, though, is Bob Perkins who wrote the movie column and covered

South Building. He can work all day and never get tired. His main asset is his versatility. He can write news, human interest, dramatic criticisms, and what-not. Criticism is his long suit, though.

I've mentioned these three writers because they have found out what readers want, and they give it to them. Discovering the taste of a circulation is a hard job because it doesn't follow any regular order.

#### IV

The managing editor, or the technician, has a much easier time of it. He has a pre-established set of rules to follow, regardless of his clientele. The only hitch is that the rules are harder to learn.

A good technician, like Will Arey, can put out news with few saying anything against him because he has learned most of the rules. The best thing he has learned is news judgment.

News judgment, or news sense, is the ability to ascertain what news the reader wants. Roughly speaking news is the reporting of change, conflict, and gossip. But one thing must be added to that: how many does it interest?

That is where the relative value of news comes in. For instance, on the right hand column of every newspaper is what is called the "lead" story. In the opinion of the managing editor that story concerns more people than any other.

On the left side is the "second lead," which theoretically concerns the second greatest number, and so on down to fifth and sixth leads.

Now if the managing editor's news sense is askew, the readers will say there's nothing in the paper. Why? Because he has underplayed what they wanted and overplayed what they didn't want. That news sense is part of technique.

As I have said Arey is a good technician with good news sense. I believe, though, he's somewhat of a sensationalist; that is, he tends to overplay his stories. He builds them up bigger than they really are. However, his understanding of the relative value of news is good, and that's what counts.

#### V

Let's trace a story, and see what happens. About 1:30 in the afternoon the managing editor starts getting telephone calls from his reporters. He assigns them stories to get, or they cover a beat of offices, organizations, and buildings.

After the assignments have been given out, the reporters go to work. The technical staff, the man-

aging editor and his news editor for the particular day, get ready for the flow of news.

About 3 o'clock reporters start turning in stories and the copy flow starts. The managing editor checks the more important stories, but leaves the bulk of the copy reading work to the news editor.

The news editor with his assistant writes the heads as prescribed or based upon his own judgment. Later on he and the managing editor go into a conference about make-up and pictures.

At 5:00 the afternoon copy goes to the Orange Printshop where it is cared for by one "Shorty" Hoenig.

"Shorty" Hoenig dips snuff and curses. The combinations which he forms from those seven Anglo-Saxon monosyllables are amazing. When he swears he writes poetry.

Officially he is known as the floor man. He assigns copy to the linotypes for setting, supervises the setting of headlines, and puts the type into chases from which it is printed. This is known as composition.

He is a character. In dirty overalls and ink-stained hands, "Shorty" assumes command of the night office. With the aid of pencil drawings, he explains to everybody just what to do, but invariably does what others tell him.

As a class printers have a superstition which holds that all newspapermen, managing editors in particular, are crazy, know absolutely nothing about printing, and are objects of contempt. However, they will refuse to do anything unless a news editor or a managing editor asks them.

About 7:30 the news editor and his assistant go down to the shop for any later copy and to supervise the composition. The *Daily Tar Heel* is equipped to handle news up to 11 o'clock at night, later on special occasions. The news editor sees that the make-up schedule is followed and checks the proofs for errors.

It might be interesting to know the time spent on that simple four-page sheet. The editor averages about three to four hours per day. The managing editor works more in spurts but usually runs about six to seven hours, closer to six. The news editors work about eight hours a day, two times a week. Reporters run about three hours per day, four if things are heavy. The sports editor works a four-hour day and his night editors have about five hours twice a week. *Daily Tar Heel* men seldom make Phi Beta Kappa.

The pay-roll for the staff is \$40.50 per week. The complete budget for the paper runs about



\$15,000 per year, which isn't near enough. Of this nearly \$300 is spent for photography and engraving. The bulk of the money is of course spent for printing.

Last year the staff of the paper was unusually good, is much better this year. We scored half a dozen scoops over professional newspapers which isn't bad for an amateur outfit. We had the Trotsky story exclusive; we sent our story of Ramsay Potts' resignation to the Associated Press; we beat the state papers on the result of the Southern Conference meeting which killed the Graham Plan.

This year the paper will be much better. Its administration is very capable, and needs only experience to round it out. Arey knows the technical side backwards and forwards, has learned his job from the ground up. Merrill's uncanny ability to absorb everything that goes on around him will produce one of the better *Daily Tar Heel* editors.

Right now both of them are trying to eliminate errors, that bugaboo of newspapers which seems to haunt the *Daily Tar Heel* office in particular. The elimination of mistakes is a hopeless job.

The main difficulty is that the staff is amateur. It is true that many have worked semi-professionally. Charley Barratt was with the *Raleigh Times*; Don Bishop has worked on a New Bern daily and a weekly too; Carroll McGaughey has done a turn in Atlanta; Dave Stick worked on both the *Elizabeth City Independent* and the *Advance*; Charles Spies worked on a Newark daily; Morris Rosenberg has worked in his home town, Anderson.

But, all in all, they haven't had enough experience to produce unfailing accuracy. In fact, few newspapermen ever have. Further, the *Daily Tar Heel* is an extra-curricular activity squeezed in between classes. Haste makes waste, you know.

Well, John Creedy, I've used up about 2,800 words and I think I could go on all night. That is a partial story of the *Daily Tar Heel* as it was in "My Day," but only an introduction to the complete story.

Somebody ought to cover the complete story sometime. In fact, I think I'll add that to the list of books I'm going to write. It will be book number 83, and probably never will be published either.

## White Hands at the Window

A Chinese Classical Lyric

*Green green the grass by the stream,  
Misty misty the willow in the garden,  
Lovely lovely a girl in her tower:  
Charmingly charmingly she stands by the window,  
Delicately delicately she adorns herself,  
Wistfully wistfully she waves her white hands:  
A harlot she was,  
A vagabond she wedded,  
The vagabond forgets to return,  
It is hard to sleep in a lonesome bed.*

—TRANSLATED BY ELIZABETH WANG.

## The Rabbit under the Shed



THE RABBIT ran under the floor of the shed. It was a small hole he got through, and it was the only hole. Dick and Louis took turns getting down on their knees to look at the animal. A little light coming through the cracks of the floor was enough to reveal him.

"He's there all right," Dick said.

"I guess we got him cornered this time."

Louis got a stick and tried to poke the rabbit. He couldn't reach him with the stick. Dick became impatient.

"If we took one of the boards out of the floor we could get him. We could stop up this hole and he couldn't get away."

"How are we going to get the board loose?"

"Well, I could get my scout axe."

Louis stayed by the shed, and Dick ran across the field to his quarters. He stopped for a few minutes by the armorers' hangar and spoke to Sergeant Lander about getting some more ammunition for his twenty-two.

Mrs. Abbey was entertaining at bridge. She asked him what he was doing, but she only absent-mindedly heard his muttered something about his axe and a rabbit. Children were so much trouble, and she did hope the Colonel's wife was enjoying the party.

On his way back to the shed Dick saw Sergeant Lander again. The sergeant looked at the axe with the wary interest that old army men have for the activities of officers' children. He knew how much trouble they could cause, but he also knew that there was not much he could do about it.

"What're you going to do with the axe, General?"

"Just going to catch a rabbit."

The sergeant looked relieved. Just rabbits. Well, that was all right if the Captain's boy wanted to hunt rabbits with an axe. He was a little skep-

tical about the method of hunting, but he didn't see how the boys could get into any trouble as long as they were just rabbit hunting.

"Why don't you use your rifle?"

"No, we don't want to shoot him."

Dick ran on without any other explanation, and the sergeant went back to overseeing the installation of a machine gun. Queer ideas these youngsters got sometime, he thought, but the Captain's boy was all right. The old sergeant had been in the army for over twenty years. Talking to Dick had started him off on one of his favorite themes for musing. He had seen officers and men come and go—good ones and bad ones. Captain Abbey, he thought, was one of the finest soldiers he had ever known.

"The Captain's a hard man, but he knows his stuff. If that boy is half the soldier his old man is, he sure will be a good one."

"What'd you say, Sergeant?"

"Nothing, spin that prop over. Let's see if this gun is lined up right."

Dick finally got back to an impatient Louis.

"It took you long enough to get an old axe."

"I stopped to talk to Sergeant Lander. Say, they're putting a gun on that new Curtiss pursuit ship. Boy, that sure is a honey of a ship."

"I'll say. Gosh, I'll bet she'll do almost a thousand miles an hour."

Dick wanted to show his superior aviation knowledge, and he looked at Louis with contempt.

"Don't be silly. Even a pursuit plane won't do over two-fifty."

"Aw, I didn't mean really, I know better than that. Dick, are you going to be a pilot when you get out of West Point?"

"Sure, I'm going to fly pursuit. I'm not going to fool around with any old bombers or observation planes. They're no fun."

They talked about the new ship and what both boys were going to do when they graduated from the Point in about twelve years. They almost forgot the rabbit. They discussed Lieutenant Tole, who was their current hero because he was a crack

|| RALPH MILLER returns to the staff of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE after a year's inactivity. A major in journalism, Miller was assistant editor of the "Bud," Phillips Russell's yearly publication of class writings. ||



pursuit pilot. They agreed that it was a shame that such a flyer had been grounded just for stunting too close to the field.

"Shucks, he knows how to fly. He wouldn't stunt that low if he didn't know he had a ship that would stand it," Louis said.

"Yeah, my dad said that the C. O. is an old woman for grounding him."

"He'd better not let Colonel McCord hear him say it."

## II

Then they remembered the imprisoned rabbit. They found some boards to stuff the hole and then went into the shed. They peered through the cracks in the floor until they found the right board. Louis wanted the axe, but Dick became the leader of the attack by virtue of its being his axe. He began to pry the board, but he found that he was going to have no success unless he cut a little at the end where the nails were.

Dick consulted Louis.

"Looks like we'll have to cut the board a little. Do you think it'll be all right?"

"Sure, you won't hurt it much. Besides, this is just an old shed. It isn't good for much."

Dick started swinging the axe. His aim wasn't as good as he would have told Louis it was. He kept missing the spot he was trying to hit and the small axe bit pieces out of the board. Periodically he stopped to make sure that the rabbit was still there. The animal was so badly frightened by this time that he didn't dare to move. After a good deal of hacking and more destruction of lumber than he had originally intended, Dick cut through the board.

He inserted the blade of the axe and pried. After a little grunting and some squeaking from old nails the board came free. The frightened rabbit was exposed. He crouched below them and looked up.

"Louis, do you think he'll bite if we try to pick him up?"

"Sure, he'll bite. They've got awful sharp teeth. They say a rabbit can bite your finger right off if you let him get a hold of it."

"Well, how are we going to pick him up?"

"I don't know."

"You do it."

"Not me. I'm not going to have any old rabbit bite my finger off. You wanted to get him. You pick him up."

Dick stretched a tentative hand toward the rabbit and the frightened animal drew back. The

boy's hand drew back almost as fast as the rabbit.

"Gee, he was getting ready to grab me."

"I told you he'd bite."

"Maybe we could knock him out with the axe."

Dick picked up the axe and held it over the rabbit.

"Shall I hit him?"

"Go ahead, but don't hit him too hard."

Dick hit the rabbit an experimental tap on the back. The rabbit squirmed. Dick hit him a little harder and the rabbit tried to bite the axe. Dick got frightened and struck savagely at the rabbit. He hit him in the head and the rabbit began to kick and quiver.

Then he lay still. Dick prodded him a few times with the axe to see if he was going to move. Then he touched the rabbit's soft warm back.

"I think he's dead, Louis."

"You hit him too hard."

"He tried to bite me."

"Even if he did you didn't have to hit him as hard as you could."

"I didn't hit him as hard as I could. I could have hit him lots harder."

"Well, anyway you hit him too hard."

"I didn't mean to kill him. Here, feel him, Louis, he's all soft and warm. His fur feels awful nice."

Louis reached out his hand to feel the dead rabbit. He stroked the fur for a while, a little sadly.

Dick picked up the limp body and looked at it. He had hit the animal with the broad head of the axe.

"Look, he didn't even bleed."

Dick kept stroking the rabbit.

"What did you have to go and kill it for, Dick?"

"I didn't mean to kill it. Besides, you said for me to hit it. How was I to know I was going to kill it? It tried to bite me and I guess I just hit it a little harder than I meant to."

"Well, let's go home now. It'll be time for supper before long."

"What'll we do with the rabbit?"

"Oh, leave him here. He's no good now."

"We can't just leave him lying here. Let's bury him."

"All right, but let's hurry."

## III

The two boys dug a hole in the field. Dick carried the rabbit. They filled the shallow grave, and Dick marked it with a ring of stones. They went back to the shed and tried to fix the boards, but they had cut and broken them more than they

realized. The shed didn't look quite the same when they got them in place.

Dick and Louis looked at their handiwork. They weren't satisfied, but it was the best they could do. It would have taken a carpenter with lumber and tools an hour or so to make adequate repairs.

"Looks like we broke those boards up a little."

"Oh, it's all right, Dick. Let's go home. It's only an old shed. It isn't good for anything. Who cares if the floor is cut a little?"

On the way home the two boys were silent. Dick looked unhappy and Louis sensed that he should keep quiet. Dick was thinking about the rabbit. He saw its broken little body in his hands, and he could almost feel the furry softness of it again.

At supper that night Dick had little to say. Usually he was a nuisance with his accounts of the day's adventures, his talk about what was going on at the hangars, and Sergeant Lander's latest observations on the status of the army. Captain Abbey was puzzled by his son's silence.

"What have you been doing today, Dick?"

"Nothing much, Dad. Louis and I killed a rabbit."

"Fine. You two are getting to be quite some hunters. Which one of you shot him?"

"Oh, we didn't shoot him. We killed him with my axe." Dick was glad his father thought it was all right to kill the rabbit. He felt a little better about it.

"How in the world did you kill him with an axe?"

"Well, he ran under that shed behind the armorers' hangar. You know that old shed out there. We cornered him up."

"I still don't understand how you could kill him with an axe. There isn't enough room for you to crawl under that shed."

"Oh, no. We didn't crawl under. We pried up a board and got him that way."

"You pried up a board! Do you mean that you and Louis tore up the floor of that shed with an axe?"

"We didn't hurt it much, Dad. We only cut the end of one board."

"You cut the end of one of the boards? Dick, do you realize that what you've done is destruction of government property?"

"But we didn't hurt it much, Dad."

"Young man, we're going to have a look at the floor of that shed right now. Come on."

Mrs. Abbey looked annoyed.

"Oh Bob, for goodness sakes, do you have to carry on so over an old shed? Wait until after supper to go. The shed will wait."

"Irene, if this boy has torn up government property, I want to know about it right now. That sort of thing just has to be stopped."

"But your supper will be cold by the time you get back."

"Never mind the supper. Dick has to learn that he can't go around destroying whatever he sees. Come on, son."

#### IV

Dick and his father walked out to the shed. On the way Dick kept trying to remember just how badly the shed floor had been cut. As he remembered it there wasn't much damage, but when he walked into the shed with his father, Dick was shocked. The place was a wreck. There were chips all over the floor. The board was broken and hacked. Dick hung his head.

"So you didn't hurt it much!"

"I didn't think it was this bad."

"Dick, you and Louis have ruined a section of this floor. It'll take a man an hour to fix it, but that isn't what matters."

"I'm sorry, Dad."

"Being sorry now doesn't help much. You should have thought about what you were doing. You're getting old enough to realize what is right and what is wrong. The fact that you have torn up part of the floor of a shed isn't important. What is important is that you have deliberately destroyed something that didn't belong to you. Worse than that, it belonged to the government. Dick, do you know what would happen to me or to any soldier who did a thing like this?"

"No, sir."

"I'd be court-martialled and would lose my commission. In the army a man must learn to respect the property that is in his care. How do you ever expect to become an officer if you go around tearing things up this way? They wouldn't even let you in West Point."

"I'm sorry, Dad. We didn't mean to do any damage. We just wanted to get the rabbit."

"Whose idea was it to tear up the floor?"

"Well, I guess we both sort of thought of it."

"You both thought of it. Dick, one of you must have had the idea first. Who was it?"

"I don't remember."

"One of you must have thought of it. Surely you can remember whether it was you or Louis."



It was your axe, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who did the cutting?"

Dick had been afraid his father would get around to that question. That afternoon he had been proud that he was the one who had used the axe. Louis had wanted to, but Dick wouldn't let him. Now he was sorry he had been so selfish. In fact Dick was beginning to feel mournful about the whole affair. He was sorry he had killed the rabbit, and now he was afraid he was going to be sorrier that he had cut that board.

"I did, but Louis wanted to."

"Oh, Louis wanted to, did he? And you wouldn't let him. You had to be sure you were going to be the one who did the damage."

"No, sir, I didn't want to do any damage. I didn't think it would hurt the floor."

"All right. Let's go home. When we get there you go straight to your room and stay there. You can do without supper tonight."

"Yes, sir."

"After supper you get a thrashing. I don't see any other way to stop you from doing things like this. Now go in and think it over."

V

Dick and Captain Abbey went into the house and Dick went straight to his room and closed the door. Outside he could hear his mother and father talking.

"What's the matter with Dick? Isn't he going to come to supper?"

"No, I told him he couldn't have supper. Irene, I'm going to thrash that boy."

"Bob, he didn't mean to do any harm."

"That's just the trouble. He doesn't think. He's not a baby any longer. It's about time he was beginning to think about what he does. Talking seems to do no good. He just gets sullen and won't say anything. Then he does something else. He'll just have to take punishment until he learns to behave."

"I'm sorry. I wish he wouldn't do some of the things he does. I don't know what to do."

"You were here all afternoon. Didn't you see him get the axe?"

"Yes, I saw him take it."

"Didn't you ask him what he was going to do with it?"

"Yes, Bob, I asked him. He said something about a rabbit. I was busy with my bridge party and didn't think anything about it."

"Bridge party! Are bridge parties more impor-

tant to you than raising your own son? Don't you care whether he goes around getting into all sorts of mischief?"

"Certainly I care, but you know I can't be after him every minute of the day. And as for the party, how would you feel if everyone on the post thought I was a dud at entertaining?"

"All right, let's forget it."

There was no more conversation and all Dick could hear was the sound of knives and forks and the occasional rattle of plates. The sound reminded him that he was hungry, but the thought of what was coming after supper took away his appetite.

Dick stayed in his room and thought about what he had done. He was sorry he had been bad, but until his father had told him he was bad he had only been sorry for the rabbit. Now, his father said it was all right to kill the rabbit, but it was wrong to break boards when they belonged to the government. He was going to get a thrashing because he had broken and cut the boards, but it was all right about the rabbit. Dick wondered why it was that he should feel so much worse about the rabbit, which it was all right to kill, than about the damage, which seemed to be a serious crime and might keep him out of West Point.

He tried to think about what the thrashing would be like. He had been whipped before, but he couldn't remember just what it was like. His imagination didn't go far enough for him to be able to feel the belt. He knew that it was going to hurt, but he couldn't tell just how much.

After supper Captain Abbey came into Dick's room with his belt. To Dick his face seemed like a rock.

"Dick, have you thought over what you have done?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you going to do it again?"

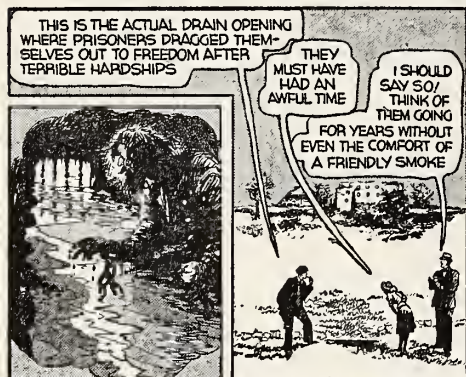
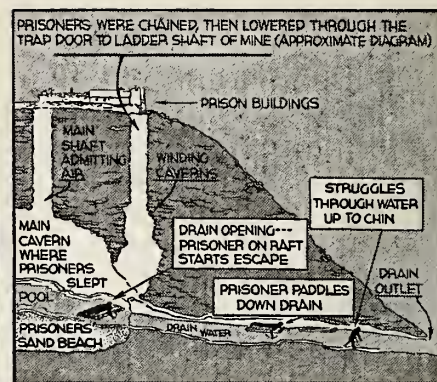
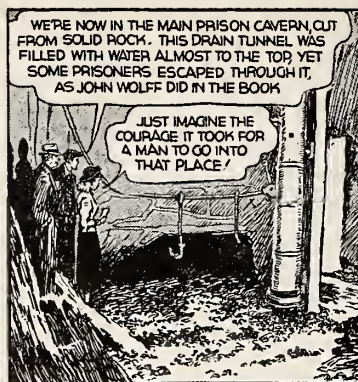
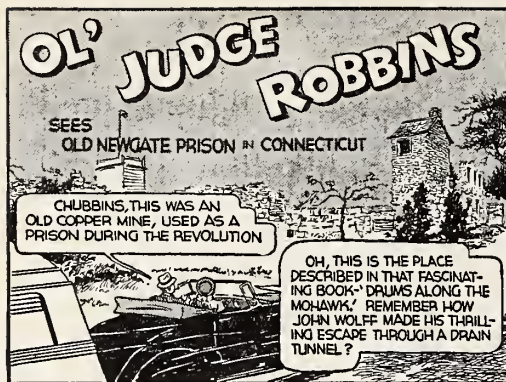
"No, sir."

"Well, maybe this will help you to remember. Stretch out across that chair."

Dick did as he was told. Captain Abbey hit him with the belt and Dick gritted his teeth. He wouldn't cry. It was sissy to cry. Captain Abbey hit him harder, and Dick flinched. In spite of his resolution the tears began to trickle down his cheeks, but he made no noise. After about a dozen strokes with the belt Captain Abbey decided that the crime had been punished enough.

"I hope that will teach you to behave yourself better in the future. If I ever hear of your doing





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anything else like this I'll give you a real thrashing. What you just got will be only a sample. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now get into your pajamas and go to bed."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll stay here until you've said your prayers. Snap into it now."

Dick undressed and put on his pajamas. He knelt by the side of his bed.

"Dear God, bless Mom and—Dad and all of the sick and helpless all over the world. Help make me a good boy and to grow up to be a good soldier like my Dad. Father, forgive me for destroying goverment property and for—killing the rabbit. Amen."

Dick's father went out into the living room. He didn't understand what the boy meant. He hadn't said anything to Dick about its being wrong to kill rabbits.

## Today Is for Today

O Lao Tze, a lotus-bud from out the muck surrounding dynast Chou, your age of vice compared to mine is not without its similarities. But you were sage enough to make an antiphon assuage bearded Chou. Great Lao Tze, to glean ceaseless Time and steal its hidden mien, you probed the Books of Ages—took each page ravenously to your mind. And seen by you, each epoch was a mote of Time:

You wrote, Anomaly today is prime, and, O my sons, lest cries now gavot upon your brain, and turn you for a fool, I give you of my Wisdom, one great rule: Today is for Today, and matters not Tomorrow but the way you stilled your lips Today.

—SIMONS LUCAS ROOF.





by SAM HIRSCH

The Playmakers have enjoyed periods of great popularity, as well as unpopularity. This year is definitely one of the former for a number of good reasons:

1. The overworked, under-manned staff (Profs Koch, Selden and Davis and Mrs. Ora Mae Davis) was relieved considerably this year by the addition of Howard Bailey to take over the duties of business manager. Consequently, more time and effort than heretofore possible have been given to perfecting the quality of acting and production in the long-neglected experimentals. As a result, audiences kept coming back in increasing numbers until the dusty "Standing Room Only" sign had to be polished up to do heavy duty—a rare episode in the history of experimentals.

2. A new policy of selecting less costume plays and more modern dramas, beginning with Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson*, resulted in an unprecedented sale of nearly 1000 season tickets, assuring four nights of performance for each public bill.

3. The selection of the uproarious Broadway success *Boy Meets Girl*, by Bella and Sam Spewack, for the third production, proved to be so popular with the ticket holders and the campus at large that the cosy little theatre was packed for five solid nights, with that S.R.O. sign doing valiant service. This marks a definite milestone in the annals of the Playmakers Theatre and sets a nearly unbeatable record.

Playmakers have been called dilettantes, esthetes, and every thing else that denotes uselessness and affectation. Yet the plain and simple fact of the matter is that from Poppa Koch on down they are absolutely the hardest workers on the entire campus. Anyone who has ever worked with them on one of their shows knows whereof

I speak. Before a public production the activity within a hundred-yard radius of the theatre is tremendous. The stage is covered with gesturing, swarming actors and technical men; the business office is buzzing with 'phone calls and last-minute arrangements; the scene shop, located in the basement of Bynum Gym, is overflowing with scenery, and hammerers and painters all working feverishly under the expert guidance of Harry Davis, technical man super-extraordinary. In the next room the costume department functions quietly under the deft, artistic fingers of Ora Mae Davis, of whom it is said she is the best costumer, with the least amount of available material, in the entire American theatre.

This year's season ticket holders have been more than amply repaid by the following group of plays: Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson*, the Tour Bill, *Boy Meets Girl*, *Sharecropper* (an original by Fred Howard), a bill of eight original one-act plays, and, finally, the last and best treat of all, the Forest Theatre production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, directed by Prof Koch himself and written by Will Shakespeare, a Playmaker favorite from 'way back.

In addition to these above plays, a State Dramatic Festival was held in the theatre with more than forty plays done in one week. Besides these, add four bills of originals totalling more than sixteen plays, with four more coming up, and you get a grand total that is quite imposing, a total that represents many, many hours of hard work, lost sleep, and intense creative effort.

So, with a final spurt of more hard work on *The Merry Wives*, the Playmakers end a very successful year and get ready to adjourn for the summer, some to work in summer theatres, some to rest up, some to start the long uphill flight to break into the professional theatre.

## Editorial Comment

### Dr. William S. Bernard

On Saturday night, May 7th, a former editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE died. Dr. William S. Bernard, a leader on the campus during his student days, remained a leader until his death a few days ago. The CAROLINA MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to pay tribute to Dr. Bernard.

We speak also for the students, when we pay this tribute. We speak for the members of the University Dance Committee, for the members of the Order of the Grail, and for the members of the Order of Gimghoul. His connection with these three organizations illustrates the type of life he led—a life of deep meaning, service and devotion. The founder and very back-bone of the University Dance Committee has left us, the author of the ideals of the Grail has gone, the man who helped establish Gimghoul and had its history deep-graven on his heart is dead. But it is not only the members of these organizations who realize the loss they have suffered—his connections were too wide-spread for that. His students loved him; his fellow professors admired him deeply for his ideals and courage, and all who got to know him realized that here was one of the finer men.

And though his name will not be known to many a generation of students to come, the things he left behind him, his ideals and institutions, will remain. Carolina is indeed well served.

### Our Policy

Allen Merrill, editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*, suggested that the CAROLINA MAGAZINE might do worse than concentrate on campus-student problems. Merrill meant, we believe, that the MAGAZINE should interest itself in the personal problems affecting the majority of youth in college today, on this as well as on every campus.

We thought the idea over and decided that it was an excellent one. But looking at the field of problems intimately related to college youth today, we hesitated.

Sex is one of the great problems that faces the college student. Could we escape public censure

if we wrote an article on sex in college life specific as to detail, intelligent and constructive as to outlook and fitted to the maturity of the student body?

Would anybody read a critically specific article on education—an article that developed the suggestion of Horace Williams that the University had become a "Coney Island?"

And when many of us graduate from the University onto the rolls of the Works Progress Administration, is it not also pertinent to protest? Could we not be intelligent upon such subjects as politics and economics, upon planned societies and social consciences without being trapped in the pitfalls of the intellectual stereotypes? There is, in our opinion, although we realize the attendant dangers, every point in discussing ways of eliminating the necessity for the realistic philosophy: "W.P.A., here we come!"

We have decided to try. This issue contains an article on the co-eds—their situation on the campus. We hope the authorities in Raleigh and South Building, to say nothing of the campus as a whole, will consider our humble contribution towards the alleviation of what we believe to be an unnatural situation.

At any rate, we promise never to be dull. If the populace is not interested, there will always be short stories, facetious articles, light poems and linoleum blocks for the entertainment of everybody.

### Hudson and Read

"The CAROLINA MAGAZINE has attained a new high in readability, intellectual content, and make-up." Such was the comment of a member of the faculty on the CAROLINA MAGAZINE for the past year. The present editors hope they will be able to continue the high standards set for them by their predecessors.

*Night is not a child of love  
Born illegitimate of day.*

*It is a man, whose fiery mind  
Has lighted stars, born blind.*

—STEPHEN WAFF.



## So What!

I SAW Alec roll over on his gut, prop his elbows on the grass, and rest his chin on his hands. He was looking at the front office. The office crowd with their white collars and creased trousers were leisurely walking down the marble steps to lunch. They didn't crowd and push as we did when we were hurrying to put on the feed bag. Hell no! They didn't have to wash the machine oil off their hands, or dust the aluminum chips off their shoulders before they could eat.

I knew what Alec was thinking. We all thought the same way. It sort of makes a fellow feel dumb and jealous when he sees those white-collared pencil pushers up front, who don't even have to jump when a bell rings, stepping around as though they own the joint. That's where the unions were going to town. Some of us are dumb or smart enough to keep our yaps shut, and some of us are crazy enough to open 'em.

Alec was one of those poor fools with a wife who couldn't stop having kids. But I guess he liked those kids. Anyway, I remember when he set me up to six beers, the night after the first boy was born. I remember, too, how he wouldn't crack a grin or say a damn' thing when his oldest girl kicked off in the Rose Hill Sanatorium. He just sat by the machine and watched the teeth bite into the steel bar. He was a little cracked, but the best pal a guy could have. He'd take time out—we ran piece-work too—to help me fit a crankcase down to the one-thousandths. He even let me have ten bucks one day when the gang was throwing a party down at the Oasis club. His "little Joey," that's what he called his baby boy, was in the hospital then too. Yeah! He was a pal. Well, where I began, Alec comes in. Then, the union comes in.

An organizer named Rafferty came in from Woonsocket one day. He was a regular guy, worked down on the gear job. We didn't find out what he was in for until a coupla' weeks had slid by. Then, one day Rafferty slid out. Didn't even have time to pack up his tools. He just slid out on his butt and nobody could figure out how the front office got wise to him. But anyway, Rafferty

left something. He left the whole gang down at the other end of the shop all riled up about that union business.

Well, to get to that grass on the other side of the receiving track. Old Alec kept looking at the office crowd, and I kept thinking. Pretty soon, just before the first bell, he rolls over to me, gives me that funny grin that kinda' makes a fellow feel good, and says, "Steve, I want to let you in on something damn' good." Well, I could see by the grin on his face, that I'd either won a lottery or Mike Kerns, down on the cylinder job, was about ready to kick across with that five bucks he owed me. Anyway, I asked him right out, "What is it, Alec? Gimme the lowdown." But hell no, he just lay there and grinned.

I asked him again after the first bell rang, as we were punching in our time, but he gives me one of those side shoulder grins and says, "Wait'll we get down on the job." You can tell, most of the time, when a fellow's kidding, and when he isn't; and Alec wasn't kidding.

Well, I didn't get down on the job right away. Bill Rice, he's the foreman, picked me up half-way down the aisle, and gave me hell for about an hour over a goddam crankcase that he said was ruined. Well, I had to admit when a bore is four thousandths out of line, a case isn't worth a damn, but why all the squawking? I knew he wouldn't fire me. As I went out the door, he told me that as a machinist, I wasn't worth a plugged nickel, and that burnt me up.

### II

I was still feeling pretty damn' sore when Alec came over to me with "Red" Varas at his elbow. I could see right off they had something up their sleeves, the way Alec kept looking over his shoulder. Well, I didn't say a thing—just stood there until "Red" said, "You're a regular guy, aren't you, Steve?"

Well, I didn't know what was up, but I couldn't disagree with him on that point. "Sure," I said.

"Steve," "Red" asks me, "How about getting in with Alec and me?" For the life of me I

|| EDWARD MEGSON believes that in industrial disputes the paramount things to be considered are human values. Megson plans to major in journalism, is a sophomore and contributes to the MAGAZINE for the first time. ||

couldn't tell what "Red" was driving at, so I asked Alec.

Alec stood there a minute with one hand on his Cincinnati and the other on his dungarees, looked over his shoulder; then whispered low, "We want you to join up in our union, Steve."

I didn't bat an eyelash for a coupla' minutes, just looked at the aluminum chips on the oil covered blocks; then I cursed. No, they didn't hear me. I cursed low.

Alec had a puzzled look on his face when I raised my head, but after I looked at him a minute and told "Red" to count me in, he beamed all over like his "little Joey."

"Red" went back to his job, Alec went back to his machine, and pretty soon I had to go up to the front office. When I got back Alec was whistling at his job and singing one of those Russian polka things part time. He'd take time out to grin at me when I'd throw chips at him and tell him to shut off his goddam screeching. His grin-

ning got on my nerves. It stayed on my nerves until a couple of hours passed by and the bell rang.

Alec was always the first to leave. He was always in one big hurry to get home to his kids. He clapped me on the back as he went by and yelled, "See you tomorrow, Steve." I saw him hurry up the aisle on his way to the pay window with his dinner pail in one hand and his check stub in the other.

That's the last I saw of Alec. He had a dinner pail, a check stub, and a grin when he went out, but he didn't come back.

The gang thought there was something funny the way Alec and "Red" both got the boot on the same day, and they talked about it for a helluva long time. They missed Alec's grin, too, because they talked about it. Well, buddy, I missed it too, but how's a fellow gonna live when he hasn't got a job? I had to make a living. Yeah! I got Rafferty booted, I put the skids under "Red" and Alec, and I'm a company spy. So what?

## Mark Taylor Orr

# The South in World Affairs

## *The Southern Council Educates for Peace*

REPRESENTATIVES of Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, gathered at Chatham House in 1935 to study methods of restoring international confidence through the promotion of trade and reduction of unemployment, the stabilization of national monetary systems, and the better organization of the family of nations to give security and insure international peace. The conclusion of the Conference was that a chief source of contemporary difficulties lay in foreign trade barriers, exchange restrictions, monopolies, and quotas.

The same thought was echoed in the report made by M. Van Zeeland, and the recent Washington Conference on World Economic Cooperation enthusiastically endorsed the reciprocal trade agreements program and the recommendations of Van Zeeland and the Chatham House Conference.

Essentially, the three movements treat with the intimate relationships between amicable political and economic international life.

### II

For better or for worse, the ten Southeastern states of the United States are married to an economic system that is world-wide. Bound to international trade, the Southeast is bound also to international politics. There cannot be at the same time and in the same philosophy economic cooperation with the world and political isolation from it.

Alabama and Florida, Georgia and Kentucky, Louisiana and Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia, either as individual states or as a region, are inextricably interwoven into the international pattern by strong ties of economics, religion, culture, tradition and sentiment.

Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre,

MARK TAYLOR ORR, graduate student in international relations and assistant secretary of the Southern Council on International Relations, has been active all year in dotting the map with enthusiastic members of his organization.



appearing early in May before the University's first International Relations Conference, said: "To our Southern farmers, and therefore to the South as a whole, foreign trade is a matter almost of life or death.

"From early days, Southern leaders have recognized this. Under normal conditions the South can sell within the United States less than half of its annual production of cotton. If foreign markets are lost for American cotton, the South faces economic prostration. Surpluses unsalable abroad are thrown back onto home markets; the price of cotton is forced down to ruinous levels. Cotton planters are unable to meet their obligations; cotton pickers, ginner, and handlers, are forced out of work. Plantation people can't buy; stores can't sell; banks can't collect their loans. Bankruptcies multiply; and economic stagnation brings in its wake growing unemployment and social problems for which there are no solutions. The life of the South is built directly upon foreign markets and foreign purchasing power for American cotton."

What, then, of the South's stake in American foreign policy? Does the Southeast have an educated, enlightened public opinion that can be articulate when the need for expression comes? What, exactly, do the twenty-five million people of the Southeast know and think about their role as citizens of the world? How wisely do they elect and instruct their twenty Senators and eighty-three Representatives?

According to a detailed analysis of the recent Gallup Poll on trade agreements, only 48 per cent of the people of the South have heard of the Hull Trade Agreements Program, while 85 per cent favor the reciprocal reduction of tariff barriers between the United States and Great Britain, and ninety-two per cent approve of Secretary Hull's policy in seeking reciprocal trade agreements with other countries.

Obviously, Secretary Hull's program is basically desired by more than three-fourths of the South's populace, but specifically known to less than one-half. Consequently, it may be assumed that even fewer have heard of the political and economic programs recommended by the Chatham House Conference, by Van Zeeland, and by the Washington Conference for World Economic Cooperation, despite the regional, as well as national and international, implications involved.

### III

To fulfill the need for a coordinating organization, the Southern Council on International Relations was established in June, 1937, to conduct a systematic program of education in the international relationships of the Southeast. With the University's Dr. Frank P. Graham as president and Keener C. Frazer, professor of political science, as executive secretary, the Council is recognized already as a powerful force for international peace and understanding.

In his first official statement of the organization's purposes, Secretary Frazer announced that "the Southern Council has been established to stimulate an intelligent interest in the discussion of international affairs by Southern people, and to contribute to such study by distributing current information on pertinent issues."

Popular recognition of the far-reaching possibilities of the Council was immediate. Letters of inquiry from throughout the Southeast came pouring into the organization's headquarters, and the newspapers of the South evinced keen interest in the movement.

The Charlotte *Observer* described it as a "new association of 'best minds'" which "has drawn into its folds not only leaders in the thought of North Carolina, but from wide areas of the South."

"Peace depends upon international trade—and international trade depends upon peace," said the Birmingham *News*. "And the South, looking to foreign markets for consumption of nearly half its cotton and tobacco, has a greater stake in the foreign policies of the United States than any other region."

"That is why it is pleasant to learn of the organization of the Southern Council on International Relations."

"We are greatly interested," said the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, "to hear of the work of the Southern Council on International Relations with respect to the trade agreements program of Secretary Hull and the program of cooperation suggested by Mr. Van Zeeland. These two developments seem to be the only hopeful aspects of the present international situation, and we are glad to know that the Council is emphasizing them in its work with the Southern people."

The Council does not contemplate a vast organization or a detailed statement of principles. Rather, it seeks to cooperate with, and to work through, existing organizations, as the churches,

educational agencies and organizations, and those civic and commercial organizations which are directly or indirectly interested in international affairs.

Financed by a modest appropriation from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and private voluntary subscription, the Council has assessed no membership dues.

As the first year of its activity draws to a close, the Southern Council has nearly five hundred members and twenty-five cooperating organizations. This membership represents a cross-section of the most active and prominent business, religious, educational, civic, and cultural leaders of the Southeast, and the cooperating organizations are of state, regional, national and international influence.

An analysis of the Council's membership reveals the following interesting groupings: college and university presidents, 65; college and university professors, 125; bishops, 10; Jewish rabbis, 10; editors of religious publications, 8; secretaries of Christian education groups, 8; ministers, 37; state superintendents of public instruction, 5; officials of state educational organizations, 10; business leaders, 50; lawyers, 25; judges, 6; newspaper editors, publishers, and writers, 30; representatives of organizations, 100; and a large division representing miscellaneous interests.

Typical of hundreds of replies to the Council's invitation to membership is a statement by a Kentucky rabbi. "I am setting aside my resolution to join no further societies," he wrote, "and am accepting your invitation to affiliate with the Southern Council on International Relations. Your letter was so appealing that I fear I would not feel comfortable were I not to become associated with your organization."

Among the important organizations and institutions which are actively cooperating with the Council are: the Southern Political Science Association, state educational associations, parent-teacher associations, Rotary, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, various church organizations, the American Association of University Women, Business and Professional Women's Clubs, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Grange, Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A., schools, colleges, and universities, local committees and peace groups, and others.

#### IV

The Council's program of public education is directed along many channels and reaches men,

women, and students representing nearly every aspect of Southern activity.

At present, one salient objective is that of contributing to the South's knowledge and understanding of the activities of the Department of State, especially the reciprocal trade agreements program; and the three programs recommended by the Washington Conference for World Economic Cooperation, M. Van Zeeland, and the Chatham House Conference.

Pamphlets and bulletins, which clarify current international situations and draw attention to the South's particular interests, are issued regularly from Chapel Hill to all organizations which desire to have a share in the program. In addition to the Council's own publications, this material is drawn from a variety of sources. Some of it comes from such international organizations as the League of Nations, the International Labor Office, and the Permanent Court of International Justice. Some of it is supplied by research organizations in foreign affairs, as the Foreign Policy Association and the Institute of Pacific Relations; and some of it is provided by the literature division of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the League of Nations Association.

Fifteen weekly radio programs are conducted regularly in seven states with specific emphasis upon current international issues and the advantages of international cooperation. These programs are similar to a weekly broadcast over Station WDNC, Durham, which is arranged by Henry Nigrelli, chairman of the Carolina League for International Cooperation.

Conferences, institutes, forums, and public lectures, are sponsored and stimulated in Southern centers for the study of the South's role in international relations. The International Relations Conference held at Chapel Hill, May 5-6-7, under the direct auspices of the Foreign Policy League and the Carolina League for International Cooperation, is an example. To such conferences the Council supplies literature, suggests appropriate speakers, and lends additional assistance through local members and its central office.

Immediate emphasis is concentrated upon a series of community projects in international relations throughout the Southern region. Local members of the Council are cooperating with representatives of interested organizations in planning exhibits to show the interdependence of the community and the world.

*(Continued on page thirty-two)*



## Wisdom of the Serpent



"MORE hit'll be all right fer me to git the two days off? I don't want to be beholden to nobody," said Stubby. He squinted a bit as he looked earnestly up at the Squire.

"That will be all right," said the Squire graciously. "Where will you go? To Shootin' Creek?"

"No, we're aimin' to go down on the Jim Branch, below Ol' Thunderstruck. Down at the old Mang Hash place, where—" Stubby cleared his throat and looked across the pasture where dogwood trees made a trailing glory of whiteness. "Where me and Molly used to live," he finished diffidently.

"Oh," said the Squire. He did not look at Stubby and there was a new note of kindness in his voice when he suggested, "Let me give you something to take with you. Get a strip of bacon from the meat house as you go."

His eyes were musing as he watched the grotesque little figure move with alacrity to the meat house. Poor little Stubby! He would walk nine miles before he ate or slept that night to keep a rendezvous with a memory. He was going to the Mang Hash place that night to put a rose leaf on a grave. A certain rose leaf from a certain rosebush on a certain grave—because he had made such a promise two decades ago. Why it must have been all of twenty years ago that he had lived on the Jim Branch in the shadow of Ol' Thunderstruck with his strumpet, Molly. He had nursed her for three years until she had died from her loathsome disease. Where was it he had gotten her? Oh, yes, from Knoxville, a house of ill fame in Knoxville. A great many of the men in the lumber camp had known her. And Stubby had insisted on their calling her "Mrs. MacTigert." He had fought big Charlie Slagle when Charlie had, in all innocence, called her by a name which she deserved. Poor little Stubby! He had even married her! Queer kink in a man who seemed outwardly as sensible as Stubby.

The Squire shook his head as he watched Stubby move with his meat down through the barn yard, the dwarf-like figure with the blue eyes sparkling through the gray tangle of hair and beard. Stubby always looked as though he might have just stepped out of a gnarled tree trunk, or up from the twisted roots of one of the oaks from a mountain "Bald." Even his crumpled hat had a gnomish twist which would have sat well on the later Rip.

When Stubby reached up to fasten the gate he turned as the Squire had known he would, with his diffident cackle of laughter and said, "Well, goodbye to ye. Better come go with us."

And the Squire must needs return in the mountain punctilio, "No, I can't, I reckon. You all stay with me."

"Cain't, I reckon."

Stubby scurried along the crooked snake fence to his own cabin where Ellie joined him silently. Ellie was one neutral color from her thick shoes to the depressing knot of hair on her weather-beaten neck. Fifteen years younger than her husband, she might easily have been taken for his own age. Ellie had no memories with which to keep a rendezvous. For ten Aprils she had accompanied Stubby in his visits to his shrine. Whether she went willingly or unwillingly no one knew. The Squire had sometimes secretly wondered. Stubby never wondered. He did not probe into the recesses of Ellie's mind.

### II

Ellie had been packed and waiting for an hour or more. She had the rations in a meal sack on her hip. They carried no blankets. Stubby displayed his bacon with a chuckle, "From the Squire."

"That was real clever of the Ol' Man Bill," said Ellie, adding it to her store. Neither of them had tasted meat for two weeks or more. Early spring is a lean time for mountain tenants.

They fell at once into the swinging economical stride of the mountain walker, following in silence the curves of Buck Creek where it flung itself in boiling spray against its rocks and its steep banks,

|| LOIS LATHAM, a graduate student in drama, hails from Buck Creek Ranch, Rainbow Springs, North Carolina. The relief work she did in rural districts near her home has furnished her with material for several plays. She takes time out from her dramatic work to write *Wisdom of the Serpent* for the MAGAZINE. ||

fragrant and pink with blossoms. When they reached Stubby's corn field a mile from their cabin, they stopped to examine it gravely. They saw the place where the ground squirrels had carried away the newly planted grain, the rabbit tracks in the beans, the hole in the fence where a marauding pig had crashed in and rooted out the tender shoots of new corn.

"Lord Gawd, a hawg!" shrieked Ellie. "If that ain't a sight on earth!" She had planted that corn herself. Her mornings had gone into that corn patch, her weary afternoons. Even if Stubby was in such a swivet to get down to Molly's grave, the place where he had lived with her, he would have to curb his impatience for a while. With cries of rage and defiance she fell at once to the task of repair, tugging rocks from the creek bank and dragging them to the fence to be jerked into place in the gaps. Stubby viewed the matter more philosophically. He sat under a black birch tree and rolled a "homemade," puffing at it gratefully, with a tolerant eye on Ellie's activities. He was a frail little fellow under the weight of his sixty years and apt to feel the hard walk more than his wife, who was so many years his junior.

"Whose ever hawg that is, ought to be whupped!" said Ellie furiously, wrestling with a stubborn rock, her thin hair in her eyes.

"I'll whup him," said Stubby, chuckling and squinting, "I'll have the Law on him. I ain't no respecter of persons! I'll git the Law on him if hit's the High Sheriff hisself. I ain't no respecter. Remember the time the Squire's cow-brute got in and tramped our pineys? I ain't no respecter!"

"Yes, Mr. MacTigert," said Ellie dutifully. In all the ten years of their married life she had never addressed him save as Mister. Now as she jammed the last rock into place and wiped the streaming sweat from her forehead and neck, she started to swing the meal sack to her hip again, but stopped with a little cry and snatched a weed from the grass at her feet.

"What kinda truck is that?" asked Stubby.

Ellie smoothed the dull purplish leaf between a practised thumb and forefinger.

"Rattlesnake's Master. Hit'll settle ol' Mister Rattler fer ye. Hit's a snake bite yarb."

"Plunder!" snorted Stubby with pretended scorn, but his eyes rested benevolently on his woman. She was a master yarb woman, Ellie.

They skirted Hangin' Dog Township and strode patiently and tirelessly through the Cindy Patch and past Dirty John Branch. They were in the

blue shadow of Chunky Gal Mountain until the gaunt spear of Ol' Thunderstruck pricked itself above their heads. The dancing gold of Buck Creek was touched with cool shadow and the scent of crushed fern and balsam was strong in the evening air before Stubby stopped.

"Here 'tis. Here's the Dingley Dell," he said. Ellie dropped her load and looked about for firewood. Her narrow eyes rested morosely on the Dingley Dell which swept in one gracious unbroken line of green to the waters of Buck Creek. It was a "bottom" of surprising generosity in this mountain country of meager outlines. On one gentle swell of green were the remains of a stone chimney, lichened with gray and orange. The shoots of a climbing rose clambered over the stones. Stubby went over and put his hand on it.

"Her rose. Hit's named 'Doctor Van Fleet' or some sich a name. She carried hit with her from Knoxville," he said.

"Thar's likely to be a snake in them stones," said Ellie gruffly. For ten Aprils she had seen Stubby touch that rose vine with peculiar tenderness in his old fingers.

She scoured the ground for twigs and chips, and began breaking dry boughs of old hickory and birch. She moved wearily, her arms hanging heavily from her shoulders. Stubby paced methodically twelve steps from the ruined fireplace.

"Hyar's where her chair set," he said tenderly. "She had a rockin' chair. The only one on Buck Creek. The Squire ordered hit for me through the Company Commissary. She always kep' a little comforter over her knees. Knotted hit was with pink and blue knots. Them's pretty colors fer a pretty young woman to wear."

"Where's the hatchet?" asked Ellie harshly. In the fading light her face looked gray with fatigue. Stubby chuckled as he unstrapped the hatchet from his belt and handed it to her.

"*She* couldn't never cut wood. Her hands was too delicate. Too little. I used to joke her atellin' her that I'd give her a 'light axe' for a Christmas present. She would laugh and laugh. She had a right pretty laugh. But I didn't give her an axe for Christmas. I give her a phoneygraph. The Squire ordered hit for me. She liked hit. She liked music."

Ellie put a match to her kindling and straightened up with the glare of the fire in her face, in her eyes. "I reckon she was used to music where she come from!" she said.

The smiling lines of reminiscence in Stubby's



face hardened at her words. "You need not mention that place!" he said coldly.

### III

Ellie brought out her cold corn bread and sliced an onion. Stubby broiled the bacon on willow twigs. He produced a tin bucket from a rocky hiding place and Ellie concocted the particularly dreadful coffee which mountain women make. The acrid smell of the coffee mingled with the odors of crushed fern and wild white hawthorn and the keen scent of service bloom. Stars burned coldly above Ol' Thunderstruck and an owl started complaining from the black shadow of Chunky Gal Mountain. Stubby ate in offended silence. When he had finished his meal he went outside the circle of firelight and dragged in more wood. As he came back and settled once more before the fire, Ellie mutely produced from the meal sack a mason jar filled with a clear white liquid.

"Well, well, that's shore a sight on earth!" said Stubby, well pleased. "Corn or rye?"

"Corn," said Ellie, "Neil made a run this mornin'."

She sat in the firelight beside him and took turns at long pulls at the jar. Starlight and firelight were kind to Ellie. They softened the angles of her figure, smoothed the gaunt cheeks, painted shadows about the eyes which, bitter and wistful by turns, watched Stubby's face. Stubby, with the liquor coursing through his veins, forgot his anger. He lay on his back with his little bearded face pointed to the stars over Ol' Thunderstruck and talked of Her.

"She had a little foot . . . hit liked to run and dance. . . . She liked play-pretties. . . . She used to dance to the phoneygraph, dance with her little foot stuck out one way and her little head stuck out another. . . . Hit was right pretty to watch. Hit was a sight on earth, her cooking was, but she wasn't no hand in the patch. . . . When she was sick, she never complained none. . . . She wasn't no whiner. . . . She'd set in her rockin' chair by the hour, smilin' and cheerful. . . . She wasn't no whiner. . . . And hit was a sort of dreadful sickness. . . . Hit was an almighty bad sickness."

"Maybe hit was a judgment sent on her," muttered Ellie into the jar.

"What say?" murmured Stubby from his smiling reverie.

"Nuthin'."

"When she got too sick to care for herself I used to comb her hair for her," said Stubby softly. "She'd lay there quiet as a sheep a-drowsin', and

I'd comb her hair. Hit was like Buck Creek with the sun on hit. Right pretty. . . . Then she'd look up at me and smile and say, 'Night, night, Little 'Un.' . . . She used to call me 'Little 'Un.'"

Ellie's gnarled hand pressed itself against her breast in a gesture unconsciously tragic. "I reckon she's said 'Night, night' to lots o' men!" she cried.

"What!"

She shrank from the cold menace in little Stubby's eyes and tone. He leaned over and gripped her wrist. "What did you say, Woman!"

Ellie made a futile effort to wrench her hand from his grip. His face was carved in lines of fury. "What did you say, Woman!"

"I said," cried Ellie desperately, "That she wasn't no good woman!"

Stubby dropped her wrist. He looked at her with infinite contempt. "Good!" he said, "What is *good*? . . . She was *brave*." He moved stiffly to his feet and walked again to the ruined chimney. His old hand closed over the Doctor Van Fleet rose that Molly had brought with her from her old life in Knoxville. He did not even see Ellie crouched desolately by the fire.

Stubby fell asleep before Ellie did. He lay snugly close to the fire, his gray head on his out-flung arm. There was no cover to put over him, but Ellie mended the fire, to assure his warmth. She sat up for a long time propped against a mossy log staring into the hickory coals, making pictures of a Molly whom she had never seen. A Molly dead these twenty years who could yet summon Stubby each April to make this pilgrimage to the place where her rocking chair had sat. A Molly to whom Ellie owed her cabin and her patch and her man. If Molly hadn't died twenty years ago leaving Stubby free, Ellie would still be living in the cabins of her three brothers on Long Hungry Branch, or Dirty John Creek, or Ol' Vengeance, tending their children, working their patches, nursing their wives. She had exchanged that poverty of feeling for this wealth of feeling, this pain that surged and swept over her, making every vein and fiber of her alive to anguish.

When she had put the final log at the back of the fire and lain down in the ferns, she pressed her hand against her heart to stop the dull pain there, an actual physical pain. Her eyes were dry. The relief of tears did not come easily to Ellie.

### IV

Just before daylight Ellie felt, rather than

heard, the stealthy movement beneath her. She moved her head with infinite caution and saw the snake coiled by her knee. A snake from Molly's chimney! Ellie's lips drew back in a wry smile; "Hit's right fitting."

For one minute her body writhed itself into a knot of horror; then it grew relaxed, inert. Passively she offered her body to the poison. Her eyes were pools of desolation.

She felt the sharp nip on her knee and the slimy withdrawal as the snake glided away. There was a rustle in the ferns of Stubby's bed. If it should bite Stubby! Ellie crawled desperately over to him, a rock in her hand. As she held the helpless reptile up by its smashed tail preparatory to flinging it into the creek, her practised eye caught the pointed tail, the innocuous stripe down its back. A garter snake! She was to be cheated even of her ultimate tragedy.

Stubby, moving in the restless light sleep of the old, heard the disturbance and threw out his hand to touch Ellie's, perhaps in furtive apology. There was no answering pressure. He opened his eyes and looked at her. Then he was on his feet with clumsy haste.

"Ellie, Ellie, what's wrong!"

She turned dull eyes on him, then silently laid bare her knee.

"Gawd A'mighty! Hit wasn't no rattler, Ellie!"

Dumbly she nodded and turned again on her side. "Lord, Lord!" With a strangled sob Stubby knelt beside her. "What'll I do for you!"

"Nothing."

"But Ellie—"

"Nothing. I don't want to live."

"Ellie, you're atalkin' wild. What can I do, Ellie? I cain't live without you!"

Ellie's ironic gaze flickered to the chimney place. "You've still got *HER*."

"Ellie, don't talk so crazy! Ellie—the stoutest woman on Shootin' Creek!—The best worker!—The best to mess with vittles!—The best in the patch!—Ellie, I cain't do without ye!"

With a gesture of weariness Ellie flung her hand, palm upward, over her eyes. The finality of the gesture, its resignation, drove Stubby to his feet, his face working in anguish. "Ellie! I cain't lose you! Where's that snake bite yarb?"

"There ain't no use in that."

"Yes, there is. Where is hit?"

Feverishly he snatched it from the pocket of her apron. "Now what, Ellie?"

"I don't want that you should use hit, Mister

MacTigert."

"Don't talk wild, Ellie. Tell me!"

"Mash hit. Dip hit in the licker. Rub hit on the place."

Breathlessly Stubby crushed the weed and plunged it into the mason jar. Then he knelt and put his lips to Ellie's lean discolored knee. With desperate haste, he sucked and spat and sucked again. Then he laid his poultice on the place. His old hands trembled over her with ineffable gentleness. Ellie opened her eyes and smiled at him.

"That's all right, Mr. MacTigert." Her eyes were radiant.

Stubby cut her a staff from a silver bell tree and polished the top carefully so the rough edge wouldn't hurt her palm. Ellie's calloused palm! It wasn't until they were halfway home that Ellie said suddenly, "Law, Mister MacTigert, we done forgot to put the rose leaf on Molly's grave!" Stubby snorted impatiently, "Hit don't differ, Ellie. Are you shore you can make hit from now on—the steep grade on the Cindy Patch?"

Ellie glanced obliquely at the early sun on Buck Creek so that Stubby might not see the sparkle in her eyes. "Ain't no tellin', Mister MacTigert. All I can do is my best," she answered demurely.

The Squire came to the cabin that night to inquire after her health and to bring her a can of Bruton's snuff. Ellie sat by the fireplace with a pink and blue comforter over her knees. She took a liberal lip of snuff and mumbled her thanks. His eyes twinkled as they searched her impassive face.

"Come on now, Ellie, tell me the truth of this. I know and you know that no yarb of yours can cure a rattlesnake's bite. What was it really?"

Ellie looked out of the window where Stubby was cutting her morning's kindling. The Squire followed her glance and laughed, "First time I ever saw Stubby cut kindling for you, Ellie! There was a snake, Stubby said. Now, how did you manage it?"

Ellie spit expertly, a copious stream of snuff that made the Squire dodge. Then she coughed complainingly. At the sound Stubby paused in his work and looked toward the house.

"Are you all right, Ellie? I'll be there in a minute."

"Shore, Mr. MacTigert, I'm all right," said Ellie stoically. But her eyes were alight with mischief as she turned them on the Squire. "Hit ain't fitten to tell the men folks all your secrets, Squire. You see—I knowed Rattlesnake's Master."



# This Month's Literature

**YOUTH AND SEX.** Dorothy Dunbar Bromley and Florence Haxton Britten. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.00. 303 pp.

For women: "In case of prolonged engagement do you think continence or intimate relations are desirable?"

For men: "If you have had intercourse, how old were you the first time? . . . Was it with a girl of your own class? . . . a prostitute? . . ."

Thus with elaborate, frank and pertinent questionnaires Dorothy Dunbar Bromley and Florence Britten canvassed 46 colleges and Universities of all types scattered from coast to coast. Thirteen hundred and sixty-four students contributed to the study both by way of personal interviews and written questionnaires. Rarely did either of the authors have any trouble persuading the young men and women they met to talk about their sex problems and their desire for more accurate and widespread information on birth control, on masturbation, on abortions, on the religious side of the sex problem and on homosexuality.

The 1364 students contributed some excellent and, to youth on campuses today, not surprising statistics. It was pointed out that only the older generation who came across the fact that 25% of the girls were not virgins and the fact that of the 75% who were virgins, 37½% approved of intercourse outside of marriage immediately "viewed the situation with alarm." This attitude so characteristic of the older generation is extremely unhelpful. Youth today, it seems from this survey, does not lie awake nights worrying about such things. While men still find infinite provocation and glamour in pursuit of the not impossible she, the "basic attitude toward women has become amazingly unromantic and practical." Dean Gauss of Princeton has put it: "all those secondary psychological traits which once differentiated men and women, placed them in two different worlds, have ceased to exist and life has been reduced to a common denominator for both."

The chapter entitled "Embarrassed Parents" deals realistically with the problem of the reticence of mothers and fathers on the subject of sex.

"One even-tempered girl who was engaged to be married, stated that her mother had told her about birth control and the biology of sex, saying that she would leave the rest to her daughter's judgment. The daughter had decided to wait for the marriage that was a year away. She and the boy were grateful for her mother's 'breadth of view'. Well-adjusted young people who know what they want frequently do not use all the rope that is given them."

The study throughout continually mentions problems that could have been eliminated if either of the parents involved had over-come their embarrassment.

As a study of one of the vital problems confronting students today, this book, written by reputable and widely-known women, should provide material for a franker discussion and a franker attitude towards the necessity of adjusting physical needs to social codes.

—JOHN CREEDY.

**THE BOY DAVID.** A play by J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00. 159 pp.

"It is a play he might have written before ever he left

Scotland, had he known how. The Boy David keeps his sheep upon the hills around Kitriemuir . . ."

In that, Granville Barker would have one believe Barrie was autobiographical in his last effort. He had made a complete circle from *Peter Pan*, the boy who could never grow up, to *The Boy David*, who remains the boy.

The play received acclaim enough to satisfy any playwright of note, but Barrie, accustomed to long years of success in theatre, was disappointed with its critical success; and even more so since illness kept him from rehearsals, preventing him from making final additions and changes, on which his nicely calculated art relied. No doubt, Barrie thought it good and that all promised well. He did not fight the critical darts. The grief struck deep.

*The Boy David* might be called, perhaps tritely, "the biblical Peter Pan." Though Barrie, closely following the Bible story, has David kill the lion, the bear and the giant Goliath, he does not let him grow up. He completes the three-act play with David, watching his sheep, lifting the spear of Goliath to his slender shoulder. And throughout, the action is elevated by the spirit of God in David.

Naively comic is the dialogue of David. His mother, astounded by the conduct of her weak, unmanly son, after his anointment by Samuel, is amusing in her sudden change in treating her son with admiration. No less amazed by the change are Jesse, David's father, and his brothers. David dominates his family with the divine gift. He incurs the wrath of Saul, who was anointed first by Samuel. When Saul, conversing with the shepherd-boy David, discovers Samuel's choice, he sets about to kill David.

Saul, himself once a shepherd, has let himself rule. That is the chief reason for the rise of David. Though one is not shown David as king, the future is implied by dreams.

*The Boy David* was written for the stage. It combines stage costume, direction and effect without marring the continuity of the plot. It embellishes the drama to an extent unknown in most plays written to be read. Though stagecraft better manipulates the devices of the playwright, the mind should supply the imagination more than sufficient to make the play vivid to the reader.

In such scenes as those of the dreams, in which David foresees the downfall of Saul and the elevation of himself to kingship, it is probably easier for the reader than for the director. Barrie, in his direction to the play, says that "all this calls for adroitness from stage experts that is beyond the author's skill, who knows what he wants but not how to get it and has now given them enough to ponder over for a day . . ."

This gives in a few strokes his attempt to aid the director in his workmanlike writing. Barrie realized the difficulty of staging odd and unusual effects. His art allowed him to aid production.

Barrie attempts to accentuate the importance of small things and accomplishes simplicity. He weaves the tale of David with precision, not obvious to the playgoer or reader. He does not try to color or exaggerate to get his effect. The charm of his words produces the atmosphere. He returns David to quiet simplicity and though at first it may seem incongruous, the last reflection becomes satisfying.

—BILL WEAVER.

MASTER KUNG. Carl Crow. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$3.50. 347 pp.

Perhaps the crassest and most inexcusable oversight of contemporary scholarship is its almost total neglect of Eastern culture, and particularly of that of China. Scholars and educators have excused this neglect on the grounds that oriental philosophy and literature are so greatly different from our own that the study of them would have little meaning to the average occidental. Happily this foolish reasoning is being abandoned rapidly, and there are at present many teachers and writers who are working to make the mysterious Orient understandable to the West.

Carl Crow is among the most successful and readable of these writers. In *I Speak for the Chinese* and *400 Million Customers* he has told of Chinese customs and of his own experiences in the land of the "sons of Han," as the Chinese call themselves. In *Master Kung* he turns his pen to a different and more durable subject—the life of the man known to the Western world as Confucius, but known to every Chinaman as Master Kung.

In the year 551 B.C. a young girl ascended Mount Tai Shen to the Cave of the Hollow Mulberry Tree, and there was born the man who was to influence more people than any other in the world's history. At his birth the trees bowed down to the ground and the unicorn appeared on earth, as befitted the birth of such a great teacher. Kung grew up in the little town of Zigzag Hill in the state of Lu, and early showed a prodigious knowledge of the ceremonial rites and customs. Seven feet tall he grew, with a bulbous forehead and pendulous ears. But he scorned a physique which would turn a football player green with envy, and turned his thoughts to mankind and the laws which governed men. His genius was soon recognized, and disciples came to learn his wisdom. He burned with a desire to reform the world, but none of the corrupt dukes and barons of Lu would give him a position. So he went with his followers on many long journeys, east and west; but disappointment after disappointment finally made him retire to research in his old age, convinced of his failure and of the fated oblivion of his ideas.

*Master Kung* is not an exposition of the philosophy of Confucius, for as Carl Crow says, there are already thousands of books on that subject. The significance of *Master Kung* is that it resurrects from the obscurity and mysticism of centuries of Chinese worship a man practical and lovable, as human and sympathetic as Christ. There are, in fact, so many tales of petty wars and conflicts offered in an attempt to humanize the master in this study, that the casual reader may be inclined to underestimate his wisdom and greatness. By trying to make Confucius real, Mr. Crow has partially devalued him, but he has at least succeeded in taking him off the marble pedestal which he formerly occupied.

Some readers will doubtless enjoy the illustrations more than the story. They are copies of pictures depicting the life of the sage which were originally engraved on stone tablets in the Confucian Temple at Chufu, centuries ago. Every Chinese artist since then has reproduced them, and copies can be found in homes all over China. In all of them Master Kung is bearded and seated before a screen, even in the rural scenes of his youth. The background is frequently an entirely different set-up from the foreground. It is such quaint touches, which to the Chinese are perfectly natural, that give the illustrations their piquancy.

—LEE MANNING WIGGINS.

TOM WATSON, AGRARIAN REBEL. C. Vann Woodward. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75. 486 pp.

Those who read Woodward's *Tom Watson* will receive the inspiration of a heritage of revolt as robust as any this country has known; at the same time they may recoil and take flight at the pitfalls which mark the Southern scene, yesterday and today. Here is a Georgia rebel who, for a period of 40 years, never knew the day when he could not have raised an army of five or ten thousand men who would have given their lives against the Federal government itself, had he given the word. There were times, at the zenith of the Populist movement of the early '90's, when he was the leader of two million or more men.

As a young man Watson joined in the task of building a third party—a goal that is the perennial nemesis of reform leaders. The work of Watson and others brought numerous successes in the South, successes won in spite of the dire warnings of "Negro domination" and the use of every known device on the part of the Democratic machine. (Southern leadership has never doubted its divine right to rule and its prerogative to use any methods at the ballot box necessary to that end.)

With the collapse of the movement following the nomination of Bryan and the theft of the Populist thunder by the major parties, Watson turned for a time to history writing and later to left-wing magazine and newspaper editing. From this point the reader stands by in awe at the spectacle of his disintegration. Few Southerners have embodied finer qualities than the early Watson; none have approached him in the depravity of his later methods. (And considering the Cole Bleases, the Vardamans, the Bilbos, the Heflins and so on, that is something.) In his early career he had been a hero to the Southern Negroes; he spoke from the same platform with a Negro supporter; he welcomed their help in building the People's Party; he abhorred lynchings and he favored public education for Negroes. But in later life he used the Negro as ruthlessly as any Southern demagogue has dared; he became an advocate of lynching, and indeed was one of the chief inspirers of the lynching of Leo Frank; he was also a rabid Catholic-baiter, and so on through the whole catalogue.

In his declining years there was one last flare-up when he again was able to see with a degree of clarity. Against our entry into the war and against the autocratic methods of militarists, the restriction of civil liberties and the monied interests who were to profit from the war, he spoke out clearly and almost won himself a place in jail with Eugene V. Debs. Incidentally, he and Debs were mutual admirers.

There is in this work a lesson for all Southerners. Here one can see the forces at work on every man who would rise to get a hearing for the dispossessed. The viciousness of the status quo when it is disturbed is something to behold. But the most dangerous pitfall is within the leader who comes to know the Southern people, for he faces a fundamental choice of methods. Always present is the temptation to cut loose and howl with the mob. As Woodward points out there is a difference between a "following" and a "party." Frustrated in a sincere effort to train the Southerners in political action, Watson drifted with the tide and once he found how easily passions could be aroused he was never free again.

Woodward has done a superb job from every standpoint—his point of view, his style and his choice of material are all that one could hope for.

—GOULD BEECH.



LAND OF THE FREE. Archibald MacLeish. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.00. 88 pp.

Being a poet, Archibald MacLeish is sensitive to the surge and sweep of rhythms moving through and about him in the modern world. He has felt their force and power and subtlety. Through him these rhythms have flowed, flowering poetically into such expressions of rare beauty and strength as *Panic*, *Conquistador*, *The Fall of the City*, and finally, *Land of the Free*.

Never satisfied with the set forms of poetry, MacLeish has continually experimented in an attempt, as he puts it, "to find a verse form capable of catching and carrying the rhythm of the spoken language of his time and place." Nowhere is he more successful in catching the vitality and nervousness of American speech and movement than in his *Land of the Free*. In it he combines the camera and poetry to create an entirely new art form. Eighty-eight pictures fuse with eighty-eight pages of striking, simple verse accompanying them as a "sound track" to give an effect of power and depth. There is a synthesis of photography and the spoken word crystallized on the printed page. The poetry takes on newer, more potent, many-faceted meanings thus augmented by the vigorous use of visual images. The mergence of the emotions in the pictures and in the verse produces the satisfying wholeness of a complete artistic experience. His poetry has the clean, stripped beauty of a young poplar and the great inner strength of the oak.

Reversing the usual order, the theme has chosen MacLeish and he could not help but create an epic picture-poem. He has heard the cry of the many men dispossessed of their homes and land by Nature and their fellowmen. Washed out by the floods, their land swept out from under their feet

by the winds, they are forced to take to the roads with their families and meager belongings. It is a cry of wonderment and disbelief, from men uprooted from the earth. Set free to look for their old liberty and freedom blown away with the sailing winds, they are bewildered, frightened by the change. As long as there was the warm feel of the strong earth under them, and the land was theirs, they were free to look any man in the eye with complete independence and tell him to "head for hell at the next turn-off."

But now their earth-rootage, which had given their lives a permanence and a stability characteristic of people living in one place for generations, is gone. There is complete chaos and loss in the faces of the poem-people in the photographs. Always they are seen looking out and over the narrow confining picture edges, and the poetry in their eyes and bodies is brought to the surface and set hard and clear like a cut diamond on the poet's page.

In a well-ordered sequence, the photographs, selected from a set taken by the Resettlement Administration, tell the drama of a new America. It is no longer the leaping, lusty America of Whitman and Sandburg. It is a bewildered America, strong still with her mighty developed strength, yet weakened by frequent blood transfusions and sicknesses.

In a low-pitched minor key MacLeish sings the song of men torn from the earth-life, adrift without the land as an anchor, and bereft of the old liberty. Like the great power of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* the song sweeps on and we are caught up in its surge. It ends on a strong mass note of unity and collective effort, for only together can these land-lost nomads fight to regain what they have lost. Only together can they get back a liberty which is in men and not on paper, a new kind of liberty for all men and not only for those who own the land.

—SAM HIRSCH.

## Money Is Our Calling Card (Continued from page eight)

Jack was not laughing; he called Austin to a corner. "For God's sake Austin, I can't keep this thing up. She looks too much like my sister. I don't care if she is a cheap bar-lure, it's a lousy joke." But Austin was telling him that they were only having a harmless evening's fun, and that he was hardly one to have scruples.

And the music was still tearing at the muck of the room. Lance was driving her to more noise and crudeness, playing with her body the while. Then something familiar came from the blare. It was "Glow-worm." But a song unlike the one which the girl had cried over moments before. This was a wild "Glow-worm," an ambitious and hopeful "Glow-worm." Austin was wondering why he had never lied before; it was so easily done. "Yes, that's it, that's the way to play. There's life in that. Life and money. There's a swing that's coated with gold. Listen to that rhythm. It's a wild rhythm, it's the rhythm of today. Lance, listen to me. Tell the girl that she's in, that you'll get her that job. She's good, Lance." And "Glow-worm" plunged on, and

finally lost itself in discord.

Lance was whispering to the girl of the delights she was approaching, of the promise in her fingers. Austin was repulsed by the fingers now; they had lost their grace and smoothness in the impetuosity of their flight. The girl was changing with her fingers. There was hunching hope in her shoulders and abandon in her arms. Her ears leaned to Lance's lips—she seemed eager for his promises. The tempo of her music quickened as other sounds were lost in the new mad melody.

And she was making a speech. "You fellows are so kind to stay and listen to me." Her fingers were coiling into a snatching ugliness. "And I guess you know how wonderful I feel about that job. A person can hate each day that wakes her, and hate the blankness that she knows is waiting for her. A day that means only Maxie, and men who cut each other up while she plays, and men she's paid to drink with. She wonders if someone will ever come and listen to her work. Someone who knows her work. And then when they do come she forgets how much her fingers hurt. She's

awful glad to play. And when they're rich and kind and have connections she wants to thank them very much. But I guess you fellows are too fine for my thanks, too fine for us in Maxie's. . . ."

Austin wondered why he could not answer, why Lance was still. There was a dullness within him that must have been the beer losing its spirit. Cheap beer, like Maxie, like his people. He had had enough of the place's factory smell. Who had asked her to speak any way? She was paid to play.

His walk was stronger now, he stood steady at the piano. But again his words would only come in whispers from his throat. "We must go now, we have a late appointment. But before we—we go back, would you play 'Glow-worm' for me once more. Play it the old way just for fun. In the old Art way of my pictures that never sold."

And the girl was untensing into the sweetness of the song. And her fingers were lovely once more, like those of a model he had known. Shine little Glow-worm, glimmer glimmer. Shine little Glow-worm soft and tender. Austin wondered if there could ever be a Glow-worm in Maxie's. After all, he had an educated slut. He saw tears forming little crystals in the slut's eyes. It was probably from the smoke and dirt. The song would not stop, and even the bums at the bar looked up. Maxie hurried over. He had a soft voice for a saloon keeper.

"That's a pretty song you have there, but please, play something else. The men don't like it. They want this jazz. Maybe we should have what they like, maybe we should save this for some time when we're not so busy. So make their music now, and later maybe we'll have a cold glass of beer and hear your song." For a man who hired lumpy blonds, Maxie had his dignity.

But the slut was speaking, telling him that she was leaving that night. She was getting that job they had talked about. Maxie was glad, and said he would pay her when she finished working. Lance told Maxie to get the hell back to his bar, and the man walked away.

Austin was glad to leave the girl. He pulled Jack from his booth and went into the washroom with him. They cooled the heat from their faces and smoothed the creases from their clothes. It was a respectable party they were going to. They returned to the ballroom for their friend.

Lance was very solemnly writing down the girl's address. He was going to call her tomorrow, after contacting his "connections." The girl was weeping still, and Austin wished that she would return

to her shadows and cracked piano. But she was coming to him, she was going to kiss him in gratitude. Austin turned his face and the lips fell harmless on his cheek. She had that clean look, but any slut was dangerous. There were shy whippers in his ear. "Thank you, thank you. You came here for two hours and you set my life right. I'll never forget this night." Austin moved for the door, urging his friends before him.

They were waiting for a taxi and Lance wiped powder-spray from his coat with the paper which bore the slut's address. It fell soggy in the gutter. Austin looked back for a moment into the dirt and noise of Maxie's. The girl was standing at the bar and smiling into the smoke. Maxie's truck-drivers were drinking to her. Her teeth were very bright in a pleasant contrast to the room. They reminded him of a glow-worm. That was a pretty song. Shine little Glow-worm, glimmer glimmer. Shine little Glow-worm soft and tender . . . la-da-da-de-da. . . .

## The South in World Affairs

(Continued from page twenty-four)

Fortnightly, the Council issues to its membership, cooperating organizations, and to the press, a memorandum on a particular international problem. Each article is prepared either by the Council or by one of its members or directors. One of the most provocative and widely-read has been a statement by Dr. John Temple Graves, II, an editor of the *Birmingham News*, and writer of the daily syndicated column, "This Morning."

"There are two things," he said, "which the South can do to serve best and lead the cause of peace through collective action among nations."

"First, it can promote world prosperity through every effort that promises to free the economies of the world. Second, it can aid in implementing our country for collective action by supporting measures that will give America's voice authority and by opposing measures that would limit the lifting of that voice."

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## Main Dining Room

of the

## Carolina Inn

will help you to understand why we are so proud of our delicious food and splendid service.

Luncheon from 50c  
Dinner from \$1.00

Dinner Music on Thursday and Sunday

## *Another Successful Year Has Passed . . .*

- To the Seniors, our very best wishes for success.
- To the undergrads and faculty—may you have a very pleasant summer.
- To those who will be here all summer—we will be happy to serve you—continuing of course, our very popular cold plate specials.
- To all—our sincere appreciation for the privilege of serving you.



University Dining Hall  
Cafeteria



*— and my new cigarette  
is Chesterfield*



*Chesterfields are made of  
mild ripe tobaccos ... rolled in  
pure cigarette paper ... the best  
ingredients a cigarette can have*

*For You...there's MORE PLEASURE  
in Chesterfield's milder better taste*

*They Satisfy*





